

ಪ್ರತಿ ಅಂಕ

ದಾ. ಎ. ಅನಂತ್‌ರಂಗಾಚಾರ್ಯ  
ಎಂ. ಎ. ಬಿ. ಬಿ. ವಿ. ವಿ.

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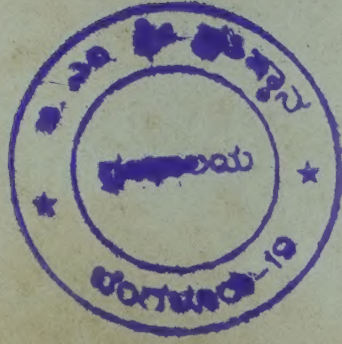
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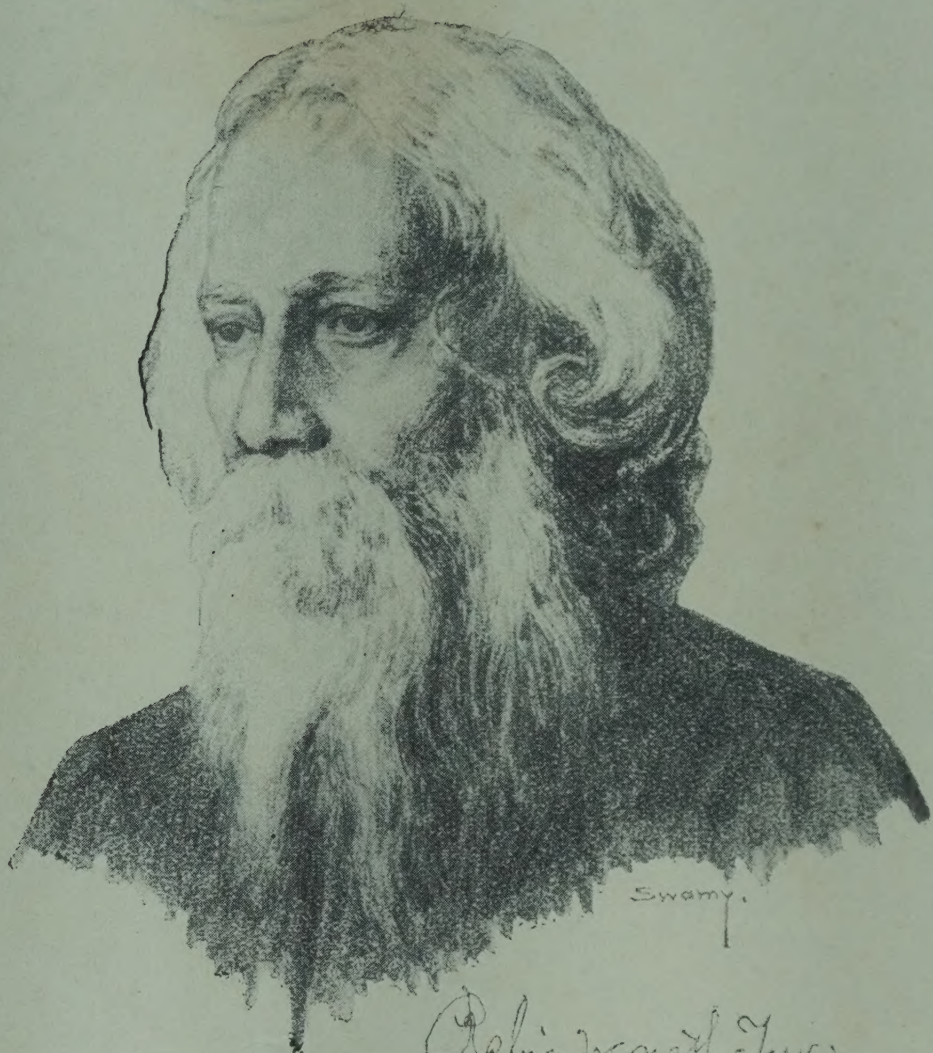
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ಡಾ. ಎಫ. ಅನಂತರಂಗಾಚಾರ್,  
 ಎಂ.ಎ., ಬಿ.ಏ., ಡಿ.ಲಿಟ್.,  
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 ಸರಸ್ವತಿಪುರಂ, ಮೈಸೂರು-೯





Rabindranath Tagore



# The University Union Magazine

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1941

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1941

मृत्युः

[Translated from Rabindranath Tagore's original Bengali poem published in the "Modern Review," September 1941.]

दुःखरूपा कालरात्रिः मम द्वारि मुहुर्मुहुः ।  
समायाता तदायत्तं मयैकं शस्त्रमीक्षितम् ॥  
वेदनाभ्रुकुटिर्गात्रविकारास्साध्वसप्रदाः ।  
अन्धकारेऽभवन् तस्याः कपटा बहुविस्तृताः ॥  
भयानके प्रावरणे विश्वस्तोऽस्याः यदा यदा ।  
निरर्थकपराभूतिस्सम्प्राप्ता मे तदा तदा ॥  
इयं जयाजयक्रीडा भ्रान्तिमात्रं हि जीविते ।  
एतत्पिशाचिकाधीनाः वयं बाल्यात्पदे पदे ॥  
सेयमस्मानावृणोति पूर्णा शोकविडम्बनैः ।  
चलाचला जवनिका विविधत्रासगुम्फिता ॥  
मृत्योश्च शिल्पचातुर्यं विकीर्णं तमसि स्फुटम् ॥

—K. KRISHNAMOORTY



## गीता

“गीता सुगीता कर्तव्या किमन्यैः शास्त्रविस्तरैः” इति सूक्तिः स्वभावोक्तिरेवेति तदध्येतारः स्पष्टं जानन्ति । प्रवृत्ते कौरवाणां पाण्डवानां च सङ्गरे गोत्रजान् पितृपितामहान् गुरुंश्च पश्यन् पार्थः तेषां हननं अत्यन्तपापहेतुं मन्वानः, हतेषु तेषु विफलमिव राज्यं भावयन् “किं नो राज्येन गोविन्द किं भोगैर्जीवितेन वा” इति वदन् इतिकर्तव्यतामूढो बभूव । रणादुपरते शोकमोहाभ्यां अभिभूतविज्ञानं अर्जुनं धर्म्यं युद्धं कर्तुं प्रचोदयन् भगवान् वासुदेवः गीतामुपदिदेश ॥

न केवलं पार्थ, अपि तु सकलमेव जीवलोकं अवसरे शोक-मोहादिना स्वस्वकर्तव्यपराङ्मुखं प्रबोधयितुं प्रवृत्तेयं गीतावाणी । देहे म्रियमाणेऽपि अन्तस्थः आत्मा नैव मरिष्यते । वासांसि जीर्णानि विहाय नरः यथा अपराणि गृह्णाति तथैव जीवः नवानि शरीराणि भजते । वस्तुतः नित्यस्य आत्मनः नाशः कुतः? अन्तवन्तः देहाः विनाशस्वभावाः अवश्यं यातारः । न केनापि स्वभाववैपरीत्यं कर्तुं पार्यते । ईदृशं देहमधिकृत्य शोकानुबन्धः विवेकिनां न न्याय्यः ॥

अपि च, विश्वरूपदर्शनेन भगवान् स्वशरीरे निखिलमेव प्रपञ्चं तत्र भीष्मद्रोणादीन् सकलान् मृतानेव दर्शयन् अर्जुनं निमित्तमात्रं व्याजहार । दुर्योधनादयः सगोत्रा अपि अधर्मबद्धादराः दुष्टशासन-शिष्टपरिपालनधर्मवता क्षत्रवंशप्रसूतेन पार्थेन युद्धे विजेतव्याः । किम-परमस्ति महद्यशःप्रदं कर्म युद्धादते अर्जुनस्य “धर्मात्मा, शूर” इत्या-



दिभिः तत्पूर्वमेव प्रथितस्य ? यदि पार्थः युद्धपराङ्मुखः, तर्हि अकीर्ति-  
भाजनं भवेत् । “ हतो वा प्राप्स्यसि स्वर्गं जित्वा वा भोक्ष्यसे महीम् ”  
इति उभयथापि श्रेयोहेतुरेव युद्धोद्यमः । संन्यासकर्मयोगयोः कर्मयोग  
एव ज्यायान् । सुखदुःखे समे कृत्वा स्वस्वकर्मसु अतन्द्राः जनाः  
भगवतोऽतीव प्रियाः । एवमादियुक्तिपूर्णया गिरा भगवान् विषण्ण-  
हृदयं अर्जुनं प्रबोध्य युद्धोद्यतमकरोत् ॥

समयविशेषे कर्तव्याकर्तव्यनिर्णयापटवः मानुषाः कदाचित् पार्थ-  
समावस्थापन्ना भवेयुः । तात्कालिकोद्वेगं परिजिहीर्षन्तः जगद्धापार-  
विमुखाः संन्यासलोलुपाः स्युः । तान् सिद्धौषधसेवनमिव गीतावाक्यं  
“ मा ते सङ्गोऽस्त्वकर्मणि ” इत्येवंरूपं प्रोज्जीवयितुमलम् ॥

अयं गीतायाः अपूर्वो विशेषः यत् सा सर्वमतसामरस्यं प्रकाश-  
यति । योगनिरतो वा भक्तिमार्गगामी वा यतिर्वा लोकसेवातत्परो वा  
कर्मयोगी वा ज्ञानयोगी वा सममेव स्वस्वमतानुरूपाणि अविरोधेन  
सिद्धिप्रतिपादकानि वाक्यानि तत्र तत्र निर्दिष्टान्युपलभेत । शृणुत  
भगवतो गिरः—

“ यो यो यां यां तनुं भक्तः श्रद्धयार्चितुमिच्छति ।

तस्य तस्याचलां श्रद्धां तामेव विदधाम्यहम् ॥

न बुद्धिभेदं जनयेदज्ञानां कर्मसङ्गिनाम् ॥ ”

इत्येवमाद्याः सर्वमतसमन्वयदृष्टिपराः ॥

ईदृशी सर्वमतसमन्वयभूता गीता अनपेक्ष्य वृद्धत्वं यौवनं च, पुरुषं  
स्त्रियं च, ब्राह्मणं म्लेच्छं च, संन्यासिनं कर्मयोगिनं च सर्वैस्समं  
अध्येतव्या श्रेयःप्रतिपादिका चेति अनितरसाधारणः कोऽपि माहिमा  
गीताग्रन्थस्य ॥



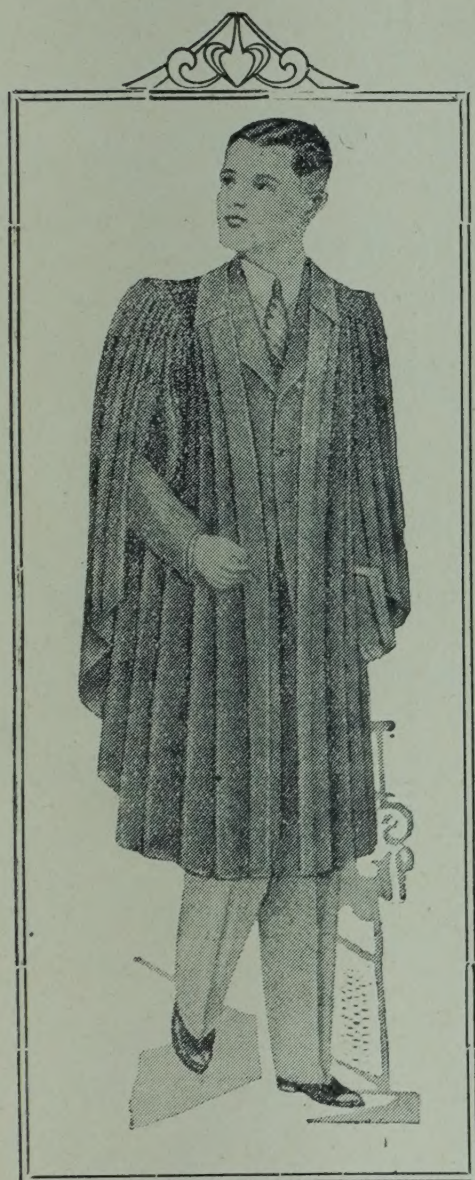
गहनतमा अपि वेदान्तार्थाः सालङ्कारैस्सनिदर्शनैर्वचोभिः  
सरलया च रीत्या गीतायां प्रकाशिताः । अनेन च यथा वेदान्तार्थं  
जिज्ञासूनां इयं रमणीया तथैव केवलं साहित्यदत्तदृष्टीनामपि मञ्जुलेति  
स्पष्टं भवति ॥

सर्वस्यापि कालस्य, सर्वस्यापि देशस्यात एव इयं बहुमानपात्रं  
इति नात्युक्तिः ॥

—VIDWAN M. VISWESWARA



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## ಪ ರಿ ವಿ ಡಿ.

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## ನಮ್ಮ ನುಡಿ

“ ವರ್ಷ-ಕ್ಷೌಂಢು ದೀಪಾವಳಿ ” ಎನ್ನುವುದು ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ನಾಣ್ಯವಿ. ನಾವು ಈ ಪುಸ್ತಕವನ್ನು ಸಿದ್ಧಪಡಿಸುವ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಈ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ಬಂತು. ನಿಜ. ಇದೂ ಒಂದು ದೀಪಾವಳಿಯವೇ ಸರಿ ! ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳಗುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಒಬ್ಬಿಬ್ಬರ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನವೇ ಬೆಳಕಲ್ಲ. ಹಲವರು ಹಲವಾರು ತೆರನಾದ ಹಣತೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹಚ್ಚಿಸಿಟ್ಟಿರುವ ಸೊಡರುಗಳ ಸಾಲಿದು. ಎಂದನೇಲೆ ಇದೂ ಒಂದು ಹಬ್ಬವಲ್ಲವೆ ಎಂದೇನು ! ಇಂಥ ಹಬ್ಬ ಹರಿದಿನ ಬರುವುದು ವರ್ಷ-ಕ್ಷೌಂಢು ಒಂದೇ ಒಂದು ! ಅವರೂ ಚಿಂತೆಯಿಲ್ಲ ; ತಡೆಮಾಡಿ ಬಂದರೂ ಪರವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಂದಾದರೂ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಬಂತಲ್ಲಾ ಎಂದೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಹಿಗ್ಗು ! ನಮ್ಮ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆ !

ಇಲ್ಲಿ, ನಮ್ಮ ನಮ್ಮವರು. ತಾವು ಕಂಡ ಒಂದು ನೋಟವನ್ನೋ, ತಮ್ಮ ಒಂದು ಅನುಭವವನ್ನೋ, ಉಚ್ಚಾರಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟು ತೂಗಿ ತೊನೆದಾಡಿದ ತಮ್ಮ ಒಂದು ಉತ್ಸಾಹವನ್ನೋ, ಪಾತಾಳದ ತಳಕ್ಕೆ ತಳ್ಳಿ, ತುಳಿದ, ತಮ್ಮ ಒಂದು ನಿರುತ್ಸಾಹವನ್ನೋ, ತಮಗೆ ತೋರಿದಂತೆ, ಯಾವ ಮುಚ್ಚೂ ಮರೆಯೂ ಇಲ್ಲವೆ ನಿವೇದಿಸಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಕೆಲವರು ಕವನ ವನವಲ್ಲ ಸಂಚರಿಸಿ ಹೂಗಳನ್ನು ಆಯ್ದು ತಂದಿದ್ದಾರೆ ; ಹಲವರು ಗದ್ಯದ ಸಾಧಗಳನ್ನೇ ಕಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾರೆ ; ಒಬ್ಬಿಬ್ಬರು ವಚನ ರಚನೆಯ ವೈಖರಿಯನ್ನು ಬೀರಿದ್ದಾರೆ ; ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬರು ಕುಂಚವೆಂಟಿನ ಕೈವಾಡವನ್ನು ಸಾರಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಪ್ರತಿಭಾಶಕ್ತಿಯ ಪ್ರವರ್ಧನಕಾಲೆಯಿದು. ಗೆಳೆಯರ ಬಳಗದ ಅವಿಶ್ರಾಂತವಾದ ಸಾಹಸದ ಉದ್ಯಮವಿದು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಂದಾಗಿ, ಕೂಡಿ, ಕಲೆತು, ನಲಿಯಬೇಕೆಂದೇ ಇಷ್ಟು ಸಂಭ್ರಮ ; ಇಷ್ಟು ಪರಿಶ್ರಮ.

ಇನ್ನು, ನಾವು ಬಯಸುವುದಾದರೂ ಇಷ್ಟೆ : ಹಿರಿಯರ ಆಶೀರ್ವಾದ ; ಜೊತೆಯವರ ಸಹಾನುಭೂತಿ ; ಕಿರಿಯರ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣ.



ಗುರುದೇವನಿಗೆ

ನಿನ್ನ ತುಂಬಿದ ಬದುಕು ಶಾಂತವಾಯಿತು ಇಂದು  
ಕಳಿತ ಫಲ ತೊಟ್ಟುಳಿದು ಬೀಳುವೊಲು ನೆಲಕೆ,  
ನಿನ್ನ ನುಡಿ ನುಡಿಯೊಳಗೆ ಸರಸತೆಯ ಮನಮೆಚ್ಚಿ  
ಸುರಭಿ ಸಂಗೀತವನು ಸೂಸಿಹಳು ಇಹಕೆ.

ಸಿಂಹಿಟ್ಟು ಅಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಲೆಯು ಬೇರೆಯು ನಡೆದು  
 ಅದ್ವೈತಾಡಿಗಳು ಅನಂದದಲಿ ಮೆಣೆದು

ಸಿನ್ಹ ಜೀವನದ ಚರಿತೆಯು ಈ ಜಗದ್‌ದೆಯ  
ಮೇಲುಗಡೆ ಮುಕ್ತಿಸಿದ ಮರೆಯದೊಲು ಬಲಿದು.

—ಇನ್ನು ಕಾಣದು ಇನ್ನ ಮಂದಿರದ ಬೆಳಕು !

ಆದರೇಂ, ಹೊಸದೊಂದು ತಾರಗೆಯು ಉದಿಸಿ,

ಎನ್ನು ಕನಸನು ಬೆಳಗುತ್ತಿದೆ ಬೆಳಕ ಸುರಿಸಿ !

నిన్ను క్షోభలిన గాన క్షోభిరే కివిగ,

ನಿನ್ನ ಮೌನವೆ ತುಂಬಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೃದಯದೊಳಗೆ !

— 20. *ଅନୁପ୍ରାସ*.

## ಇಂತಾಗಿತ್ತು

ಎಡರ ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿ ಮೆಲಮೆಲನೆ ಒಳಸುಳಿದು

ಇನ್ನಿದನ್ನಯ ಉಲಿವಂತೆ ಕೊಳಲಾಗಿಸು

ಹೇ ದೇವ ಕಾಯವನು ಕೊಳಲಾಗಿನು

ದುವಿಧಿಯ ಬೆರಗಾಟ ಮನದ ತಂತಿಯ ವಿದಿಗು

ಸವಿದಾನಿಯ ಸುಡಿಸಂತೆ ವಿಘ್ನ ಎನಿಸು

ರಾಗವ್ಯಾಪ್ತಿಯ ಸೊಗವ ತಿರಿಗೆ ಹರಿಸು

ಬಾಳ ಸೊಡರನು ಉರಿಸೆ ತೃಪ್ತಿ ತೈಲವ ಸುರಿಯೆ

ಭಾವಪಾತ್ರೆಯನಿಂತು ಪಿರಿದಾಗಿಸು

ಕಪಟವರಿಯದ ತಿಳಿಯ ಹೃದಯವಿರಿಸು

ಬನ್ನ ದುರಿಬೆಂಕಿ ಜ್ಞಾನವರ್ತಿಯ ಹಚ್ಚೆ

ಚಿಂತನೆಯ ತೈಲದಲಿ ಮಿದುಳಡಗಿಸು

ಅರಿವ ದೀಪದಿ ದಾರಿ ಮುಂದೋರಿಸು

—ಬಿ. ಎಲ್. ವಾಸುದೇವಮೂರ್ತಿ.

## ಅನವತಾರ

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಅರುಣೋದಯದ ನಸುಬೆಳಗಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅಮೃತವು ಅಂತರಿಕ್ಷದಿಂದ ಭೂಮಿಗೆ ಇಳಿದು ಬಂದಿತು. ತನ್ನ ಸುಂದರ ರೂಪಿಗೆ ತಾನೇ ಮರುಳಾಗಿ ದಾರಿ ಸಾಗಿದ್ದ ಅಮೃತಕ್ಕೆ ಎದುರಾಗಿ ಕಪು ಬಣ್ಣದ ಕಹಿವಿಷವು ಬರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ದೈತ್ಯರಾಹು ವನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ದೇವಚಂದಿರನಂತೆ, ವಿಷವನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಅಮೃತವು ತಲೆ ತಿರುಗಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಅತ್ತ ಸರಿದು ಭರದಿಂದ ದೂರ ಸಾಗಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿತು.

ಆದರೆ ವಿಷವು ಅಡ್ಡಬಂದು ಅಮೃತದ ಕೈ ಹಿಡಿದು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿ “ತಮ್ಮಾ, ಏನು ಹೀಗೆ ಹೆದರಿ ಓಡುವೆ? ನಾನು ನಿನ್ನ ಅಣ್ಣ ವಿಷ. ಗುರುತು ಮರೆತೆಯಾ?” ಎಂದು ವಿನಯದಿಂದ ಮಾತನಾಡಿತು.

ಉತ್ತರವಾಗಿ ಅಮೃತವು “ಭೇ! ನೀನು ಕಪ್ಪು. ನಾನು ಬಿಳುಪು. ದೂರ ಇರು. ನಿನಗೆ ನನಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿಯ ನಂಟುತನ?” ಎಂದಿತು, ಮುಖ ಮುರಿದುಕೊಂಡು.

ದೂರ ದೂರ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದ ಅಣ್ಣತಮ್ಮಂದಿರನ್ನು ಆಲಂಗಿಸಿ ಒಂದುಮಾಡುವಂತೆ ತಂಗಾಳಿಯು ಅವರಿಬ್ಬರ ಮೇಲೂ ಒಯ್ಯನೆ ತೀಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಕರಿಯು, ಬಿಳಿಯು, ಎಂಬ ವರ್ಣದ್ವೇಷದ ಬಿರುನುಡಿಗೆ ವಿಷವು ಮಾರುತ್ತರ ವನ್ನು ಕೊಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅವರ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳು “ಇದೇಕೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಈ ವರ್ಣದ್ವೇಷ?” ಎಂಬ ಮೂಕಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯನ್ನು ಕೇಳುವಂತೆ ತೋರಿದುವು.



ಮತ್ತೆ ಅಮೃತವೇ ಮಾತನಾಡಿತು, “ಎ! ನೀನೆಲ್ಲಿ? ನಾನೆಲ್ಲಿ? ನಾನು ದೇವತೆಗಳ ಪಾನೀಯ. ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಸೇವಿಸಿದವರಿಗೆ ಸಾವಿಲ್ಲ, ನಿತ್ಯತೆ. ನೀನು ವಿಷ, ಅತ್ಯಕಂಟಕ.”

ಅದೇ ಮಾತಿನ ಸರಣಿಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ವಿಷವು ಉಸುರಿತು. “ತಮ್ಮ, ನೀನು ದೇವತೆಗಳ ಕಂಠವನ್ನು ಸೇರಿದರೆ ನಾನು ದೇವರ ಕಂಠವನ್ನೇ ಸೇರಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ಇರಲಿ, ಎಲ್ಲ ದ್ವೇಷಗಳೂ ಅತ್ತ. ಮೇಲು ಕೆಳಗು ಎಂಬ ಮಾತು ಬೇಡ. ಬಾ ಅಲಂಗಿಸೋಣ. ಮೈತ್ರಿಯ ಚಿಲುಮೆ ಚಿಮ್ಮಲಿ.”

ಅಮೃತವು ಮಾತ್ರ ಕಲ್ಲಿನಂತೆ ನಿಂತಿತು. “ನನ್ನ ಮೈ ಮಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬಿಳುಪು. ವಿಷದ ಮೈ ಮಸಿಕವು” ಎಂದು ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಂಡಿತು ಒಂದೆರಡುಸಲ.



ವಿವೇಕಿಯಾದ, ಅಲೋಚನಾಪರನಾದ ಮಾನವನು ಈ ಸಹೋದರರ ಕಲಹ ವನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದನು. ಒಡಹುಟ್ಟಿದವರ ಒಳತೋಟಿಯು ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ

ಸರಿಕಾಣಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಚ್ಚಾಡಿ ಕರಗುತ್ತಿರುವವರನ್ನು ಕೈಹಿಡಿದು ಸಂತ್ಯೆಸಿ ಉದ್ಧರಿಸಲು ಬಂದ ಭಗವಂತನಂತೆ ಮಾನವನು ಮುಂದೆ ಬಂದು ಸಹೋದರರನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಎರಡು ಕೈಗಳಿಂದಲೂ ಅಸ್ಥಿ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡನು. ಬಲಗೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವ್ಯತವನ್ನೂ ಎಡಗೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಷವನ್ನೂ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು, ನಟ್ಟನೋಟದಿಂದ ಎರಡನ್ನೂ ನೋಡಿದನು. ನೋಡಿ ಜಾಣನಂತೆ ಎರಡನ್ನೂ ಬೆರಸಿದನು. ಬೆರಸಿ ವಿವೇಕಿಯಂತೆ ಕುಡಿದುಬಿಟ್ಟನು. ಕುಡಿದು ಅಮರನಾದನು. ಆನಂದಸಾಗರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗಿ ಹೋದನು. ದೇವತೆಗಳು ಆಗ ಹೊಮ್ಮಿಗರೆದರು. ಸೂರ್ಯನು ಉಜ್ವಲನಾದನು. ಅಡಗಿದ ಗಾಳಿಯು ಅಲೆಅಲೆಯಾಗಿ ಎದ್ದಿತು. ಉಡುಗಿದ್ದ ಉಸಿರು ಎದ್ದು ಹೆಡೆಯಾಡಿತು. ನಿಂತಿದ್ದ ಭೂಮಿಯು ಸುತ್ತಲು ಆರಂಭಿಸಿತು. ಹಕ್ಕಿಗಳ ಹಾಡು ಹುಯ್ಯಾಯಿತು.

ಆ ರಸನಿಮಿಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಫಿಯ ಅವತಾರವಾಯಿತು !!

—ಎನ್. ಪ್ರಹ್ಲಾದರಾವ್.

## ಹೀಗೂ ಉಂಟೆ?

ವೈಷ್ಣವರು ನಗರವನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು  
ಮಳವಳ್ಳಿ ಕಡೆ ಬರುವ ಬಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಬಲು ದೊಂಬಿ.  
ಕಟ್ಟುನಿಟ್ಟುಗಳಿಲ್ಲ ; ಪೋಲೀಸ ಸುಳಿವಿಲ್ಲ ;  
ಕಟ್ಟುನಿಟ್ಟುಗಳೆಲ್ಲವೂ ಸಡಿಲ ; ಪಿನ್ನಿಡಲು ತಾವಿಲ್ಲ ;  
ನಡೆಸುವಗೆ ಕಿಸೆಭರ್ತಿ. ಮುಂದೆರಡು ಸೀರದಲಿ  
ಕುಳಿತಹರು ಕಾಲೇಜ ಹುಡುಗರಿಬ್ಬರು. ಸೇದು  
ಬತ್ತಿಹೀರುತಲೊಬ್ಬ ಹೊಗೆಯನುಗುಳುತಲಿದ್ದ ;  
ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬ ಜುಟ್ಟಿಗನು ; ದಪ್ಪವೈ ; ಶುದ್ಧ ತುಟಿ ;  
ನಕ್ಕನೆನೆ ತುಸುದಂತ ಫಳಫಳನೆ ಕಾಣಿವುದು  
ಬಹು ಚಂದ—ಕರಿಯಮುಗಿಲನು ಸೀಳಿ ಮಿಂಚು ಹಾಯ್ದಂತೆ.

ಬೆನ್ನಹಿಂದಿನ ಮಂದಿ ಮಳೆಬೆಳೆಯ ಚರ್ಚೆಯಲಿ  
ಸಾಲಸೋಲಗಳ ಸಂಸಾರದಾ ತಾಪದಲಿ  
ರಸ್ತೆಯನು ನೂಕಿದರು. ತರುಣಿಗಳೆಯರು ಮಾತ್ರ



ಕಾಲೇಜು ಕ್ಲಾಸುಗಳ, ಮೇಷ್ಟ್ರರಾ ಚೀಷ್ಟೆಗಳ,  
ಹಾಸ್ಯಲಿನ ಸವಿನೆನಪ, ರಜತ ಪರದೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ  
ನಲಿದುಲಿನ ತಾರೆಗಳ, ಟೀಕಿಸುತ್ತ ಸಾಗಿದರು.  
ಮಾತು ಮುಂದರಿಯುತ್ತ ಕಾವೇರಿ ಕಾವಿಳಿದು  
ಡೊಂಕು ಡೊಂಕಲಿ ಹರಿದು ಸಂದುಗೊಂದಲಿ ನುಸುಳಿ  
ದೋಸೆಯಾ ದೋಷಗಳು ಹೂಡಿದ್ದ ಜಗಳಗಳು  
ಕಂಡಿದ್ದ ಕನಸುಗಳು ರಣರಂಗ ವಾರ್ತೆಗಳು,  
ಈ ಪರಿಯ ಹರಟೆಯಲಿ ಮರೆಸಿತ್ತು ದೂರವನು.

ಇದ್ದ ಲೆಂಜಿನ ಗಾಡಿ ತಾರಾಡಿ ತೂರಾಡಿ  
ಹೊಳೆವ ಹಸುರಿನ ಗದ್ದೆ ಎಡಬಲದಿ ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸ  
ಗರ್ಗೇಶ್ವರಿಯ ದಾಟಿ ಒಂದು ಗಾವುದ ಹರಿದು  
ಬಂತು ಸೇತುದ್ವಯಕೆ ; ಕವಲೊಡೆವ ಹಾದಿಗೆ.  
ಕಾವೇರಿಯಾಚೆಯವನೊಬ್ಬ ; ಕಪನಿ ಹೊಳೆಯನು  
ದಾಟುವವನೊಬ್ಬ ; ನರಸೀಪುರ, ಮಳವಳ್ಳಿ  
ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆಯ ದಾರಿ. ಟ್ರಂಕನೊಂದನು ಇಳಿಸಿ  
ಹಾಸಿಗೆಗೆ ಹೆಗಲೊಡ್ಡಿ ಕೈಹಿಡಿದು ಕುಲುಕುತ್ತ  
ದುಗುಡದಲಿ ನೆಲಕಿಳಿದ ಕಾರ್ಮೋಡ ಯುವಕ.

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ಚಿಕ್ಕಣ್ಣ ಇಕೊ ಬಂದ, ಗೊಂಬೆ ಚೆಂಡನು ತಂದ,  
ರಬ್ಬರ್‌ಳೆ ತುತ್ತೂರಿ ಬಿಸ್ಕತ್ತು ರಿಬ್ಬ್ !  
ಅಕ್ಕ, ಬಾ, ನೋಡಲ್ಲಿ, ಸೇತುವೆಯ ಮೇಲೊಬ್ಬ  
ಕೂಲಿಯಾಳಿನ ಕೂಡ ಬರುತಿಹನು ಅವನೆ ಅವ !  
ಮನೆ ಮುಂದೆ ಸಾಲಾಗಿ ತಂಗಿಯರ ಪುಟ್ಟದಳ ;

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ಉರಿಬಿಸಿಲು. ಬೇಗ ಬೇಗನೆ ನಡೆದು ಬಲತಿರುಗಿ  
ಊರಸೇರಿದೆನೆಂಬ ತುಂಬು ಸಂತಸದಿಂದ  
ಬಾಗಿಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದನಾ ತರುಣ. ಸುತ್ತಸೇರಿತು ಗಡಣ  
ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಾದಿಯಾಗಿ. ಟ್ರಂಕ ಮುಚ್ಚಳ ತೆಗೆಯೆ  
ತುಂಟೆ ಲಲಿತಳು ಬಂದು ಎತ್ತಿದಳು ಡಬ್ಬವನು  
ಜಿಲ್ಲಿದಳು ಒಳಗಿದ್ದ ಸಾಶ್ವಾತ್ಯ ಬೀಡಿಗಳ !

“ ಎಂಗೈಯ್ ? ಕುಲದ ಕೀರ್ತಿಯ ಕೆಸರೊಡ್ಡಿದೆ !  
 ವೈದೀಕ ವದನದಲಿ ಚಂಡಾಲಧೂಮವೇ ?  
 ಹವಿಸಿಡುವ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಳು ಹೊಲೆ ಹೊಗೆಯೇ ?  
 ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಅಯ್ಯೋ ” ಎಂದು ತಾಯ್ತಂದೆ ಬೊಬ್ಬಿಡಲು  
 ಹೇಳಿದನು ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲಿ ಹನಿ ಉರುಳೆ “ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಗ  
 ಈ ವಿದ್ಯೆ ಕಲಿತಿಲ್ಲ. ಟ್ರಂಕುಗಳು ಬದಲಾಗಿ .... .... ”  
 “ ಲೋ ! ಕಳ್ಳ ! ಪೋಕರಿ ! ಸುಳ್ಳು ನೆಪ ತೆಗೆದೆಯಾ ? ”  
 ಎಂದೆನುತ ಪಿತೃದೇವ ರೋಷದಲಿ ಗೋಳಿಡಲು  
 “ ಗಂಡುಮಗ ನನಗೊಬ್ಬ ! ಪುಂಡರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಸೇರಿ  
 ಪೋಲಿಯಾದನೆ ಅವನು ? ಗುಂಜನರಸಿಂಹಾ ! ”  
 ಎಂದಳುತ ಚೀತ್ತಾರ ಮಾಳ್ವ ತಾಯನು ನೋಡಿ  
 ಬೆದರಿ ನಡುಗುತ ಮೂಲೆ ಸೇರಿರುವ ತಂಗಿಯರ  
 ಸವಿಗನಸ ಪುಡಿಗೈಯ್ದ ಪಾಪಿ ತಾನೆಂತೆಂಬ  
 ಕೊರಗಿನಲಿ ಕಂಗೆಟ್ಟು ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದನಾತ ಮರು  
 ಮಾತನಾಡದೆ ನೆಲದಿ. ಒಂದೆರಡು ನಿಮಿಷದಲಿ  
 ಮೆದುಳ ಕದಡಳಿದಾಗ, ಬೀಡಿಯೊಂದನು ತೆಗೆದು  
 “ ಇದನಾನು ಸವಿದಿಲ್ಲ, ನಾಲಿಗೆಗೆ ಸೋಕಿಲ್ಲ,  
 ಎದೆ ಬಿಚ್ಚಿ ಪೇಳುವೆನು ಜೊತೆಯವನ ಡಬ್ಬವಿದು,  
 ನಿಜ, ಸತ್ಯ, ಸುಳ್ಳಲ್ಲ, ಎಂದೊರಲೆ ಕಿವುಡಾಗಿ  
 ಅಪವಾದ ಹೊರಿಸುವಿರ ! ಸರಿ ! ಅದನೆ ನಿಜವೆನಿಸೆ,  
 ಈಗಿದಕೆ ಉರಿಕೊಟ್ಟು ನಿಮ್ಮಂದೆ ನೊದಲ ಸಲ  
 ಎದೆ ತುಂಬ ಹೀರುವೆನು ! ” ಎಂದಾಗ ಬೆರಗಾಗಿ,  
 “ ರಾಮ ರಾಮಾ ! ಬೇಡ ! ನಂಬಿದೆವು, ನಂಬಿದೆವು !  
 ನಮಗಾಗಿ ನೀನೀಗ ಹೊಸ ವಿದ್ಯೆ ಕಲಿಯುವೆಯಾ ?  
 ಏಳೇಳು ! ಹೊತ್ತಾಯ್ತು, ಹಸಿದು ಬಂದಿಹೆ ನೀನು ! ”  
 ಎಂದರಾ ತಾಯ್ತಂದೆ. ಬತ್ತಿಯನು ಬಿಸುಟನವ.



## ಧರ್ಮ ಸಂಕಟ

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“ ಅದೇ ಸಾರ್, ನೋಡಿ. ನಿಮ್ಮಿಷ್ಟ. ಲಾಯರ್ ಆದ ಮಾತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ನನ್ನ ಮನೇಲಿ ದುಡ್ಡಿನ ಗಿಡ ಬೆಳೆದಿದೆಯೇ ? ಏನೋ, ನೀವೂ ಇದುವರೆಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಪಾಠ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದೀರಿ. ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂದೇನೂ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ .... ”

“ ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ಸಾರ್ ನಾನೂ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದು. ಇದುವರೆಗೂ ನನ್ನ ಕೈಲಾದ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪವೂ ವಂಚನೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಪಾಠ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದೀನಿ. ಅವರೂ ಮುಂದಿನ ತರಗತಿಗೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ—ನನ್ನ ಗತಿ, ಎಲ್ಲ ನಿಮಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತೇ ಇದೆ. ಏನೋ, ಬಡವ ಸಾರ್, ದಯವಿಟ್ಟು ತಿಂಗಳಿಗೆ ಏಳು ರೂಪಾಯಾದರೂ ಕೊಡಿ ಸಾರ್ .... ”

“ ತಿರುಗಿ ಅದೇ ಮಾತಾಡ್ತೀರಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು ಮೊದಲೇ ಹೇಳಿಲ್ಲವೆ, ನನ್ನ ಮನೇಲಿ ದುಡ್ಡಿನ ಗಿಡ ಬೆಳೆಸಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ. ಏನೋ ನೋಡೀವ್ವ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅನುಕೂಲ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಇಷ್ಟ. ನಾನೇನೂ ಬಲವಂತ ಮಾಡೋದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇಷ್ಟವಿದ್ದರೆ ಬನ್ನಿ ; ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಇನ್ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಬರ್ತಾರೆ .... ಏನು ಹೇಳ್ತೀರಿ ? ”

—ಗೋಪಿ, ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತ ಹೊರಟ. “ ಏನು ಹೇಳ್ತೀರಿ ? ” “ ಏನು ಹೇಳ್ತೀರಿ ? ” ಎನ್ನುವ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಪುನಃ ಪುನಃ ನೆನೆಯುತ್ತಾ “ ಏನು ಹೇಳುವುದು ! ” ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಹುಚ್ಚನಂತೆ ಹೊರಟ ! ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿ ದರೆ ಬಡತನದ ಭೀಕರ ತಾಂಡವ ನೃತ್ಯ ನಡೆದಿದೆ. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆಗಾದರೆ ಸಂಜೆಗಿಲ್ಲ ; ಉಡಲಿದ್ದರೆ ಉಣಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ತನ್ನ ಶಾಲೆಯ ಫೀಜು (Fees) ಬೇರೆ. ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದ ತರುವುದು ? ತಂದೆಯ ರಕ್ತವನ್ನು ಹೀರುತ್ತ ಎಷ್ಟು ಕಾಲ ಪರಾಧೀನ ನಾಗಿ ಬಾಳುವುದು ? .... ಅಬ್ಬ ಬಬ್ಬ .... !!

ತನ್ನ ಮನೆಗೆ ತನ್ನಿಂದಾದ ಸಹಾಯವನ್ನು ಮಾಡೋಣವೆಂದರೆ ಅದಕ್ಕೂ ವಿಘ್ನಗಳು ! “ ಈ ಲಾಯರಿಗಾದರೂ ಏನು ಕಡಿಮೆ ? ಎರಡು ಕಾರುಗಳು, ಇಬ್ಬರು ಜವಾನರು, ಮಾವನ ಆಸ್ತಿ ಬೇರೆ ! ಮೇಲೆ ಸೊಗಸಾದ ಸಂಪಾದನೆ. ಹೀಗಿರುವಾಗ, ನನಗೆ, ಮೂರು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಒಂದೇ ಸಮನಾಗಿ, ನಿರ್ವಂಚನೆಯಿಂದ ಪಾಠ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ನನಗೆ, ಇನ್ನೂ ಓದುತ್ತಿರುವ ನನಗೆ, ಎರಡು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಗೆ ಕೊಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲವೇ ? ಆಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲವಂತೆ !! ‘ ಬೇಕಾದರೆ

ಪಾಠ ಹೇಳಿ, ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಇನ್ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಬರ್ರಾರೆ ' ಎಂದು ಬಿಟ್ಟರಲ್ಲ ! ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಪಾಠ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬಿಡೋಣವೆ ?.... .... ಬಿಟ್ಟರೆ ಗತಿ .... .... ? ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಪಾಠ ಸಿಗುವವರೆಗೂ ಮುಂದಿನ ಗತಿ .... .... ? ಅದೂ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ.... .... ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಗೋಪಿಯ ಯೋಚನೆಯ ಸರಣಿ ಕಡಿದು ಬಿತ್ತು.

ಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಂದೆ ಅವನ ಇಬ್ಬರು ಶಿಷ್ಯರ ಮೂರ್ತಿಗಳೂ ಬಂದು ನಿಂತವು ! ಅವರಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಹುಡುಗ ; ಒಬ್ಬಳು ಹುಡುಗಿ. ಹುಡುಗನ ಹೆಸರು ಕಿಟ್ಟು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಹನ್ನೊಂದು ವರ್ಷಗಳಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಹುಡುಗಿಯ ಹೆಸರು ಲೀಲ. ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಒಂಬತ್ತು ವರ್ಷ ಆಗ ತಾನೇ ತುಂಬಿತ್ತು. ನೋಡುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಲೀಲಳ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯಂತೂ ಕಡೆದಿಟ್ಟ ಕಂಚಿನ ಉತ್ಸವ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯೇ ಸರಿ ! ಮುದ್ದಾದ ಮುಖ, ನೀಳವಾದ ಹೆರಳು, ಕಪ್ಪಾದ ಕೂದಲು, ಮಾಟವಾದ ಮೂಗು, ಓರೆಯಾದ ಬೈತಲೆ, ಎಲ್ಲಕ್ಕೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಪಳ ಪಳನೆ ಹೊಳೆಯುವ, ತಕ್ಕಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ವಿಶಾಲವಾಗಿರುವ, ಕ್ಷಣಕ್ಷಣಕ್ಕೂ ಕೌತುಕ ಭಾವವನ್ನು ಹೊರಸೂಸುವ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳು ! ಮಿಂಚಿನಂತಹ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಕೊಂಡಾಡಿದರೂ ಸಾಲದು. ಗೋಪಿಗಾದರೋ, ಲೀಲಳು ಆ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದ ಒಂದು ಸಲ ಕುತೂಹಲದಿಂದ ನಕ್ಕು ಎಳೆ ಮಿಂಚಿನ ನೋಟವನ್ನು ಬೀರಿದರೆ ಸಾಕು, ಅವನ್ನು ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಮರೆಯುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ. ಲೀಲಳ ಹೆಚ್ಚುಗಾರಿಕೆ ಇಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೇ ಮುಗಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೂಗಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ, ಅವಳು ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿಕ್ಕವಳಾದರೂ, ಅವಳೇ ಮೊದಲು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಗೋಪಿಗೆ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಪಂಚ ಪ್ರಾಣ. ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಪಾಠ ಹೇಳುವುದೆಂದರೆ ಅವನಿಗೊಂದು ಹಬ್ಬ. ಲೀಲಳಿಗೂ ಮೇಷ್ಟ್ರು ಅಂದರೆ ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಿಲ್ಲ, ಬಲು ಸಲುಗೆ, ಬಲು ಭಕ್ತಿ. ಅವರು ಬೀದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೂ ಸಹ, ಕೂಡಲೇ ಓಡಿ ಬಂದು ಪುಟ್ಟ ಕೈಗಳನ್ನು ಜೋಡಿಸಿ “ ಮೇಷ್ಟ್ರೇ ನಮಸ್ಕಾರ, ನಮಸ್ಕಾರ ” ಎಂದು ಅವನ ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ಬಂದುಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಇಂಥ ರಸಮಯ ಸನ್ನಿವೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಗೋಪಿಯು ತನ್ನ ಕಷ್ಟಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ—ಅಪೇನು ಕಮ್ಮಿ ಇದ್ದಿಲ್ಲ—ಮರೆತು ಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಅವು ಎಲ್ಲೋ ಓಡಿಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಅನಿರ್ವ ಚನೀಯವಾದ ಶಾಂತಿ ಸಮಾಧಾನಗಳು ದೊರಕುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು.

ಈಗ, ಪಾಠ ಬಿಡುವುದೆಂದರೆ ಲೀಲಳನ್ನೂ ಕಿಟ್ಟುವನ್ನೂ ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂದೆ ನೋಡಲಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ಅರ್ಥ ! ಕೂಡಲೇ, “ ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಅವರನ್ನು ನೋಡದೆ ಇರುವುದಾದರೂ ಹೇಗೆ ? ” ಅನ್ನಿಸಿತು ಅವನಿಗೆ. “ ಆದರೆ, ಕೇವಲ ನಾಲ್ಕು ರೂಪಾಯಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಪಾಠ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಗತಿ ಏನು ? ” ಎಂಬ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ



ಮರುಕ್ಷಣದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಅವನನ್ನು ಕಾಡಿಸಿತು. ತನ್ನ ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಈ ಎರಡು ಶಕ್ತಿಗಳ ತುಮುಲ ಯುದ್ಧವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಗೋಪಿಗೇ ವಿಸ್ಮಯವಾಯಿತು. ತಡೆಯಲಾರದ ಸಂಕಟವೂ, ಸಂತಾಪವೂ ಆದವು. ಹೀಗೆಯೇ ಯೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾ ಮನೆಯ ಹೊಸಿಲನ್ನು ಬಂದು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದನು.

ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೋ .... ! .... ! ದೇವರೇ ಗತಿ ! ಗೋಪಿಯ ತಂಗಿ, ತಮ್ಮಂದಿರೆಲ್ಲ ಊಟಮಾಡಿ ಮಲಗಿದ್ದರು. ಅವನ ತಾಯಿ ಮಾತ್ರ, ಅರ್ಧ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಗೆ ಸಾಲುವಷ್ಟು ಅನ್ನವನ್ನಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು, ಗೋಪಿ ಮತ್ತು ಅವನ ತಂದೆಗಾಗಿ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಗೋಪಿಗೆ ಆ ಸುಳುವು ಗೊತ್ತಾಯಿತು. ಅವನು ತಾಯಿ ಯೊಂದಿಗೆ “ ಅಮ್ಮಾ, ಸಾಯಂಕಾಲ ಯಾರೋ ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು ನನಗೆ ತಿಂಡಿ ಕೊಡಿಸಿದರಮ್ಮ ; ನಾನಿಗ ಊಟಮಾಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ” ಎಂದು ಸುಳ್ಳು ಹೇಳಿದ. ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿನ ಹಸಿವೆಗಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಮೆದುಳಿನ ವ್ಯಾಕುಲತೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿತ್ತು ಅವನಿಗೆ. ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿರಲು ಏಕೋ ಆಗದೆ ಹೋಯಿತು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಮೈಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದು ಹರಕಲು ಟವಲನ್ನು (ಅವನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಬಟ್ಟೆಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ಹರಕಲು ಮುರುಕಲೇ !) ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೊರಟ. ಎಲ್ಲ ಹೋದರೂ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಶಾಂತಿ ಸಿಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣೆದುರಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಲೀಲಳು ಬಂದು ನಿಂತು ಏನೇನೋ ಗೊಣಗುಟ್ಟುತ್ತಿರುವಂತೆ ತೋರಿತು ! ಲಾಯರು ಎದುರು ನಿಂತು “ ಏನು ಹೇಳ್ತೀರಿ ” ಎಂದು ಪುನಃ ಪುನಃ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ ಕೇಳುವಂತಿತ್ತು ! “ ಇನ್ನಾರಾದರೂ ಬರಾರೆ ” ಎನ್ನುವ ಮಾತುಗಳ ತೀಕ್ಷ್ಣತೆ ಕಿವಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಡಿದು ಅಪ್ಪಳಿಸುವಂತಿತ್ತು ! “ ಪಾಠ ಹೇಳ ಬೇಕೋ ಬಿಡಬೇಕೋ ! ಬಿಡದೆ ಕಷ್ಟಪಡಬೇಕೋ ? ” ಎನ್ನುವ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆ ಒಡೆಯದ ಒಗಟೆಯಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಿತ್ತು ! ಈ ಚಿಂತೆ, ಆಲೋಚನೆಗಳ ಯಾತನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನ ಹೃದಯವು ರಣರಂಗವಾಗಿ ಪರಿಣಮಿಸಿತ್ತು. ಸಣ್ಣ ಎದೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಗದ್ದಲ !

ಹಾಗೂ ಹೀಗೂ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ಮಲಗಿದ. ನಿದ್ರೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ !

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ಮಾರನೆಯ ದಿನ. ಗೋಪಿಯು ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಒಂಬತ್ತು ಘಂಟೆಗೇ ಲಾಯರ ಮನೆಗೆ ಪಾಠಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋದನು. ಮೇಜಿನ ಮುಂದೆ ಕಿಟ್ಟು ಒಬ್ಬನೇ ಬಂದು ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದನು. ಗೋಪಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತು ಹಾಗೂ ಹೀಗೂ ತಡೆದನು. ಲೀಲಳು ಬರಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಅನಂತರ “ ಕಿಟ್ಟು, ಲೀಲ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ? ” ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದನು. “ ಬರ್ರಾಳೆ ಸಾರ್, ತಿಂಡಿ ತಿನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದಾಳೆ ” ಎಂದು ಉತ್ತರ ಬಂದಿತು.

ಗೋಪಿ ಪಾಠವನ್ನೇನೂ ಹೇಳಲು ಮೊದಲು ಮಾಡಿದ. ಆದರೆ, ಏಕೋ ಪಾಠ ಸರಿ ಹೋಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಿಂದಿನ ದಿನದ ಆಲೋಚನೆಯೋ? ಅಥವಾ ಲೀಲ ಇನ್ನೂ ಬಾರದೆ ಇರುವುದೋ? ಯಾವುದೂ ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿ ಹೇಳುವಂತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಿಟ್ಟು ಏನೋ ಕೇಳಿದರೆ, ಇವನು ಏನೋ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಒಮ್ಮೊಮ್ಮೆ ಕಿಟ್ಟು ಏನಾದರೂ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ ಕೇಳಿ “ ಹೌದೇ ಸಾರ್ ? ” ಎಂದರೆ, ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ “ ಹು ! ” ಎಂದು ಉತ್ತರ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಹೀಗಾಗಿ ಪಾಠವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅಧ್ಯಾನವಾಗಿ ಹೋಯಿತು. ಗೋಪಿಗೆ “ ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂದೆ ಪಾಠ ಹೇಳಬೇಕೋ, ಬಿಡಬೇಕೋ ” ಎಂಬ ಯೋಚನೆ ಬಂದಾಗಲಂತೂ ಅಭೇದ್ಯವಾದ, ಅಸಹನೀಯವಾದ ಸಂಕಟವಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ “ ಲೀಲಕಂಠ ರತ್ನಕ್ಕೆ, ಮಾಣಿಕ್ಯದಂತಹ ಮುದ್ದು ಹುಡುಗಿಗೆ ವಿದ್ಯಾದಾನ ಮಾಡುವುದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಬೇರೊಂದು ಪವಿತ್ರವಾದ ಕಾರ್ಯವುಂಟೆ ? ಇಂಥ ಕೆಲಸ ಮೂರು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಸಂತತವಾಗಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತ ಬಂದು, ಈಗ, ಕೇವಲ ಒಂದೆರಡು ರೂಪಾಯಿಗಳಿಗೋಸ್ಕರವಾಗಿ ನಿಂತು ಹೋಗಬೇಕೇ ? .....ಆದರೆ.....ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಸರಿ.....ಆ ಒಂದೆರಡು ರೂಪಾಯಿಗಳೇ ತನಗೀಗ, ಒಂದೆರಡು ಸಾವಿರ ಎನ್ನಲೆ,— ಇಲ್ಲ—, ಲಕ್ಷ ರೂಪಾಯಿಗಳಾಗಿವೆಯಲ್ಲ.....!.....! ಬಡತನದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕತ್ತಲೆ ಬೆಳಕುಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿರುವ ನನಗೆ ಆ ಒಂದೆರಡು ರೂಪಾಯಿಗಳೇ ಎಷ್ಟು ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಾಗಬಲ್ಲದು..... ? ..... ! ಆದರೆ.....ಆ ಎಳೆ ಹುಡುಗಿ..... ಲೀಲ.....ಎಳೆ ಹಸುಳೆ.....ಧೂ.....ಹಾಳು.....ಛೇ!.....ಹಾಳೆ.....?” ಎಂದು ಪರಿಪರಿಯಾಗಿ ತೆರೆತೆರೆಯಾಗಿ ಬಲು ಬಿರುಸಾಗಿ ಆಲೋಚನಾ ಪ್ರವಾಹಗಳ ಪರಂಪರೆಯು ಉರುಳುರುಳಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು.

ಥಟ್ಟನೆ ಯಾವುದೋ ಅಳುವಿನ ದನಿ ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು ! ಗೋಪಿಯು ತಕ್ಷಣ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ನೋಡುತ್ತಾನೆ.....!.....ಲೀಲಳು ಮುಖ ಮುಚ್ಚಿ ಕೊಂಡು ಅಳುತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ !! ಬಿಕ್ಕಿ ಬಿಕ್ಕಿ ಅಳುತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ !!! ತನ್ನ ಅಚ್ಚು ಮೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಅಳುತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ !!!! ಅವಳ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಮೈ, ದುಃಖದ ಭಾರವನ್ನು ತಾಳಲಾರದೆ ನಡುಗುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಗೋಪಿಗೆ ತಡೆಯಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸರ್ರನೆ ಎದ್ದು ಹೋಗಿ, ಲೀಲಳನ್ನು ಮೈದಡವುತ್ತ, ಮೇಜಿನ ಬಳಿ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದು “ ಲೀಲ, ಏನಾಯ್ತಮ್ಮ ? ಯಾಕಮ್ಮ ಅಳುತ್ತಿ ? ” ಎಂದು ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಮಾಡಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಪಟ್ಟನು.

ಆ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಅಳುವುದನ್ನು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ತುಟಿಗಳು ನಡುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಕಂಠವು ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡು ಬರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಕಣ್ಣು ಹನಿಗಳು ತೊಟ್ಟಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಕೈಗಳಿಂದ ಉಜ್ಜಿ ಉಜ್ಜಿ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳು ಕೆಂಪಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಪುನಃ ಗೋಪಿಯು ಅವಳ ಕೂದಲನ್ನು ಸವರುತ್ತಾ, ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ “ ಲೀಲ, ನೋಡಿದೆಯಾ, ನೀನು ಜಾಣೆಯಲ್ಲವೇ ? ಅಳುವುದೇಕೆ ? ನಿನ್ನಂಥವರು ಅಳುತ್ತಾರೆಯೇ ? ಏನಾಯ್ತು ಹೇಳ



ಬಾರದೇ ? ” ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಗೋಪಿಗಾದರೋ ಆ ಮಗು ಒಂದು ಸಲ ಕಂಪಿಸಿತೆಂದರೆ ಅವನ ಮೈ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರೆ ಎಳೆದಂತಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಆ ಮಗು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪವಾಗಿ ಅಳುವನ್ನು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸುತ್ತಾ, ಬಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತಾ “ ಇಲ್ಲ.....ಮೇಸ್ಟ್ರೀ.....ನಮ್ಮ....ಅ....ಪ್ಪ ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನ....ಪಾ....ರಕ್ಕೆ ಬರಬೇಡ.... ಅಂತ.... ಹೇ....ಳಿ....ದರಂತೆ ....ಹೌದೇ.... ಮೇಸ್ಟ್ರೀ.... ನೀ....ವು.... ಹೊ....ರಟು ಹೊ....ಗ್ರೀ.... ರೇನ್ ಮೇ....ಸ್ಟ್ರೀ.... ಖಂಡಿತ ಹೋಗ.... ಬೇಡಿ ಮೇಸ್ಟ್ರೀ.... ” ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾ ಅಳುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.



ಥಟ್ಟನೆ ಯಾವುದೋ ಅಳುವಿನ ದನಿ ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು ! ಗೋಪಿಯು ತಕ್ಷಣ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ನೋಡುತ್ತಾನೆ...

ಆ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ ಕೂಡಲೇ ಗೋಪಿಯು ನಡುಗಿದ ! ಅವನಿಗೆ ಏನೂ ತೋರದಂತಾಯಿತು. ಕಂಗೆಟ್ಟ ! ದೆಸೆಗೆಟ್ಟ ! ಗತಿಗೆಟ್ಟ ! ಅವನ ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಹಿಸಲಾಗದ ಚಿಂತೆಯ ಚಿಹ್ನೆ ಮೂಡಿತ್ತು. ಹೃದಯದ ಆರ್ಭಟವೆದ್ದು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ನಿರ್ಮಲವಾದ ಎಳೆ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಲೀಲಳ ಹೃದಯದ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು, ಕೇಳಿ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಹಿಡಿಸಲಾರದ ಆನಂದವೂ, ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವೂ ಆದವು. ಉತ್ತರ ಕೊಡ ಬೇಕೇ, ಬಿಡಬೇಕೇ ಎಂಬುದು ಅರಿಯದಾಯಿತು. ಆ ತಕ್ಷಣ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಪೂರ್ವವಾದ ವಿಶೇಷವಾದ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಯಾಯಿತು. ತಾನೂ, ತನ್ನ ಮನೆಯವರ ಕಷ್ಟಗಳೂ, ಎಲ್ಲವೂ, ಹತ್ತಿಗೂ ಹಗುರವಾಗಿ ಆಗಿ ತೇಲಿ ಹೋದವು. ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಮಂಟಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಥಿರವಾಗಿ ಅಚಲವಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದುದು ಒಂದೇ ಒಂದು. ಲೀಲಳ ಮುದ್ದು ಮೂರ್ತಿ ! ಅವಳ ಸುಂದರವಾದ, ಶುಭ್ರವಾದ ವಿಗ್ರಹ !

ಅನಂತರ ಗೋಪಿಯು, ಬಾಯ್ತುಂಬ “ ಲೀಲ ! ಅಳಬೇಡಮ್ಮ ! ನಾನು ಹೋಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ” ಎಂದು ಮಾತಾಡಿ, ಭರವಸೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು, ಬೆನ್ನು ತಟ್ಟಿದನು.

ಲೀಲಳ ಅಳು ನಿಂತಿತು. ನಗುವಿನ ಚಿಲುಮೆ ಹೊಳೆಯಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯಿತು !

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ಪಾಠ ಮುಗಿಯುವ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಎಲ್ಲೆಯೋ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದ ಲಾಯರು ಬಂದರು. ಗೋಪಿಯೂ ಎದ್ದು ಹೊರಡುವುದರಲ್ಲಿದ್ದನು. ಲಾಯರಿಗೆ ನಮಸ್ಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿದನು.

ಲಾಯರೇ, “ ಏನು ಮೇಷ್ಟ್ರೇ, ಏನು ನಿರ್ಧರಮಾಡಿದಿರಿ ? ” ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದರು.

ಗೋಪಿಯು ಹಿಂದುಮುಂದಾಲೋಚಿಸದೆ “ ನಿಮ್ಮಿಷ್ಟವಂತೆಯೇ ಆಗಬಹುದು ಸಾರ್ ” ಎಂದು ಉತ್ತರವನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟೇ ಬಿಟ್ಟ !

ಲಾಯರು, ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯದಿಂದ “ ನಾಲ್ಕು ರೂಪಾಯಿಗಳೇ ಸಮ್ಮತವೋ ? ” ಎಂದರು.

“ ಆಗಬಹುದು ಸಾರ್. ಏನೂ ಬಾಧಕವಿಲ್ಲ ” ಎಂದು, ಗೋಪಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ವಾದರೂ ಅಂಜದೆ, ಅಳುಕದೆ, ನಿರ್ಧರವಾಗಿ ಉತ್ತರಕೊಟ್ಟನು.

ಲಾಯರ ಮುಖದ ಮೇಲೆ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತಿಕೆಯ ನಗೆಯೊಂದು ಬೆರಳಾಡಿಸಿತು !!

—ಹು. ನ. ಸತ್ಯನಾರಾಯಣರಾವ್.



## Our Visitors



BABU RAJENDRA PRASAD



MR. MOHAMMED ALI JINNAH



THE LATE MR. S. SRINIVASA IYENGAR





# ಕಲ್ಲಾಗು, ಕಲ್ಲಾಗು !

೧

ಕಲ್ಲಾಗು, ಕಲ್ಲಾಗು, ಬಾಳ ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿಯಲಿ  
ಅಲ್ಲಾಡದೆಯೆ ನಿಲ್ಲು, ನಿಲ್ಲು, ಜೀವ !  
ನೆಲೆಯಿಲ್ಲದಲೆದಾಟ ಎನಿತುವರೆಗೆ—ಬಯಲು—  
ದೊರೆಯ ಬೆಂಗಡೆಯೊಟ ಯಾವ ಸುಖಕೆ ?

ಮೆಲುಪು ತಣುಪುಗಳ ಸುಖ ಸಂಭ್ರಮದ ಬಾಳುವೆಯ  
ಬಯಕೆಯನು ಬಿಸುಡಯ್ಯ, ನೀನು ದೂರ !  
ಬಳ್ಳಿ ಹೂಗಳ ಬಾಳಿಗಿಲ್ಲ ಮಾನ ;  
ಹುಲ್ಲುಗಿಡಗಳಿಗಿಲ್ಲವಿಲ್ಲಿ ತಾಣ ;  
ಕಲ್ಲಗೊಂದೇ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಥಾನ, ಮಾನ !

೨

ಮರ ಗಿಡಗಳನು ತೂಗಿ ತೂಗಿ ತೊತ್ತಳದುಳಿದು  
ಹೂ ಬಳ್ಳಿಗಳನು ಹುಟ್ಟಳೆಯೆ ಹೊಡೆದು,  
ಎಲ್ಲವನು ಮಣ್ಣೂ ಡಿಸುನೆನೆಂದು ಬೊಬ್ಬಿರಿದು  
ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿ ಬಂದು ಮೊರೆಮೊರೆಯಬಹುದು ;

ಹುಬ್ಬುಗಂಟೆಕ್ಕೆ ಗುಡುಗುಡಿಸಿ ಬಾನ್ ಸಿಡಿಸಿಡಿದು  
ಸಿಡಿಲಾಗಿ ಬಂದು ಬಂದೆರಗಬಹುದು ;  
ಕಾಳಮೇಘಾಳಿ ರೋಷಾಗ್ನಿಯಲಿ ಕುದಿಕುದಿದು  
ಮಳೆಯಾಗಿ ಬಂದು ತಳ್ಳೊಯ್ಯಲಿಹುದು ;

ಮುನಿದ ಬಿಡುಗಣ್ಣು ರಂಭೋದ ತೂಣೀರದಿಂ  
ಮಿಂಚುಗಳ ಬಾಣಗಳನೆಸೆಯ ಬಹುದು ;  
ಆದರೂ ಬೆದರದಿರು, ನೀನೊಳಗು ಹೊರಗು !  
ಅಳುಕದೆಯೆ, ಬಳುಕದೆಯೆ, ನಿಲ್ಲು ಕೊನೆವರೆಗು !

೩

ಬಳಿಯ ಕೋಗಿಲೆ ಕೂಗಿ ಕರೆಯಬಹುದು ;  
 ಅಳಿನಾಲೆ ಬಂದು ಮೊರೆಮೊರೆಯಬಹುದು ;  
 ಮೆಲ್ಲಲರು ಬಂದು ಮೈದಡಹಬಹುದು.  
 ಚೆಲುವಾಗಿ ಒಲವಾಗಿ ಹೂವಡೊಂದು  
 ಬಲವಾಗಿ ಮನ ಸೆಳೆಯಲೆಳಸಬಹುದು.  
 ಆದರೂ ಬದಲದಿರು, ಕದಲದಿರು, ನೀನು !  
 ಮೋಹ ಮಾಯೆಗೆ ಸಿಲುಕದೆಯೆ ನಿಲ್ಲು, ನಿಲ್ಲು !

೪

ಹೂವಾಗಿ ತನ್ನೆ ದೆಯ ಮಧುರ ಮಕರಂದವನು  
 ದಿಕ್ಕುದಿಕ್ಕಿಗೆ ಚೆಲ್ಲುವಾಸೆ ;  
 ಮುಗಿಲಾಗಿ ಹನಿಯಾಗಿ ಜಗದ ಕಂಬನಿಯಾಗಿ,  
 ಮಣಿಯಾಗಿ ಕುಣಿಯುವಾಸೆ  
 ಅಳಿಯಾಗಿ ಗಿಳಿಯಾಗಿ ನೂರಾರು ಬಗೆಯಾಗಿ  
 ನಗೆಯಾಗಿ ನಲಿಯುವಾಸೆ  
 ನಿನ್ನೊಳಿರಬಹುದಯ್ಯೋ, ಮಾಡಲೇನು ?  
 ಅದು ಮುಗಿಲಹೂವದನು ಮುಡಿವೆಯೇನು ?

೫

ಮೃದುವಾಯ್ತು ಕುಸುಮ-ಕೋಮಲವಾಯ್ತು, ಮನ ; ಜೀವ—  
 ಕಾರುಣ್ಯರಸಕೆ ಸೆಲೆಯಾಯ್ತು ಹೃದಯ ;  
 ಬಾಳು ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಮಧುರ ; ಕಾವ್ಯನಂದನದ ಚಿರ  
 ಸಂಚಾರಿಯಾದೆ ಹೇ ಮತ್ತಮಧುಪ !

ಅವನಲ್ಲಿ ಇವನಲ್ಲಿ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ  
 ತನ್ನ ತನವನು ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡ ಭೂಪ !  
 ಸಚರಾಚರದ ಬಾಳಿನಾಳದಲಿ ಮುಳುಮುಳುಗಿ  
 ಬಂತು ಅಂತಃಕರಣ, ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಪಾಪ !



ಆದರೇನಂತೆ—ಮನವಾಯ್ತು ಅಬಲ ;  
 ಗಾಳಿಗೊಡ್ಡಿದ ತಳಿರಿನಂತೆ ವಿಚಲ !  
 ವಿಧಿಯ ನಿಷ್ಕರದ ರಾಜ್ಯಭಾರ ಇಲ್ಲಿ  
 ಮೃದುತೆ ಬಲಹೀನತೆಗೆ ಸಂಚಕಾರ.

೬

ಅಕ್ಕಟಾ ! ಬೇಕಾದುದೇನು ಬಂದೀ ಭವದಿ ?—  
 ಮರುಳು ಕರುಳಿನ ಕುರುಡು ಕುಣಿತವಲ್ಲ ;  
 ತನು ಮನವನುಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಕಾಯಿಸುವ ದುರ್ದಮ್ಯ  
 ಶಕ್ತಿ ;—ಬಯಲಾಸೆಗಳ ಗುಣಿತವಲ್ಲ !

ಅದಕಾಗಿ ಕಲ್ಲಾಗು, ಕಠಿನ, ಕಠಿನ !  
 ಮಿದುವಾಗಬೇಡ, ಹಾ ! ಜತನ, ಜತನ !

ಕಲ್ಲಾಗು, ಕಲ್ಲಾಗು, ಬಾಳ ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿಯಲಿ  
 ಅಲ್ಲಾಡದಿರು ; ನಿಲ್ಲು ನಿಲ್ಲು ; ಜೀವ !  
 ಎಲ್ಲಿವರೆಗೀ ಬರಿಯ ಬವಣೆಯಕಟ ! ಬಾಳಿ—  
 ಗಿಲ್ಲ ಸ್ಥಿರತೆಗು ಮಿಗಿಲು ಮಿರುಪ ಮಕುಟ !

ಕರಗದಿರು ಬಿಸಿಗಿಟ್ಟ ಬೆಣ್ಣೆಯಂತೆ,  
 ರವಿಕಿರಣ ಮುದ್ದಿಡುವ ಮಂಜಿನಂತೆ,  
 ಬಾಡದಿರು ನೆಲಕೆಳದ ಮಲರಿನಂತೆ  
 ಬಾಗದಿರು ತೊನೆತೊನೆವ ಬಳ್ಳಿಯಂತೆ !

—ಎಂ. ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣ ಅಡಿಗ.

## ಎಂತಿರಬೇಕು ನನ್ನೊಲವು ?

ಎಂತಿರಬೇಕು ನನ್ನೊಲವು ? ಎಂತಿರಬೇಕೆನ್ನುತ ಕಾವ್ಯಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದೊಳಲೆ  
ದಾಡಿದೆನು.

ಆದಿಕಾವ್ಯದಿ ಮೆರೆಯುತಿಹ ಆದರ್ಶಮೂರುತಿಯ ಆದರ್ಶನಾಯಕಿಯು ತೋರಿ  
ದಳು ಮೊದಲು. ಸೀತೆ ! ಜನಕನಿಗೆ ಬುವಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ದೊರೆತ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಬನಿಯೆ !  
ತ್ಯಾಗ ಸಹನೆಗಳು ನಿನ್ನ ಹುಟ್ಟುಗುಣಗಳು ತಾಯೆ ! ಭೂಜಾತೆ, ರಕ್ತಸನ ಸೆರೆ  
ಕಳೆದು ಮತ್ತಿನಿಯನೊಡಗೂಡುವಂದು, ನಿನ್ನ ಪರಿಶುದ್ಧತೆಯಲವನನುಮಾನಿ  
ಸಲು ನೀ ಕೋಪಗೊಂಡುದು ಉಂಟೆ ? ಗೊಣಗಿದುದು ಉಂಟೆ ? ನಗುನಗುತ  
ಬೆಂಕಿಯಲಿ ನುಗ್ಗಿದೆಯಲಾ ! ಅಂದು, ಅಗಸನಾಡಿದುದಕೆ, ಪೂರ್ಣಗರ್ಭಿಣಿಯಹ  
ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಾಡಿಗಟ್ಟಿದ ದಿನದಿ, ಮೋಸದಲಿ ಕೊಂಡೊಯ್ದು ಘೋರ ವಿಪಿನದಲಿ  
ಬಿಟ್ಟೆಂದು, ಸೊಗಸು ಮಾತುಗಳನಾಡಿ ಇನಿಯನಲೊಲವನೇ ತೋರ್ದೆಯಲಾ !  
ತಾಯೆ, ನೀನು ದಿವ್ಯಾತ್ಮೆ, ನಿನ್ನೋರಗೆಯವರು ಮತ್ತೆಲ್ಲ ದೊರೆಯುವರು ?  
ನಮಿಸುವೆನಿದೊ.

ಮಹಾಭಾರತದ ಮಹಾವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗಳನಡುವಿರುವ ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯು ತೋರಿದಳು  
ಆ ಮೇಲೆ. ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯ ನೆನದಂದೆಲ್ಲ ದೃಶ್ಯಗಳೆರಡು ಸುಳಿಯವುವು ನನ್ನಿದಿನಲಿ.  
ಕಷ್ಟವೊದಗಿದ ದಿನದಿ ಪತಿಗಳನಾಡಬಾರದುದನಾಡಿ ಹಿಂಯ್ಯಾಳಿಸುತ್ತಿಹುದೊಂದು ;  
ಭಾರತದ ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಭೀಮನೊಡವೆರೆದು ಭೀಕರದ ನೇಪಥ್ಯದಲಿ ತೊಡಗಿರುವ  
ಭಯಂಕರದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಮೂರ್ತಿಯೊಂದು. ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯೆ ! ಐದು ಜನ ಬಲ್ಲಾಳುಗಳು  
ಸೈಯೆನಿಸಿಕೊಳುವಂತೆ ನಿನ್ನನಾಳಲಾರದೆ ಹೋಗಿಹರು ; ಮತ್ತೆ ನಿನ್ನ ತರದವಳ  
ಬಯಸುವ ಮರುಳನಹನೆ ?

ಆ ಮೇಲೆ ತೋರಿದರು ಲಲಿತನಾಯಕ ವತ್ಸರಾಜನ ರಾಣಿಯರು. ಗಾನ  
ಕಲಿಯಲು ಹೋಗಿ, ಪ್ರೇಮವನು ಕಲಿತು, ಆತ್ಮವನೆ ಗುರುದಕ್ಷಿಣೆಯಲಿ ಸಲಿಸಿ,  
ಒಲವಿನೊಡನೋಡಿ ಮರೆಯಾದ ವಾಸವದತ್ತಿಯೊಲವಿನಲಿ ರಸಿಕತೆಯಿಹುದು ;  
ರಾಜ್ಯದಾಸೆಗೆ ಯೌಗಂಧರಾಯಣನ ತಂತ್ರದಲಿ ಸಿಲುಕಿ, ನೊಂದು ನೋಯಿಸಿದವ  
ಳೊಲವಿನಲಿ ದೃಢತೆ ಬೇಕಿಹುದು. ಪದ್ಮೆಯೊಲವಿನಲಿ ಗಾಂಭೀರ್ಯವಿಹುದು,  
ತ್ಯಾಗವಿಹುದು. ಹುಡುಗಿಯಲಿ ಹುಡುಗುತನವಿಲ್ಲದುದು ಮನಕೆ ಸೊಗಸದಿಹುದು.



ಆ ಮೇಲೆ, ವಲ್ಕಲವನುಟ್ಟು, ಕಂಕುಳಲಿ ಕೊಡವ ಬಿಗಿಹಿಡಿದು ಆಶ್ರಮದ ಲತೆಗಳ ನಡುವಿನಲೋಡಾಡುತಿದ, ಕುಸುಮಿಸಿದ ಲತೆಯಂತೆ ಮನನ ಸೆರೆಹಿಡಿದ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯ ನೋಡಿದನು. ಅಹುದಹುದು ! ಉದ್ಯಾನಲತೆಗಳಲಿ ಕಾಣದಿಹ ಸಹಜ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವೀ ಆಶ್ರಮದಲತೆಯೊಳಿಹುದು. ಆದರಾದರು ಮುಂದೆ ಯೊದಗಿದ ಕಷ್ಟಗಳ ಹಂತಿಯನು ನೆನಸಿಕೊಂಡೊಡೆ ಅವಳೊಲವಿನ ಮಾಧುರ್ಯದಲಿ ತುಸು ಕಹಿ ಬೆರದಂತೆ ತೋರುವುದು.

ಊರ್ವಶಿ ! ವಿಕ್ರಮನನಭಿಸರಿಸಲು ಬಂದ ನಿನ್ನ ರೂಪದು ಕಣ್ಣೆದುರಿನಲಿ ಸುಳಿದೊಡೆ, ನಿನ್ನ ಸಖಿಯಂದಂತೆ, “ ನಾನೆ ವಿಕ್ರಮನಾಗಬಾರದೆ ? ” ಎಂದು ನೋಯುವೆನು. ನಿನ್ನೊಲವಿನಲಿ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರಿಗು ಬಾರದಿಹ ಪ್ರಾಥಮೆಯಿಹುದು. ಆದರೇಂ ನೀಂ, ಪರಾಧೀನೆ. ಅದುವರೆಗೆ ಏತಕೋಸುಗ ಬೆಂದು ಬಳಲಿದೆಯೋ ಅದೆ ನಿನ್ನ ಕೈಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿರಲು, ಒಡೆಯನಾಜ್ಞೆಯನು ಮನ್ನಿಸಲು, ನಿರಾಶೆಯಲಿ ಹಿಂತೆಗೆದೆ. ಶಾಪದನುಭವದ ನೆವದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯಸಾಧನೆ ನಡೆದುದಾದರು, ಮತ್ತೊಮ್ಮೆ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರಪ್ಪಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನೊಲವಿನೊಡವಿರುವ ಸೊಗವ ಕಂಡೆ.

ಮಾಲವಿಕೆ ಸಾಗರಿಕೆಯರು ಮನಸಿನಲಿ ಸುಳಿದಂತೆಲ್ಲ, ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಕ್ಕು “ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರಿವರು ಹುಡುಗಿಯರಿವರು ” ಎಂದು ಮೊಗವತ್ತ ತಿರುಹುವೆನು.

ಅರ್ಧ ಜಗವನೆ ತನ್ನ ರೂಪದಲಿ ಹುಚ್ಚು ಹಿಡಿಸಿದ ಹೆಲನ್ ! ನಿನ್ನ ಮೊಗವನು ನೋಡೆ ಪಾಪಕ್ಕೆ ಅತ್ಮವನು ಮಾರಿಹರ ಕೇಳಿಹೆನು. ನಿನ್ನ ಮೊಗವನು ಕಂಡು, “ ಈ ಮೊಗವೆ ಹಡಗುಗಳ ಸಾವಿರವ ಹೊರವಡಿಸಿ, ಗಗನವನು ತಾಗಿದ್ದ ಟ್ರಾಯ್ ನಗರವನುರಿಸಿದುದು ? ” ಎಂದಚ್ಚರಿವಟ್ಟು ಮೃತ್ಯುವನಪ್ಪಿಹರ ಕೇಳಿಹೆನು. ಅಹುದಹುದು ನೀ ಮೋಹಿನಿಯೆ. ಆದರೆ, ನಿನ್ನ ರೂಪನಿತು ಮೋಹ ಕವೊ ಸುಂದರವೊ ಅನಿತು ಕ್ರೂರವೊ ವಿಕೃತವೊ ಆಗಿಹುದು ನಿನ್ನೆದೆಯು. ಅಲ್ಲದಿರೆ ನೀ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿದೊಲವಿನ ಕೈವಿಡಿದೆರಡು ದಿನಗಳಲೆ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬ ನೊಡನೊಡಿ ಎರಡು ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳ ಮಣ್ಣು ಮಾಡುತಲಿದ್ದೆಯೇನು ? ನೀನಿನ್ನೆಷ್ಟು ಚೆಲುವೆಯಾದೊಡು ನಿನ್ನಂಥ ರಕ್ತಸಿಯನೆಳಸದಿಹುದು ನನ್ನ ಮನ.

ಮಿರಾಂಡ ! ನೀ ಚೆಲುವೆಯಹುದು. ನಿಷ್ಕಲ್ಮಷ ಹೃದಯೆಯೂ ಅಹುದು. ಮನುಜರನು ಕಂಡರಿಯದಿಹ ನೀನು, ‘ ಓ ದೇವತೆಯೆ ’ ಎಂದೆನುತ ಮೊದಲು ನೋಡಿದ ಮನುಜನಲಿಯೆ ನಿನ್ನೊಲವ ನಿವೇದಿಸಿದೆ. ಇದೇನೊಲವೋ ಭಕ್ತಿಯೋ ನನಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯದಿದೆ.

ಒಲವನ್ನು ಏನೊಂದನರಿಯದಿಹ ಮಗುವನಾಡಿಸುವ ತೆರದಿ ಚೆಲ್ಲಾಟಗಳಲಿ ಭ್ರಮೆಗೊಳಿಸಿದ ರೋಸಲಿಂಡ್ ! ನಿನ್ನೊಲವು ನನಗೆ ರುಚಿಸದಿಹುದು. ಆಫಿಲಿಯಳೊಲವಂತು ಒಲವ ಸಾಧಿಸುವ, ಒಲವಿಗೋಸುಗ ಸಹನೆಯಿಂ ಕಾದು ನೋಡುವ

ಶಕುಂತಿಯಿಲ್ಲದೆಯೇ, ಹೆತ್ತವನ ಮರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ಹುಚ್ಚಿನಲಿ ಕೊನೆಯಾಯ್ತು. ಕ್ರಿಸ್ತೀಡಳೊಲವಂತು ಬಣ್ಣ ಬದಲಿಸುವುದು. ಮರುಳು ಡೆಸ್ಸಿ ಮೊನೊಳೊಲವು ದುರ್ವಿಧಿಯಣಕದಲಿ ಕೊನೆಯಾಯ್ತು.

ಕಬ್ಬಿಗರ ಬಲ್ಲಹನ ವಲ್ಲಭೆಯೆ ! ಮನೋರಮೆ, ನಿನ್ನೊಲವಿಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಮನ ಸೋತಿಹುದು. ಸಂಜೆಯಲಿ, ಇನಿಯನ ಬರವನೇ ಕಾದಿದ್ದು, ಬರಲೊಕಾಲ್ಗೆ ನೀರು ಕೊಟ್ಟು, ತಿನಲ್ ತನಿವಣ್ಣಂ ಕುಡಿಯಲ್ ಇನಿವಾಲಂ ಕೊಟ್ಟು, ಪಕ್ಕದಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು, ವೀಳಯವ ಮಡಿಸಿಯಂತಂ, ಮೆಲ್ಲಗೆ 'ಮನಂ ಬೇಸತ್ತುದು ತಿರುಳ್ಗನ್ನಡದೆ ರಸಮೊಸರ್ಪ ಕತಿಯೊಂದು ಪೇಳಾ' ಎಂದು ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಲಿ ನುಡಿವ ನಿನ್ನಂತಹಳಲಿ ನಿಂದಿಹುದುಯೆನ್ನ ಬಗೆ. ಬಹುಮಾನಮನೇನಾನುವೊಂದ ವತಿಯು ಕೇಳೊಡೆ "ನಾನೇ ಪರಾಧೀನೆಯಲಾ" "ಪುರಾಣಮಂ ಕೇಳ್ವ ಬಳಿಕ್ಕಮಲ್ಲವೆ ಕಚ್ಚಳಿಯನೀವುದು" ಎಂತ ಕವಿಗೆ ಮಂಕನು ಕವಿಸಿ, ಕತಿಯಂ ಪೇಳ್ವ ಧಾಟಿಗೆ "ಇದಕಿನ್ನಂತು ಬಹುಮಾನಂ ಗೆಯ್ಯೆನೋ" ಎಂದು ನಗುವ ನಿನ್ನ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿಹೆನು.

ಕತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸೀತೆಯಂ, ಗರ್ಭಿಣಿಯಂ ರಾಮಂ ಕಾಡಿಗಟ್ಟಿದನೆನೆ 'ಪೋ, ರಾಮನೋ ಭೀಮನೋ' ಎಂದು ರಾಮನಂ ತೆಗಳ್ವ, ಮುಂಗತಿಯನಾಲಿಸೆಂದೊಡೆ "ತೆಗೆ, ತೆಗೆ, ಮುಂಗತಿಯಂ ವೆತೆಯಂ" ಎಂದು ಬೇಸರಂಗೊಳ್ವ, ಸೀತೆಗಾಗಿ ರಾಮನಳಲಿದ ನೆಂದೊಡೆ, "ಎಂ, ಪೆರರ್ ವೆಂಡರಿಲ್ಲೆಂದೊ" ಎಂದೇಡಿಸುವ ಕುಶ ಲವರ ಕಲಿತನಕೆ ತಲೆದೂಗುವ ನಿನ್ನ ರಸಜ್ಞತೆಗೆ ಮಾರುವೋಗಿಹೆನು.

ಎಲೆ ಮನೋಜ್ಞ, ಮನೋರಮೆ, ಕೊನೆಯೋಳ್ ಕಚ್ಚಳಿಯನೀವ ಸಮಯ ದೊಳ್, ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಬುದ್ದಿ ವಂತಿಕೆಯನರಿಯದೆಯೆ ಅವಂ "ಕಾವ್ಯಂ ಮನೋಜ್ಞ ಮಿಲ್ಲಂ" ಎಂದೊಡೆ, 'ಅಂತಿಳಿಕೆಗೆಯ್ಯಲಾಗವಂದು;' 'ನೀನೆನ್ನೊಳ್ ಬಹುಮಾನದಿಂ ದಂತಾಡುತಿಹೆ' ಎನೆ ಲೋಗರ್ ಮೆಚ್ಚುವಂತಿಹುದೆನುತ, ಅಣೆ ಭಾಷೆಗಳನಿಟ್ಟು, ಅಂತಾದೊಡೆ ಮೆಚ್ಚನೀಯೆಂದು ಕೇಳಿದೊಡೆ ಬಲೆಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದ ಹರಿಣಿಯ ತೆರದಿ ಮಂಗಳಮಂ ಮಾಡೆಂದೆದ್ದು ಪೋಗುವ ನಿನ್ನ ಬಗೆ ಆರೆದೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿಚ್ಚನುರಿಗೊಳಸದಿಹುದು ?

ಯುವಕಂಗೆ, ರಸಿಕಂಗೆ, ಕವಿಗೆ, ನವರಮಣನಿಗೆ ಮೊದಲೆ ತಾಯ್ತಂದೆವಿರಿತ್ತ ಪರಾಧೀನೆ, ರಸಜ್ಞೆ, ಕಬ್ಬಿಗನ ವಲ್ಲಭೆಯೇ, ನೀನಿತ್ತ ಮೆಚ್ಚೀಂ ?.....ನೀನಿತ್ತ ಮೆಚ್ಚಂ ಭಾವಿಸಿದೊಡೆ ಮನವಿನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರೆಡೆಗೆ ಹರಿಯದಿಹುದು.

ಮನೋರಮೆ ! ನಿನ್ನ ಮೋಹಿಸಿ ನನ್ನ ಮನ ನೆಲೆಗೆ ಬಂದಿಹುದು. ಸಕ್ಕದವ ಬಿನ್ನಾಣಿಯರು ಬೇಡೆನಗೆ; ಪಾಶ್ಚಾತ್ಯ ಬೆಡಗಿಯರ ಸೈರಿಸದು ಮನ. ಗರತಿಯಹ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಮನೋರಮೆಯೆ ಮನೋಜ್ಞ.

—ಸಿ. ಕೃಷ್ಣ



## ಸವಿಾರ ಸಮಾಗಮ

ಬಾರಾ ತೆಂಕಣ ದಿಶೆಯ ಸವಿಾರ  
ನವ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ಸುಧಾ ಹರಿಕಾರ !

ಸಂತತ ಸುರಿಯಲು ಧನಕ ತುಷಾರ  
ರೋದನಗೈವುದು ಕೊರೆವ ಚಳಿ.  
ಮಾಗಿಯ ಮಡಿಲಿಲಿ ಮುದಿ ಅವತಾರ  
ಸಂದಿರೆ, ಕಾದಿಹೆ ಕಣವೆ ಬಳಿ.  
ಕಳೆಗುಂದಿರುವುದು ನನ್ನ ಶರೀರ,  
ಬಾರಾ ತೆಂಕಣ ದಿಶೆಯ ಸವಿಾರ  
ನವ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ಸುಧಾ ಹರಿಕಾರ !

ನಿನ್ನಯ ಸುಖ ಸಂಸ್ಕರನವಲ್ಲಿ  
ಮರಳಿ ವಿರಾಜಿಸೆ ನನ್ನ ಸಿರಿ,  
ಖಗಕುಲ ಗಾನಾಮೃತವನು ಚೆಲ್ಲಿ  
ಎಚ್ಚರಗೊಂಬುದು ಗರಿಗೆವರಿ !  
ತುಳುಕಾಡುವುದೈ ವಿಸಿನ ವಿಹಾರ !  
ನವಚೈತನ್ಯ ಸುಧಾ ಹರಿಕಾರ  
ಬಾರಾ ತೆಂಕಣ ದಿಶೆಯ ಸವಿಾರ ! .

ನಿನ್ನಾ ಮೃದುಪದ ತಾನವ ಬಲ್ಲಿ  
ಎಂದಿಗೆ ಬರುವೆಯೊ ನಾನರಿಯೆ !  
ಕೋರಿಕೆ ಸಲ್ಲುವವರೆಗೂ, ಇಲ್ಲಿ  
ಕಾಯುವೆ ಕದಲದೆ, ನಾ ಮರೆಯೆ.  
ನವಯುತು ಸಮ್ಮೋಹನ ಸಿಂಗಾರ,  
ಬಾರಾ ತೆಂಕಣ ದಿಶೆಯ ಸವಿಾರ  
ನವ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ಸುಧಾ ಹರಿಕಾರ !

ಮಾಗಿಯ ಜೊತೆಯಲಿ ನೀ ಕಾದಾಡಿ  
ಗಾಢ ಸುಷುಪ್ತಿಯ ಸೆರೆ ಬಿಡಿಸೆ,

ಗಿರಿ, ನದಿ, ಗ್ರಹಗಳು ಒಂದೊಡಗೂಡಿ  
 ಚುಂಬಿಸಿ ಸುಖವನು ಅನುಭವಿಸೆ  
 ಅಳಿವುದು ಸಾಸಿರ ಚಿಂತೆಯ ಭಾರ,  
 ನವ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ಸುಧಾ ಹರಿಕಾರ  
 ಬಾರಾ ತೆಂಕಣ ದಿಶೆಯ ಸವಿಾರ !

ಮುಗಿಲ ವಿಮಾನದಿ ದಿಕ್ಸಂಚಾರದಿಂದ  
 ತೇಲುತ್ತ ಬರೆ ನೀ, ನನ್ನೆಡೆಗೆ,  
 ಜೋಗುಳ ಪಾಡಲು ಸಂತಸದಿಂದ  
 ಕಣ್ ತೆರೆಯುವುದೈ ತಳಿರೊಸಗೆ !  
 ಉಕ್ಕುತ್ತ ಹರಿವುದು ಜೀವನ ಸಾರ !  
 ಬಾರಾ ತೆಂಕಣ ದಿಶೆಯ ಸವಿಾರ  
 ನವ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ಸುಧಾ ಹರಿಕಾರ !

ಕಿಸಲಯ ರಂಜಿತ ಬನ ಸಂಚಾರಿ !  
 ಏಕೆ ವಿಳಂಬವು, ಬಾ ಬೇಗ.  
 ಸುಖದ ಮಹತ್ವವ ಸುತ್ತಲು ಸಾರಿ  
 ನೀ ಬರೆ, ಬೆಳೆವುದು ಅನುರಾಗ !  
 ಸಕಲ ಸಜೀವಿ ಸಹೋದರ ಬಾರ !  
 ನವಚೈತನ್ಯ ಸುಧಾ ಹರಿಕಾರ  
 ಬಾರ, ತೆಂಕಣ ದಿಶೆಯ ಸವಿಾರ !

—ಜಿ. ನರದರಾಜರಾವ್





ಆ ಐನೋರು ನಿನ್ನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಸ್ತಾರೇನು? ನೀನ್ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಬೇಡ ... ಸೆಟ್ಟಿ ಬೆಳಕಿನ ಕಡೆ ತಲೆ ಎತ್ತೊಂಡು ಮರದ ಹಾಗೆ ಬೆಳೆ....ಯಾರು ಬೇಡ ಅಂತಾರೆ....ಆದ್ರೆ ಬೆಳಕಿನ ಕಡೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ತಲೆ ಎತ್ತೀಕು .... ಬೆಳಕು ಅಂದ್ರೆ ವಿದ್ಯೆ .... ”

“ ನಿನ್ನ ರಾಮಾಣ್ಯ ನೋಡಿದ್ರೆ ನೀನೂವೆ ಐನೋರ ಮಾತ್ಗೆ ಜಾಯ್ಜು ಟೊಂಡು ಇದ್ದಾಂಸ ಆಗ್ಬೀಕು ಅಂತ .... ”

“ ಹುಂ, ಮಾರ್ನವಮಿಯಿಂದ ನಾನೂ ಹೋಗ್ತಿದೀನಿ .... ತಪ್ಪೇನು ? ದೇವರು ನಮಗೆ ಕೈಕೊಟ್ಟಾಗ ಗುದ್ದಿ ಪಿಕಾಸಿ ಎರಡ್ಕೇ ಮುಟ್ಟು ಅಂತ ಅಂದ್ಬೇನು ? ನಮ್ಮ ವಿದ್ಯಾ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಬೆಳೆಸಿ ಅವನ ಚಾಕ್ರೀನ ಇನ್ನೂ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ .... ”

“ ಬುಡಣ್ಣ ! ಬುಡಣ್ಣ ! ನಮ್ಮ ಇರೇರೆಲ್ಲ ಇದ್ಯಾ ಕಲಿತು ಅವಿಮಾಲ್ದಾರಿ ಗಿಮಾಲ್ದಾರಿ ಮಾಡಿ .... ”

“ ಅವಿಮಾಲ್ದಾರಿ ಮಾಡ್ಬಿ ಹೋದರೂ, ಗಿಮಾಲ್ದಾರಿ ಮಾಡಿದೋರ ಬೆದರಿ ಕೆಗೆ ನಡುಗಿ ನಾಶ್ವಾಗಿರೋರು ನೂರಾರು ಜನ, ಈರಪ್ಪ ! ಕಂಡ ಕಂಡ ಕಾಗದ ಕೈಲ್ಲ ಹೆಬ್ಬೆಟ್ಟಿತ್ತಿ ಹಾಳಾಗಿ ಹೋದೋರು ನೂರಾರು ! .... ”

“ ಈಗ ಅವೆಲ್ಲ ನಡಿಯೋಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲ ! ಕೋರಟು ಕಚೇರಿ .... ”

“ ಪಾಪ, ಪಾಪ, ಕೋರ್ಟು ಕಚೇರಿ ಎನ್ನಾಡುವೆ ! ಅವೆಲ್ಲ ನಡಿಯೋದು ಕಾಗದದ ಮೇಲೇನೆ ! ಬರೆಯೋದು, ಓದೋದು, ಇಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲೇ ಅವರ ಕಾರ್ಬಾರು ! ಅದಿಲ್ಲಿ ಈರಪ್ಪ ! ಹಿರೇರೇನೋ ಅಕ್ಷರ ಕಲೀಲಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ ನಾವೂನೂ ಕುರುಡಾಗಿ ರೋದಕ್ಕಾಗ್ತದಾ ? ಒಂದು ಕೈಮರ, ಒಂದು ಲೋಟೀಸು, ಒಂದು ಕಾಗದದ ತುಂಡು, ಒಂದು ಪೇಪು, ಒಂದು ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಅದ್ರಲ್ಲೇನು ಬರೆದಿದೆ ಇಲೀನೋ ಹುಲೀನೋ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಬೇಡ್ಬಿ ? ಏನು ಎತ್ತ ಅಂತ ನಂಟರಿಗೊಂದು ಕಾಗದ ಬರೀಬೇಡ್ಬಿ .... ”

“ ಓಗಣ್ಣ ! ಅದಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲ ಕೇಳೊಂಡ್ಬಂದಿರೇಕು ! ನಂಜಮ್ಮಕ್ಕಂಟೊಂಡ್ಬಂದಿಲ್ಲ, ಅವೆಲ್ಲ.....ಮುಂದಲ ಜಲ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ನೋಡುವ .... ”

“ ಜನ್ಮಕ್ಕಂಟಿಕೊಂಡ್ಬಂದಿರೋ ಹೊತ್ತೇನೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಐನೋರು ಬಂದು ಬಾಕ್ಲಲ್ಲೇ ನಿಂತು ಸೇರ್ಕೊಳ್ಳೋ ಅಂತ ಹೆಸರು ಬರೆದು, ಬಿಟ್ಟ ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಓದಿಸ್ತಾ ಇರೋದು ! ”

“ ಬುಡೋ, ಬುಡೋ ! ನವಿಲನ್ನೋಡಿ ಕೆಂಬೂತ ಅದೇನೋ ಮಾಡ್ತುಂ ತಲ್ಲಾ ಹಂಗಾಯಿತಿರು.....”

“ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಈರಪ್ಪ ! ಈಗ ಓದುಗೀದು ಬಂದಿರೋ ದೊಡ್ಡನುಷ್ಯರಿಗೂವೆ ಹುಟ್ಟಾಗ್ಲಿ ಪುಕ್ಕ ಇತ್ತೀನು ? ಇಲ್ಲ, ಅವರೂವೇ ಆ ಆ ಇ ಈ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿ ಹೇಳಿ ತಿದ್ದಿ.....”

“ ನಂ ಬುರುಡೇಲಿರೋ ಮಣ್ಣಿಗೂ ಅವರ ತಲೇಲಿರೋ ಚಿನ್ನಕ್ಕೂ ”  
“ ಎಲ್ಲರ ತಲೆಯೊಳಗೂ, ಈರಪ್ಪ ! ಮಣ್ಣು, ಚಿನ್ನ ಬೆರಕೇನೆ! ಕೆಲವರು ಚಿನ್ನಾನ ಪುಕಾಶಕ್ಕೆ ತರ್ತಾರೆ ; ಕೆಲವರು ಮಣ್ಣು ನ್ನುದ್ದೆಗಳಂಗೇನೆ ಇರ್ತಾರೆ ”

“ ಈ ಅದ್ವೈದ್ವಿನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಚಿನ್ನಾನ ಏಟೊಂದು ಒರಕ್ಕೆ ತೆಗಿದಿ ನೋಡುವ ! ಐನೋರಂಗೇ ನೀನೂನೂ ಓದ್ವಿಯಾ ಕಾಗಜ ಇಡ್ಕೊಂಡು ?....”

“ ಓ ! ಓದ್ದೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ! ನಾನೀಗ ರಾಮನ ಕಥೆ ಓದ್ವಿದೇನೆ ; ಬರೀ ತ್ತಿದೇನೆ.” “ ಆ ! ಏನೇಲ್ದಿ ? ರಾಮನ ಕಥೆ ಓದ್ವಿಯಾ ನೀನೇನೆ ? ಒಬ್ಬ ಕೂತ್ಕೊಂಡು ” “ ಇನ್ನೂ ಮೂರು ತಿಂಗಳು ಕಳೀಲಿ, ಜೈಮಿನಿ ತಕೊತೇನೆ ಕೈಗೆ.... ನೋಡ್ತಿರು....ಜೈಮಿನಿನ....”

“ ಅಂಗಾರೆ ಈ ಚೀಟಿ ಒಸಿ ಓದ್ವಿಯಾ ಅಂತೀನಿ !.... .... ಓ ! ಬೇಡಪ್ಪ ! ಯಾರಿಗೂ ತೋರಿಸ್ಬೇಡ ಅಂತ ಏಳವ್ವೆ ಆ ಲಕ್ಕ ! ಅಂದೆಂಥಾದ್ದೊ ಬಲು ಗುಟ್ಟಂತೆ ....ತಲೆ ಓಗೋ ಸಮಾಚಾರ ಅಂದ..... ”

“ ಕೋಡು, ನೋಡೋಣ ! ಲಕ್ಕನೇನು ಚೀಪ್ ಕೋರ್ಟ್ ಕೆಟ್ಟು ಹೋದ್ವು, ತಲೆ ಓಗೋ ಸಮಾಚಾರ ಬರೆಯೋಕೆ ? ನನಗೂ ಗರಗರಾ ಅಂತ ಗೀಚಾಕಿದ್ವೆ ಓದೋಕಾಗೋದಿಲ್ಲ. ಗುಂಡ್ಗಂಡಿಗೆ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದೆ ಓದ್ವಿನೇ.... ಕನ್ನಡ ಅಕ್ಷರ ಏನೂ ಅಂದಿಯಾ, ಮದ್ದು ಮುದ್ದಾಗಿದೆ, ಈರಪ್ಪ ! ಆದ್ರೆ ನೋಡು ಇದ್ದಾಂಪರಿಗೂ ಕೂಡ ಚಿನ್ನಾಗಿ ಬರೆಯೋಕ್ಕರದು.... ಕುಲಿಗೆಡಿಸ್ಪಿಡ್ತಾರೆ....ಚಿತ್ರ ಬಿಡಿಸಿದ ಹಾಗೆ ನಿಧಾನ ವಾಗಿ ಬರೆದರೇನು ಕೇಡು ? ” “ ಲಕ್ಕನೂ ಒಸಿ ಗರ ಗರಾಂತಾನೇ ಗೀಚಿಕೊಟ್ಟ ನನ್ನ ಕೈಗೆ.....” “ ಕೊಡೋ, ನೋಡುವ ”

“ ಮಾತು ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದೇನೆ, ತಿಮ್ಮಣ್ಣ....ಲಕ್ಕನಿಗೆ....ಬಲವಂತ ಮಾಡ್ಬೇಡ....”  
“ ಮಾತುಳಿಸೋಕ್ಕೋಗಿ ಅರಿಶ್ಚಂದ್ರ ಸುಡುಗಾಡಿಗ್ಗೋದ, ಈರಪ್ಪ....ಕೊಡು

ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಬಿಡಬೇಕು....ಇನ್ನೇನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಓದೋದು ಬಂದ ಮೇಲೆ ಯಾವ ಕಾಗದತ್ತೂ ಸಿಕ್ಕರೂ ಓದ್ಬಿಡಬೇಕು ಅಂತ ಚಪಲ ಹತ್ತಿಬಿಟ್ಟಿದೆ. ಮೊನ್ನೆ ನೋಡು, ಅಳೇ ಅಗ್ರಾರ, ಸಂತೆಪೇಟೆ ಮಾರ್ಕಟ್ ಚೌಕ ಎಲ್ಲಾನೂ ತಿರ್ಗಿ ಅಂಗ್ಲಿ ಹೆಸರೆಲ್ಲ ಓದ್ದೆ! ಹಾಳು ಜನ ಅರ್ಧ ಮುಕ್ಕಾಲು ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್‌ಲ್ಲೇ ಬರೆದವರೆ ! ಯಾವ ಪುಣ್ಯಕ್ಕೋ ಕಾಣೆ ! ನಂ ಮಾತ್ನಲ್ಲೇ ಬರೆದರೆ ಇವರನ್ನ ಯಾರಾದ್ರೂ ಬಡಿದ್ವಾಕ್ತಾ ರೇನು ? .... ಜೇಟಿ ಕೊಡು, ಈರಪ್ಪ !.....”



“ ಅಯ್ಯೋ ! ಚಾಂಡಾಲಾ ! ನನ್ನೊಟ್ಟ ಮೇಲೊಡೆದು .....”

“ ಏಯ್ ! ಬುಡು ತಿಮ್ಮಣ್ಣ, ಮೇಸ್ತಿ ಕೈಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟಾಗ ಅವನೇ ಓದ್ಬಿ ಮೊದ್ಲು ! ”

“ ಕೊಡು ! ಓದಿ ತೋರಿಸ್ತೇನೆ....”

“ ಸುಂಗಿರಪ್ಪ ! ”



“ ಲಕ್ಕನು ರವಣಿಗೆ ಹೇಗಿದೆ ಅಂತ ಒಂದನ್ನೋಡ್ತೇನೆ, ಅಷ್ಟೆ ! ”

“ ಕೊ ! ಮಾರಾಯ ! ಆದ್ರೆ ಅರ್ತ ಆಗುವಂಗೆ ಗಟ್ಟಾಗೋದ್ದೋ ಬೇಡ....  
ನಿನ್ನ ಕಿವಿಗ್ಬೀಳ್ತೆಂಗೆ ಪಿಸುಪಿಸಾಂತ ಓದೋ ! ”

“ ಈರಪ್ಪ ! ನೀನು ಕೆಟ್ಟೆ ! ಹಾಳಾದೋನು ನಿನ್ನ ಬಾಯ್ಗೆ ಮಣ್ಣಾಕ್ಡ....”

“ ಆ ! ”

“ ಓದೋನೆ, ಕೇಳು ! ಲಕ್ಕ ಬರೆದಿದಾನೆ : ಇವನ ಸಂಬಳದಿಂದ ತಿಂಗಳು  
ತಿಂಗಳು ಎರಡು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ನೀನು ತೆಗಿದುಕೊ. ಇವನಿಗೆ ಎರಡು ರೂಪಾಯಿ  
ಕಡಮೆ ಕೊಡು. ಸಾಲುಕಾರ ಹೇಳಿದ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳು. ನಿನಗೊಂದು ರೂಪಾಯಿ,  
ನನಗೊಂದು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ಆಯಿತು. ಸಾಲುಕಾರನಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯಬಾರದು.....”

“ ಅಯ್ಯೋ ! ಚಾಂಡಾಲಾ ! ನನ್ನೊಟ್ಟ ಮೇಲೊಡೆದು.....”

“ ಒತ್ತಕ್ಷರ ಗಿತ್ತಕ್ಷರ ಇಲ್ಲ ಸಲಿಸಾಗಿ ಬರೆದಿದಾನೆ .....ಅಂಥ ಗೀಚು  
ಗೀಚಾಗಿಲ್ಲ..... ”

“ ಅಲ್ಲಾ, ತಿಮ್ಮಣ್ಣ ! ಎಂಗಿದೆ ನ್ಯಾಯ ! ನಾನು ದುಡಿದು ದುಡಿದು  
ಎಣ ಆಗ್ಬೇಕು ! ಈ ಎಗ್ಗೆ ಎರಡೂವೇ ತಿನ್ನಬೇಕು ! ನನ್ನ ಕತ್ತಿವುಚು ಅಂತ  
ನನ್ನೆಲೆ ಚೀಟಿಕೊಟ್ಟವನಲ್ಲಾ, ಬಾಪ ! .... ಅರದಾಕು ಚೀಟೀನ !.... ಓ !  
ಬೇಡ, ಬೇಡ ! ಸಾಲುಕಾರನಿಗೆ ತೋರ್ನಿ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಬರೆ ಎಳೆಸೋಣ ಸುಂಗಿರು !....  
.... ತಿಮ್ಮಣ್ಣ ! ಆಳಕ್ಕರಾನ ನಾನೊನು ಕಲ್ತೀಬಿಡ್ತೇನೆ. ಬುರ್ದೆ ಸೀಳೋದ್ರೆ  
ಸೀಳೋಗ್ಗಿ ! .... ಕತ್ತಾಗ್ತಲೂ ನಿನ್ನಟ್ಟೆ ಮೇಲಿಂದ ನಾನೇ ಬರ್ದೇನೆ ....  
ಇಬ್ಬರಾಮಂದಿರಕ್ಕೋಗೋಣ.”

—ನಾ. ಕ.

## ಮನದ ಬಯಲು.

೧

ಎಳದಾಗಿ ಹೊಸದಾಗಿ  
ಬೆಳೆದಿರುವ ಹೂವುಗಳು,  
ಸೊದೆಯ ಸವಿಯುವ ನೆವದಿ  
ಮುತ್ತುತಿಹ ದುಂಬಿಗಳು,  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು

೨

ಹಾಲು ತುಟಿಯಾ ಹಸುಳೆ  
ಅದರ ಕದಸಿನ ನುಣುವು  
ತಂಪೆರೆವ ಸವಿಮಾತು  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು  
೪

ಇಂದು ಬರುವುದು ಶಾಂತಿ  
ಮನಕೆ ಸಂತಸವಹುದು  
ಎಂಬ ಹಾರೈಕೆಗಳು  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು  
೬

ಹೂವಿನಲಿ ಚೆಗುರಿನಲಿ  
ಸಿರಿವೊಲದ ಹಸುರಿನಲಿ  
ಹೊಮ್ಮುತಿಹ ಮಾಧುರ್ಯ  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು  
೮

ದೂರದೇಕಾಂತದಲಿ  
ಮೆಲುದನಿಯ ಮೇಳದಲಿ  
ಹರಿಯುತಿಹ ಸಂಗೀತ  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು

೩

ಹೃದಯಾಂತರಾಳದಲಿ  
ನಲಿನಲಿದು ತೂಗುತಿಹ  
ಬಾಳ ಹಿರಿಯಾಸೆಗಳು  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು  
೫

ಜನದ ಜೀವನದಿಂದ  
ಕೊಳೆಯನ್ನು ತೊಳೆಯುವೆನು  
ಎಂಬ ಹೊಂಗನಸುಗಳು  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು  
೭

ನಿರಿಗುರುಳು, ತೆರೆದ ತುಟಿ,  
ನೋಡ ನೋಡುವ ಹದದಿ  
ಎದೆಯ ಸೆಳೆಯುವ ಕಣ್ಣು  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು  
೯

ಅಸ್ಥಿರದ ಚಿರಧ್ಯಾನ  
ಪರಮ ಶಾಂತಿಯ ಗುಡಿಗಿ  
ತೆರೆದ ಹೆಬ್ಬಾಗಿಲದು  
ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವು

—ಎಂ. ಸುಬ್ರಹ್ಮಣ್ಯರಾಜ ಅರಸ.

## ಬಿಡಿ ಮುತ್ತು

೧

ಇನ್ನೆಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಮರದ ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ನನ್ನ ಮಗುವೆಂದೆನುತ ಮುದ್ದಿಡುವೆ ಕಂದ !

ನೀ ನಿದ್ರೆಯಿಂದೇಳುವುದೆ ತಡ ಮರದ ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ಕೈತೊಟ್ಟಿಲಲಿ ತೂಗುತ್ತ “ ಅಳಬೇಡ, ಚಿನ್ನ ! ಅಳಬೇಡ ” ಎಂದೆನುತ ಇನ್ನೆಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಮರದ ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ಮುತ್ತಿಡುವೆ ಕಂದ !

ನಾ ನಿನ್ನ ಮೈತೊಳೆವೆ ಬಾರೆಂದು ಕರೆದೊಡನೆ ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ಕಾಲುಗಳ ಮೇಲಿಟ್ಟು “ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ತಡೆ, ನನ್ನ ಮಗು ಸ್ನಾನವನು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದೆ ” ಎಂದದರ ಮೈಯನಿನ್ನೆಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಕೈಯಲೊರಸುತ್ತಿಹೆ ಕಂದ !

ಹೊತ್ತಾಯಿತೇಳಮ್ಮ ಉಟವನು ಮಾಡೆಂದು ಕರೆದೊಡನೆ “ ತಡೆಯಮ್ಮ, ನನ್ನ ಮಗು ಉಂಡಿಲ್ಲ ” ಎಂದೆನುತ ಮರದ ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ಎದೆಗಪ್ಪಿ “ ಪಾಚಿ ಕುಡಿ, ಕುಡಿ ಚಿನ್ನ ” ಎಂದೆನುತ ಎಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಮರದಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ಮುದ್ದಿಡುವೆ ಕಂದ !

ಮರದ ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ‘ ನನ್ನ ಮಗು ’ ಎಂದೆನುತ ಕನಸಿನಲು ಕನವರಿಸಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ಬಿಡದಿರುವೆ ಚಿನ್ನ !

ನಾ ನಿನ್ನ ಮೈತೊಳೆದು ಉಣಬಡಿಸಿ ಎದೆಗಪ್ಪಿ ಮುದ್ದಿಡುವುದಿನ್ನೆಂದು ಮಗುವೆ !

ನೀನೊಂದು ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ಮುದ್ದಿಪೊಲು ನಾನೊಂದು ಗೊಂಬೆಯನು ಮುದ್ದಿಪೆನೆ ಕಂದ ?

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“ ಭಗವಂತ ! ಭಿಕ್ಷೆ ಕೊಡಿ ತಾಯಿ ! ” ಎಂದು ಕಿರುಚಿದನು ತಿರುಕ. “ ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಯಾರೋ ಕೂಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಬಾಗಿಲನು ತೆಗೆಯಲೇನಮ್ಮ ” ಎಂದಿತು ಮಗು.

“ ಭಗವಂತ ! ಭಿಕ್ಷೆ ಕೊಡಿ ಅಮ್ಮ ! ” ಎಂದು ತಿರುಕ ಕಿರುಚಿದನು ಮತ್ತೆ.

“ ಮಗು, ಸುಮ್ಮನಿರು. ಅವನು ಕಳ್ಳ ! ಬಾಗಿಲನು ತೆಗೆದರೆ ಮೂಗನೇ ಕೊಯ್ದು ಕೊಳ್ಳುವನು ” ಎಂದು ಹೆದರಿಸಿದಳು ತಾಯಿ.

“ ಕಳ್ಳ ಎಂದರೆ ಏನಮ್ಮ ? ಹೇಗಿರುತ್ತಾನಮ್ಮ ? ” ಎಂದು ಮಗು ಕೇಳಿತು.



“ ಗುಮ್ಮ ! ಗೊರವಯ್ಯ ಇದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆ ಇರುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕಂಡರೆ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ತಿಂದುಬಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆ ” ಮತ್ತೆ ತಾಯಿ ಹೆದರಿಸಿದಳು.

“ ಅಮ್ಮಾ ” ಎಂದ ತಿರುಕ.

ಮಗುವು ಚಿಟ್ಟೆನೆ ಚೀರುತ್ತ ಓಡಿ ಬಂದು ತಾಯಿಯ ಸೆರಗಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಖವನ್ನು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡಿತು.

“ ಮುಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಯ್ಯ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲ ” ಎಂದು ಕೋಪದಿಂದ ಗದರಿದಳು ತಾಯಿ.

ಹಾಲನ್ನು ಕುಡಿದು, ಕುಡಿದು, ಮದಿಸಿದ್ದ ನಾಯಿ ಜೊರಾಗಿ ಬೊಗಳಿತು.

“ ಭಗವಂತ ! ಭಗವಂತ ! ” ಎನ್ನುತ್ತ ತಿರುಕನು ಹೊರಟು ಹೋದ.

ಮಗುವು ಸೀರೆಯ ಸೆರಗಿನಿಂದ ಈಚೆ ಬಂದು “ ಅಮ್ಮ, ಗುಮ್ಮ ಹೋಯಿತೆ ? ” ಎಂದಿತು.

“ ನಾಯಿಗಳು ಬೊಗಳಿದರೆ ಓಡಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತದೆ, ಮಗು ! ” ಎಂದಳು ಹೆತ್ತ ತಾಯಿ.

—ಎಲ್. ಬಸವರಾಜು.

### ವಚನಗಳು.

ಅರ್ಥಶಾಸ್ತ್ರವ ಅಧ್ಯಯನಗೈದರೇನು ? ನೀತಿಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದೊಳು ನುರಿತರೇನು ? ಹೇತುಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದ ಹದನರಿತರೇನು ? ಮನಶಾಸ್ತ್ರವ ಮನನ ಮಾಡಿದರೇನು ? ಎಲ್ಲಾ ವ್ಯರ್ಥ ಕಣಾ ಗುರುದೇವರ ದೇವ ! ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಭಾಷೆ ಪರಿಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಬಾರದನ್ನಕ್ಕ, ಕನ್ನಡದರಿವಾಗದನ್ನಕ್ಕ, ಅರಿತಾಂಗ್ಲ ಭಾಷೆಯ ವಿಷಯವನು ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ತಾರದನ್ನಕ್ಕ.

ಓದು ಓದು ಎಂದು ಒದೆಮೊದ್ದಾಡುವ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಯ ಒದರಾಟವನೇನೆಂಬೆ ನಯ್ಯ-ಓದು ತೀರದು, ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಬಲಿಯದು, ಬಿಜ್ಜೆ ಬಾರದು, ಮೆದುಳು ಮುನ್ನೋಡದು. ಅದುಕಾರಣ ಓದೆತ್ತ ನೀನೆತ್ತ ಕಾಲೇಜೆತ್ತ ಹೋಗುತ್ತ ಮರುಳೆ !

ಉಳ್ಳವರು ಹೊತ್ತಗೆಯ ಕೊಂಡೋದುವರು, ನಾ ಬಡವನಯ್ಯ ; ಎನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣೀರೀ ದೀಪ, ಪ್ರಪಂಚವೇ ಪುಸ್ತಕ, ನೋಟದ ನೆನಹೇ ಬರವಣಿಗೆ, ಬಾಯಿಯೇ ಬರೆಗಡ್ಡಿ, ಮೆದುಳೆ ಮಾಡ ಕಣಾ, ಮಂಗೇಶ್ವರಾ !

—ಜಿ. ಎಸ್. ಹಾಲಪ್ಪ.

—ಎಫ್. ಗೋವಿಂದರಾವ್.

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REMEDIES AVAILABLE FOR SALE.

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## ಕೆರೆಯ ಬಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ

ಸಂಜೆಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಊರಾಚೆ  
ಈ ಕೆರೆಯ ಬಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ  
ಬಹು ದಿನದ ಮೇಲಿಂದು  
ಕುದಿನ ಮನೆ ಶಾಂತಿಯನು ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತಿಹುದು.

ಬಾನ ಗುಮ್ಮಟದಿಂದ,  
ಕ್ಷಿತಿಜದಲಿ ತೂಗಿರುವ  
ಮುಗಿಲ ತೋರಣದಿಂದ  
ಶಾಂತಿ ಇರುಳಿನ ಒಡನೆ ನೆಲಕಿಳಿಯುತ್ತಿಹುದು.

ದಿನವು ಅಳಿಯುತಲಿರಲು  
ಮೇಲಿನಾ ಬಿತ್ತರದಿ  
ಚುಕ್ಕೆ ಕಣ್ಣೆರೆಯುತ್ತಿದೆ  
ಸಾಯುವನ ಮನಸಿನಲಿ ಬದುಕಿಬಹ ನೆನಪುಗಳೊಲು.

ಆಡುತ್ತಿಹ ತಂಬೆಲರು  
ಕದ್ದು ಮುತ್ತಿಡೆ, ಬಳ್ಳಿ  
ಬಿಂಕದಲಿ ಸಂಕುಚಿಸಿ  
ಮುಚ್ಚಿ ನಗುತಲಿ ಮತ್ತೆ ಮೈ ಚಾಚುತ್ತಿಹುದು.

ಗಾಳಿ ಬೀಸುತ್ತಲಿರಲು  
ಮುಂದಿರುವ ನೀರಿನಲಿ  
ಕಿರಿಯಲೆಗಳುರುಳುತ್ತ  
ಸುಳಿಯುತ್ತ ತೊಳೆಯುತ್ತಿವೆ ದಡದ ಕಲ್ಲುಗಳೆ.

ತಂಗಾಳಿ, ಈ ಶಾಂತಿ,  
ನಕ್ಷತ್ರ, ಈ ನೀರು  
ಮನದಿ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತ ಬಂದು  
ಬಾಳೆ ಜಂಜಡ ತೊಳೆದು ಸುಖವನ್ನಿತ್ತಿಹವು.

## ಆಗುಂಬೆಯ ಸಂಜೆ ಸೂರ್ಯ

ಶಿವಮೊಗ್ಗ ಕ್ರಿಕೆಟ್ ಪಂದ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಗೆದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ನಮಗೆ ಖುಷಿಯೇ ಖುಷಿ ! ನಮ್ಮ ನಾಯಕನ ಅಪ್ಪಣೆಯನ್ನು ಪಡೆದು ರಘುವಿನ ಇಚ್ಛೆಯಂತೆ ನಾವು ಮೂವರು ಆಗುಂಬೆಗೆ, ಸಂಜೆ ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಬೆಡಗನ್ನು ನೋಡುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹೊರಟೆವು.

ಘಾಟಿನ ಬುಡದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಶಾಲವಾದ ಹಸಿರುಹುಲ್ಲಿನ ಮೆತ್ತಿ ಹಬ್ಬಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದೂ ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದೂ ಹೂ ತುಂಬಿದ ಮರ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊರೆ ಮೊರೆದು ಹರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ತಿಳಿನೀರ ತುಂಗಾನದಿಯು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದ್ದಿತು. ಮೆಲ್ಲಮೆಲ್ಲನೆ ಬೀಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ತಂಗಾಳಿಯು ನಮ್ಮ ತೆಳುವಾದ ಬಟ್ಟೆಯೊಡನೆ ಚಕ್ಕಂದವನ್ನಾಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಪಶ್ಚಿಮ ದಿಗಂತದ ಅಂಚಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಉಡುಪಿಯ ಸಮುದ್ರದ ಮೇಲ್ಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ದಿನಕರನು ಮೋಡಗಳ ಮುಸುಕಿನಿಂದ ಜಾರುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಬಿಸಿಲಿನ ಕಿಡಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕೆದರುವ ಆ ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನದ ಸೂರ್ಯನೆಲ್ಲಿ? ಶಾಂತಿಮೂರ್ತಿಯಾದ, ಬೆಣ್ಣೆ ಮುದ್ದೆ, ಈ ಸೂರ್ಯನೆಲ್ಲಿ !

ಸಂಧ್ಯೆಯ ಆಗಮನದಿಂದ ಮಬ್ಬು ಹಬ್ಬುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಪಶ್ಚಿಮ ದಿಗಂತದ ವೈಖರಿಯು ಮತ್ತೂ ರಮ್ಯವಾಯ್ತು. ಸಣ್ಣ ಸಣ್ಣ ಗುಡ್ಡಗಳಂತಿದ್ದ ಮೋಡಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ರಂಗುಗಳ ನರ್ತನವೇ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಮಿಂಚುಬಳ್ಳಿಗಳ ಅಂಚಿನ ಆ ಮೋಡಗಳು ನಮ್ಮ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಮರೆಸಿದುವು. ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದ ತಿಳಿಹೊಳೆಯೇ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಿತು.

ಪ್ರಕೃತಿದೇವಿಯ ಮಡಿಲಿನೊಳಕ್ಕೆ ಕ್ರಮ ಕ್ರಮವಾಗಿ ಜಾರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಆ ಸೂರ್ಯನ ದಿವ್ಯಚಿತ್ರವು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಮುಗ್ಧರನ್ನಾಗಿಸಿತು. ದೂರದ ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ರೈತರು ತಮ್ಮ ಗಾಡಿಗಳನ್ನು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿ, ಈ ರಮ್ಯದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದುದು ನನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದಿತು.

ಸೂರ್ಯನು ಮುಳುಗಿ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಹೊತ್ತಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದರೂ ನಾವು ಪಶ್ಚಿಮದ ಕಡೆಯೇ ನೋಡುತ್ತ ಕೂತಿದ್ದೆವು. ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಕೋಗಿಲೆಯ ಕುಹೂಧ್ವನಿ ಯೊಂದು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನೆಚ್ಚರಿಸಿತು. ಎದ್ದು, ಕಾಲುಗಳನ್ನೆಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹಿಂದಿರುಗಿದೆವು.

—ಎಚ್. ಕೆ. ರಂಗನಾಥ್

## ಸಂಗ್ರಹಕ

ಗೌತಮೀಯ ವರ್ಷದ ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್, ಮೇ, ತಿಂಗಳುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮೈಸೂರು ಪ್ರಾಚ್ಯ ಕೋಶಾಗಾರದ  
ಕೃಪೆಯಿಂದ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನಕೋಶ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಬೇಲೂರು ಮತ್ತು ಸಕಲೇಶಪುರ  
ತಾಲ್ಲೋಕುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಚಾರಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಬರೆದ ಒಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಕವನ.

ಬೆಳಗಾಗುತ್ತೆ ಪ್ರತಿದಿನವೂ ಹೊರಡುವೆ ನಾ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಕೆ  
ಹೊಲ ಗದ್ದೆಯ ಹೊಸ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಏರಿಳಿತದ ಮಧ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ;  
ವನದೇವಿಯ ತಾಯ್ನಾಡಲೊಳು ನಲಿದಾಡುವೆ ನಾನಲ್ಲಿ  
ದಿನ ಬೆಳಗಿನ ಚಿರಕಾಲದ ಸುಖದುಃಖವ ಮರೆದಲ್ಲಿ.

ಮಲೆನಾಡಿನ ಜೀವನದಾ ಸೊಬಗಿನ ಪರಿ ಬೇರೊಂದು  
ಅಲೆ ಅಲೆದರು ಅದು ದೊರಕದು ಮೈದಾನದೊಳೆಂದೆಂದು ;  
ಮನೆ ನಾಲ್ಕರ ಹಳ್ಳಿಗಳೇ ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಿಯು ತುಂಬಿಹುದು  
ಘನತರದಾ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯದೂ ಹರಿ ಹಂಚಾಗಿಹುದು.

ಒಂದೊಂದರೊಳೊಬ್ಬೊಬ್ಬನು ತಾ ದೊರೆಯಾಗಿಹನು  
ಮಂದರದಂತೆಸೆಯುತಿಹಾ ಮಾಳಿಗೆಯೊಳ್ ತಾನಿಹನು ;  
ಕಡು ಬಡವರು ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿಯೆ ಹುಲುಗುಡಿಸಲ ಸಮೆದು,  
ನಿಡು ಕಷ್ಟದಿ ನವೆಯುತ್ತಿಹರ್ಕಲು ವಿಧಿಯನು ಜರೆದು.

ಪಟ್ಟಣದಾ ಬಯಲಾಸೆಗಳ್ ಬಯಸಿದರೂ ಸಿಗದಿಲ್ಲ  
ಕಟ್ಟಳೆಯಾ ಜೀವನವೇ ಎಂದೆಂದಿಗೂ ಶರಣಿಲ್ಲ ;  
ಇಷ್ಟಾದರೂ ಬಂಧನದಾ ಬಲು ನೇಣಿನ ಬಿಗುಹಿಲ್ಲ  
ಬಿಟ್ಟೆನವಾ ಹಕ್ಕಿಗಳಂತೆಲೆದಾಡುತ್ತಿಹರೆಲ್ಲ.

ರವಿಯುದಯದ ಕಾಲದೊಳಾ ಮಲೆನಾಡಿನ ಚೆಲುವು  
ತವರೂರೊಳು ನಲಿಯುತ್ತಿಹ ಕಿರುಬಾಲೆಯ ಒಲುವು ;  
ಮಧುಮಾಸದ ವನದೇವಿಯ ವೈಭವವನು ಕಂಡು  
ರವಿ ಹರ್ಷದಿ ನಲಿಯುತ್ತಿಹ ಬಲು ವಿಸ್ಮಯಗೊಂಡು.



ವನದೇವಿಯು ಮನದಾಣ್ಣನ ಕೂಡುವ ಅತಿ ಭರದಿ  
ಮನದೊಲವಿನ ತಳಿರುಡಿಗೆಯ ಬಲುಹಿಂದುಡೆ ಮುದದಿ ;  
ಪರಿಪರಿಯಾ ಮುಗುಳಲರ್ಗಳ್ ಸೆಳೆಲತೆಯೊಳು ತೋರಿ  
ಸಿರಿಯೊಡತಿಯ ಮನದೊಲವನು ಬಿತ್ತರಿವುದು ಬೀರಿ

ಅತಿಘನತೆಯನೆಡೆಯಾಡುವ ಮದವಣಿಗೆನಿಗಾಗಿ  
ಸತಿವರ್ಗವು ಅಣಿಮಾಡುವರ್ ಸಿರಿಮಾಲೆಯ ಬೀಗಿ ;  
ಆರೆಗೆಂಪಿನ ನಸುಬೆಳಸಿನ ಹೊಂಬಣ್ಣದ ಅಲರ  
ನರುಗಂಪಿನ ಕಿಸು ಮೂಡಿದ ಬಲು ಪಚ್ಚಿಯ ತಳಿರ.

ಇಂತೆಸೆವಾ ಸವಿಯೊಸಗೆಯ ಸಂಭ್ರಮವನು ತಾವ್ ನೋಡಿ  
ಅಂತಲ್ಲಿಯೆ ಶುಕ ಪಿಕಗಳು ತನುದೋರದೆ ದನಿಗೂಡಿ ;  
ಇಂಚರದಿಂ ಮೊರೆಯುತ್ತಿಹ ಮರಿದುಂಬಿಗಳೊಡನೆ  
ನುಣ್ಣರದಿಂ ಪಾಡುತ್ತಿರೆ ಸವಿಗೀತಗಳೊಡನೆ ;

ನಾನಲ್ಲಿಯೆ ಇಗ್ಗಾಲಿಯೊಳತಿನೇಗದಿ ಪೋಗಿ  
ಕಾನನದಾ ಕಡುರಯ್ಯದ ನೋಟದಿ ಮನಬೀಗೆ ;  
ಹತ್ತಿರದಾ ಇಬ್ಬೀಡುಗಳೆಲೆಮರೆಯೊಳು ತೋರೆ  
ಸುತ್ತಿರುವಾ ಎಡೆದಾರಿಯೊಳಾನ್ ಮಲೆಯನು ಏರೆ ;

• ಅಲ್ಲಿರುವನು ಹಿರಿಗೌಡನು ನಾಡೊಡೆಯನು ತಾನು

“ ಬಲ್ಲದರೇ, ಎಲ್ಲಹಿರಿ, ಎನ್ನಾಡಲಿ ನಾನು ? ”

ಎನೆ ನುಡಿದಾ ನಾಡೊಡೆಯನೆ ಬಲು ಭಾಷಣವೊಂದ  
ಅನುನಯದಿಂ ನುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿಹೆ ಬಲು ಸಂಭ್ರಮದಿಂದ.

ನಾನಾಡಿದ ಬಲು ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯ ನಿಡು ನುಡಿಯನು ಕೇಳಿ,  
ತಾನಾಡುವ ತಮ್ಮಜ್ಜನ ಹಳೆಯೊಲುಮೆಯ ಹೇಳಿ ;

“ ಅರುದಿಂಗಳು ರಾಮಪ್ಪಗೆ ಸವಿಯೋಗರವಿಟ್ಟು  
ದೊರೆಮತದಿಂ ಗುರುದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ ಜೊತೆ ಪಂಚೆಯ ಕೊಟ್ಟು,

ಉದ್ಧರಿಸಿದ ಶತ ಸಾವಿರ ಸಿರಿಗಬ್ಬಗಳಿತ್ತು  
ಸದ್ದಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಕೆಲಕಾಲದಿ ಎಡೆ ಹಳ್ಳದಿ ಬಿತ್ತು.”

ಈ ತೆರದಿಂದನುದಿನವೂ ಕೇಳುತೆ ನಾ ತಿರುಗಿ

ಆತುರದಿಂದರಸುತಿಹೆನ್ ಅಳಿದುದರ್ಕಾ ಮರುಗಿ.

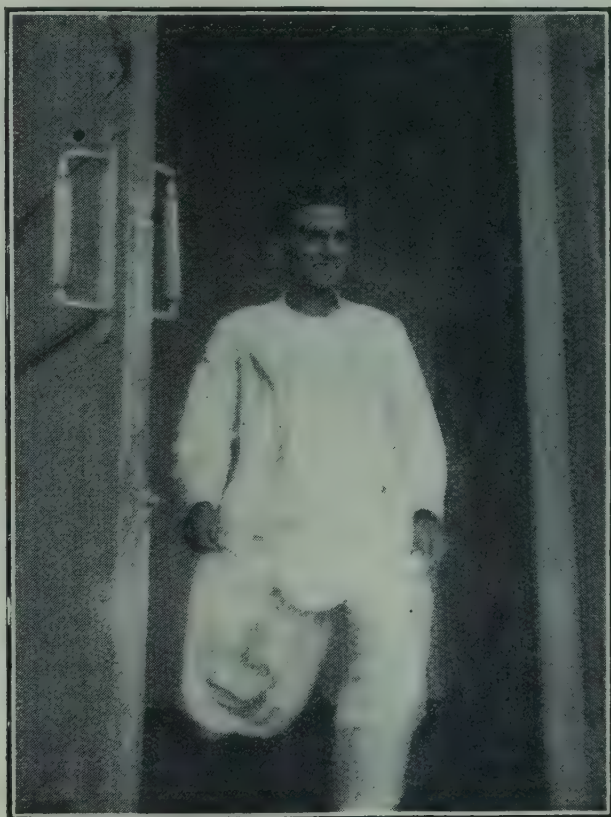
## The Candid Camera



A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS,  
MR. SECRETARY !



HE SEEMS TO LIKE IT !



HE'S HERE, HE'S THERE, HE'S EVERYWHERE !





## ಕವಿಯೂ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯೂ

೧೯೪೧ನೆಯ ಇಸವಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆದ ನಮ್ಮ ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾನಿಲಯದ ಘಟಿಕೋತ್ಸವ ಸಮಾರಂಭದಲ್ಲಿ  
ಹೊನ್ನೆಸೆಟ್ಟಿ ಬಹುಮಾನವನ್ನು ಪಡೆದ ಪ್ರಬಂಧ

ದೈವಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅನಾದಿಕಾಲದಿಂದ ಮಾನವಕುಲದ ಮುಂದೊಂಟಿವು  
ಅನ್ಯಾಹತವಾಗಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಲೇ ಇದೆ. ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಅನುಕೂಲ ಸಂದರ್ಭವನ್ನೂ  
ಹಿಡಿದು ಯಾವ ಯಾವುದರಿಂದ ಏನೇನನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸಬಹುದೆಂದು ಬುದ್ಧಿಶಾಲಿಯಾದ  
ವನು ಎಣಿಕೆ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರುವನು. ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಿತ್ಯವೂ ನಮ್ಮ ಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಂದೆ  
ತೋರಿಯಡಗುವ 'ಭಾವಪ್ರವಾಹ' ವನ್ನು ಅರ್ಥಮಾಡಿ ಅನುಭವಕ್ಕೆ ತಂದುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು  
ಹವಣಿಸುವುದು ಮಾನವನ ಸ್ವಭಾವವಾಗಿದೆ. ಸುಖಾಪೇಕ್ಷಿಯಾದ ಮಾನವನು  
ಸುಖಭಂಗವೊದಗಿದೊಡನೆ ತನ್ನ ಬುದ್ಧಿಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ವಿಷಮ ಸನ್ನಿ  
ವೇಶಗಳಿಗೆ ಉತ್ತರವನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕತೊಡಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಪದೇ ಪದೇ  
ಅನುಭವಕ್ಕೆ ತೋರಿಬರುವ ವ್ಯಾಕುಲವನ್ನು ಹೋಗಲಾಡಿಸಲು ಉಪಾಯ  
ವನ್ನು ಶೋಧಿಸ ಹೊರಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ನಿಯಮಗಳನ್ನೇ ಉಲ್ಲಂಘಿಸುವೆ  
ನೆಂಬ ಒಂದು ಅದ್ಭುತವಾದ ಕೆಚ್ಚಿನಿಂದ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ಒಗಟನ್ನು ಬಿಚ್ಚಿ ಬಯಲು  
ಮಾಡಲು ಇಂತಹ ಪ್ರತಿಭಾಶಾಲಿಯು ಹಾಯ್ದು ಹರಿಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಈ ಅಸಾ  
ಧಾರಣವಾದ ಉತ್ಸಾಹದಿಂದ ಮಾನವಕುಲಕ್ಕೆ, ಚಿರಶಾಂತಿಯನ್ನು ದೊರಕಿ  
ಸಲು ತಮ್ಮ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಯುಕ್ತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರಯೋಗಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಸುಖ  
ಅಥವಾ ಅನಂದವೇ ಅಂತ್ಯದ ಗುರಿ. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಅವನು ನಾನಾ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ  
ಪ್ರಯೋಗವನ್ನು ನಡೆಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಅಂತಹ ಪ್ರಯೋಗಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಡುವವರಲ್ಲಿ  
ಒಬ್ಬೊಬ್ಬನೂ ಒಂದೊಂದು ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಸತ್ಯಶೋಧನೆಗೆ ಕೈಹಾಕುತ್ತಾನೆ ;  
ಒಬ್ಬನ ದಾರಿ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬನದಲ್ಲ, ಒಬ್ಬನ ಉಪಕರಣ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬನದಲ್ಲ. ಭಿನ್ನ  
ರುಚಿಯುಳ್ಳ ಮಾನವರು ಭಿನ್ನ ಪಥಗಾಮಿಗಳಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ಅಂತರಾಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಡ  
ಗಿದ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಚಲನಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣವಾದ ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೊರಗೆಡಹಬಯಸುತ್ತಾರೆ.  
ಈ ಅತಿ ದುಃಸಾಧ್ಯವಾದ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಂದಾಳುಗಳಾಗಿ ತಲೆಗೊಟ್ಟು ನುಗ್ಗಿದವ  
ರೆಂದರೆ ಕವಿ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ. ಇನ್ನು ಕವಿಯ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಷೇತ್ರವಾದ ಕಾವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ  
ತತ್ವಶೋಧನೆ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯ ಕಾರ್ಯಸ್ಥಾನವಾದ ಪ್ರಯೋಗಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸತ್ಯ  
ಶೋಧನೆ ಯಾವ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿವೆ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಈಗ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ  
ನೋಡೋಣ.

ಕವಿ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳಿಬ್ಬರೂ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ಮರ್ಮವನ್ನರಿಯಲು ಒಂದೊಂದು ದಿಕ್ಕಿಗೆ ಹೊರಟಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಕವಿಯು ಕಾವ್ಯಮಯ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಜಗತ್ತನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾನೆ ; ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ವಿಶ್ವವನ್ನು ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕವಿಯ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯು ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯಗಳ ಸಾಗರಗ್ರಹಣದಿಂದ ಏಕಮುಖವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಆತನು ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವೆಂದು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾನೆ ; ತಾನು ಪ್ರಕೃತಿದೇವಿಯ ಉಪಾಸಕನೆಂದು ಭಕ್ತಿ ಶ್ರದ್ಧೆಗಳಿಂದ ಜಗತ್ತೆಲ್ಲ ಸಜೀವವಾದುದೆಂದರಿದು ಪ್ರಮತತ್ವವನ್ನವಲಂಬಿಸಿ ವಿಶ್ವದೊಡನೆ ಆತ್ಮೀಯಭಾವವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಲು ಯತ್ನಿಸಿ, ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯಿಂದ ತನಗಿದ್ದ ಬೆಲೆಗಿಂತ ದ್ವಿಗುಣ ಅಥವಾ ಶತಗುಣ ಬೆಲೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿ ವಾಸ್ತವಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಮೇಲಿನ ಮಟ್ಟಕ್ಕೇರುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಜನರಿಗೆ ಅನುಭಾವ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಜೀವಿಗಳ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಾಗುವ ಭಾವ ಭಾವಗಳ ಸಂಘರ್ಷವನ್ನು ಒಳಹೊಕ್ಕು ಒಳಗಣ್ಣಿಂದ ತಿಳಿದು ಅದನ್ನೇ ಅದ್ಭುತ ರಮ್ಯವಾದ ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಶಬ್ದಬ್ರಹ್ಮನ ಮೂಲಕ ಪ್ರಪಂಚಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾರುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಅದರಿಂದಲೇ ' ರವಿ ಕಾಣದುದಂ ಕವಿ ಕಂಡಂ ' ಎಂಬ ಗಾದೆಯಿದೆ. ವಾಸ್ತವ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಕಾರ್ಯತರಂಗಗಳನ್ನು ಶಬ್ದಾರ್ಥಗಳ ಬಣ್ಣದಿಂದ ಬಣ್ಣಿಸಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆಗ ನಾವು ನಮ್ಮ ನಿತ್ಯಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ ಸಮ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಷಮ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಅತಿ ಹತ್ತಿರವಾದ ಆ ಕಾವ್ಯಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯ ಮಕ್ಕಳೇ ಆಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಆಟವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಸಾಕ್ಷೀಭೂತರಾಗಿ ನಿಂತು ನಿರುಕ್ತಿಸುವಂತೆ ಅನುಭವಿಸಿ ಒಂದು ಅಲೌಕಿಕವಾದ ಆನಂದದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಲೌಕಿಕ ವಿಷಯಗಳು ಕವಿಮಾಯೆ ಅಥವಾ ಚಮತ್ಕಾರದಿಂದ ಅಲೌಕಿಕವಾಗಿ ಕಂಡುಬರುವುವು. ಇಹದ ಸುಖದುಃಖಗಳ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನೇ ನಮಗೆ ಕವಿ ತೋರಿಸಿದರೂ ಕಾವ್ಯಗ್ರಹಣ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲುಂಟಾಗುವ ' ಸಾಧಾರಣೀಕರಣ ' ದಿಂದ ನಾವು ಪರವಶರಾದಂತಾಗಿ ಇಂಥವನ್ನು ಮರೆತು ಒಂದು ವಿಲಕ್ಷಣವಾದ ಆನಂದವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಆ ಆನಂದಕ್ಕೆ ರಸವೆಂದು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ (ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದರ್ಪಣ, ಪರಿಚ್ಛೇದ ಮೂರು, ಕಾರಿಕೆ ಎರಡು ಮತ್ತು ಮೂರು). ಕವಿಯು ಒಂದು ವಸ್ತುವನ್ನು ಇನ್ನೊಂದರಿಂದ ಅಳಿದು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾನೆ ; ಒಂದರ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ಇನ್ನೊಂದರ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ, ಮಾತಿನಿಂದ ಮತ್ತು ಅನುಭವದಿಂದ ಬಗೆದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಇಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಅವನ ಅಲಂಕಾರ ಚಮತ್ಕಾರಗಳು ಸ್ವೇಚ್ಛೆಯಾಗಿ ನರ್ತಿಸುವುದು ; ಅವುಗಳ ಲೀಲಾನಾಟ್ಯ ತರಂಗದಿಂದ ಮುಗ್ಧವಾದ ರಸಿಕ ಹೃದಯವು ಕವಿಯಂತೆಯೇ ತಾನೂ ವಾಸ್ತವ ಪ್ರಪಂಚವನ್ನು ಮರೆತು ಕೆಲಕಾಲ ಆ ಅಲೌಕಿಕಾನುಭವದಲ್ಲಿ ಲೀನವಾಗಿಬಿಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಕವಿಯು ತನ್ನ ದರ್ಶನವನ್ನು

ಮಾತಿನ ಜಾಲದಿಂದ ಸೆರೆಹಿಡಿದು ರಸಿಕಹೃದಯದ ಭೋಗಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಒಲಿದೀಯು ತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಆತ್ತ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕನಾದರೋ ಒಂದೊಂದು ವಸ್ತುವನ್ನೂ ಇನ್ನೊಂದರಿಂದ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕಿಸಿ, ವಿಭಾಗಮಾಡಿ, ಅರೆದು ಮುರಿದು ಒಳಗೇನಿದೆ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ತಿಳುವುದಾದ ಕಾರ್ಯಕಾರಣ ಭಾವದಿಂದ ನೋಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಅಂತರಂಗವನ್ನು ಭೇದಿಸಲು ನಾನಾವಿಧದ ವಿಭಾಜಕ ಸಾಧನಗಳಿಂದ ಮುನ್ನುಗ್ಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕವಿಗಿರುವ ಸಂಘಟನ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಇವನು ವಿಘಟನ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯ ಬಯಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಒಂದು ತಾವರೆಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ ಕೂಡಲೆ ಕವಿಗೆ ವಿವಿಧಾವ ಯವಗಳ ಸಾಮೂಹಿಕ ದೃಶ್ಯವೇ ಮೊದಲು ಕಾಣುತ್ತದೆ ; ಆ ಹೂವಿನ ಎಸಳುಗಳ ಸಾಮ್ಯ, ಆಕಾರ, ಬಣ್ಣ ಇವುಗಳ ಒಟ್ಟಿನ ಪ್ರಭಾವ, ಆ ಹೂವಿರುವ ವಾತಾವರಣ ಅಥವಾ ಹಿನ್ನೆಲೆಯ ಸೊಬಗು, ಇವೆಲ್ಲವುಗಳ ಮಧುರ ವಿನ್ಯಾಸ, ಹೀಗೆ ಕಂಡು ಆತನ ಕಣ್ಣು ಒಂದು ಇಡೀ ಕಲ್ಪನಾದೃಶ್ಯದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಏರುವುದು. ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕನಾದರೋ ಹೂವಿನ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಅಂಗವನ್ನೂ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಪರಿಶೀಲಿಸಿ ನೋಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಒಂದೊಂದೇ ಎಸಳನ್ನು ಕಿತ್ತು, ಅದು ನಿರ್ಜೀವ ವಸ್ತುವಿಗೆ ಸಮವೆಂದು ನಂಬಿ ತನ್ನ ಕತ್ತರಿಯಿಂದ ಪದರಗಳಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಪದರಗಳನ್ನು ಕತ್ತರಿಸಿ ಅಂತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೂವಿನ ಜನಕನಾದ ಬೀಜ, ಬೀಜನಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಬೀಜದೊಳಗೆ ಅವಿತಿರುವ ಸಣ್ಣ ಸುಳಿಯವರೆಗೂ ಬಿಡಿಸಿ ಆ ಅಂಗಗಳ ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಸಂಬಂಧವನ್ನೂ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಕರ್ಮವನ್ನೂ ಗಣಿತ ಹಾಕಿ ಪರಿಚ್ಛೇದಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ' ಸೂತ್ರೇ ಮಣಿಗಣಾ ಇವ ' ಎಂಬುದಕ್ಕೆ ಇಂಬಾದ ಈ ವಿಶ್ವದ ಚಲನವಲನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದೊಂ ದನ್ನೇ ತೆಗೆದು ಒಳಸೂತ್ರವನ್ನು ಕಾಣಲು ತೊಡಗುವವ ಕವಿ. ಆದರೆ ಹಾಗೆ ತೆಗೆದು ನೋಡುವಾಗ ಮಣಿಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಳುಮಾಡದೆ, ಅವುಗಳ ಪೂರ್ವ ವಿನ್ಯಾಸಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಉತ್ತಮವಾದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪರಿಪಡಿಸಿ ಅವುಗಳ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕನಾದರೋ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮಣಿಯನ್ನೂ ಸೀಳಿ ಚೂರುಮಾಡಿ ಅಂತ ಗತವಾದುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಲೆಕ್ಕಹಾಕುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕವಿಯು ಅದ್ವೈತಮಾರ್ಗದಿಂದ ' ಜಗತಾ ಕುಟುಂಬಿನೋ ಮನ್ಯತ ಆತ್ಮಾನಂ ' ಎಂಬುದನ್ನನುಸರಿಸಿದರೆ, ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ಜಗತ್ತನ್ನು ದ್ವೈತಭಾವದಿಂದ ನೋಡಿ ಒಂದರಿಂದೊಂದು ಬೇರೆಂದು ಕರ್ತೃ ಕರ್ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಎರಡಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. ತಿಳಿಯುವವನು ಮತ್ತು ತಿಳಿವು ಎಂಬಿವು ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗೆ ಬೇರೆಯೇ ಸರಿ ; ಕವಿಗಾದರೆ ಅಭೇದ ! ಸತ್ಯದ ಪೂರ್ಣತೆಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ' ಪೂರ್ಣಮಿದಂ ಪೂರ್ಣಮದಃ ಪೂರ್ಣಾತ್ಪೂರ್ಣಮುದ ಚ್ಯತೇ | ಪೂರ್ಣಸ್ಯ ಪೂರ್ಣಮಾದಾಯ ಪೂರ್ಣಮೇವಾಪಿ ಶಿಷ್ಯತೇ || ' ಎಂಬ



ಉಪನಿಷದ್ವ್ಯಾಕೃತವನ್ನು ಸಾರ್ಥಕಪಡಿಸಲು ಕವಿಯೇ ಶಕ್ತ. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ದ್ವಂದ್ವಗಳ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯಗಳ ತಾಂಡವದೊಳಗೆ ತಲೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಗಂಟನ್ನು ಬಿಚ್ಚಲಾರದೆ ಸಂದೇಹ ಸಂದೋಹದಲ್ಲಿ ಸದಾ ನರಳುತ್ತಿರುವನು. ನಿಶ್ಚಯ, ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಎಂಬುದರ ಸೊಂಕು ಅವನಿಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಜ್ಞಾನವು ಅಪಾರವಾದುದು ; ಅದನ್ನು ಪಾವು ಸೆರುಗಳಿಂದ ಅಳೆಯಲು ಬಂದಿತೆ ? ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯ ಅಳತೆ ಅಂತಹ ಪಾವು, ಚಟಾಕುಗಳದು ! ಅವನು ಪ್ರಯೋಗಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡುಹಿಡಿದು ಅವನಿಗೆ ಸತ್ಯ, ಉಳಿದುದು. ಸಂಶಯ ಸಾಗರ ! ಪ್ರತ್ಯಾರ್ಥಕ ಚಿಹ್ನೆಗಳ ಒಡ್ಡೊಲಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ ಚಕ್ರವರ್ತಿಗೆ ಸುಖ, ಶಾಂತಿ, ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಎಂಬವು ಎಂದಾದರೂ ದೊರಕುವವೆ ? ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ತನ್ನವೆಂಬ ಒಂದು, ಅಂತಃಕರಣದ ವೈಶಾಲ್ಯದಿಂದ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಬಾಲಕನು ಸ್ವೇಚ್ಛೆಯಾಗಿ ತನ್ನದಿರಿದ್ದ ಬಣ್ಣ ಬಣ್ಣದ ಆಟದ ಸಾಮಾನುಗಳೊಡನೆ ಆಡುತ್ತಾ ತನ್ಮಯನಾಗಿ ನಲಿಯುವಂತೆ ಕವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ನಾನು, ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ನನ್ನವು ಮತ್ತು ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ನನ್ನಂತೆಯೇ ಭಾವಜೀವಿಗಳು ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದು ಚರಾಚರ ಭೇದವನ್ನೇ ಮರೆದು 'ಆ ಕ್ಷೀರಸಾಗರಪಾನಂದದಾಗರ ತೆರಿ ತೆರಿ ತೆರದಾರ ಕುಣಿಯೋಣು ಬಾ' ಎಂದು ನಿರಂಕುಶನಾಗಿ ಹಾಡಿ ಹಿಗ್ಗುತ್ತಾನೆ ! ಎಲ್ಲಂದ ಎಲ್ಲಗೆ ಕವಿ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳ ಅಂತರ ? ಭೂಮ್ಯಾಕಾಶಗಳಷ್ಟು ! 'ಅಪಾರೇ ಕಾವ್ಯಸಂಸಾರೇ ಕವಿರೇವ ಪ್ರಜಾ ಪತಿಃ' ಎಂತಲೂ 'ಅಘಟಿತ ಘಟನಾ ನೂತನಬ್ರಹ್ಮ' ರೆಂತಲೂ ಹೆಸರು ಕವಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಬರದೆ ಬಂದಿತೆ ? ಕುಂಬಾರ ಹುಡುಗನು ಆವಿ ಮಣ್ಣಿನಿಂದ ತನಗೆ ಬೇಕು ಬೇಕಾದ ಆಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿ ಅಳಿದು ಪುನಃ ಮಾಡಿ ತನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ತಾನು ಮಗ್ನನಾಗಿ ಹಸಿವು ನಿದ್ರೆಗಳನ್ನೇ ಮರೆಯುವಂತೆ, ಕವಿಯು ಪ್ರಕೃತಿದೇವಿ ನೀಡಿದ ಸಾಮಗ್ರಿಗಳಿಂದ ತನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಮನೋಹರವೆನಿಸಿದ ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಿ 'ತನ್ನ ಕಾವ್ಯಕೆ ತಾನೆ ಮಣಿಯು' ತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾನವನು ಜನ್ಮವೆತ್ತಿದಂದಿನಿಂದ ಅವನು ಹೆಣಗುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಚಿರಶಾಂತಿ ಚಿರಸುಖಗಳಿಗಾಗಿ. ಶಾಂತಿ ಸುಖಗಳು ದೇಹ ಮನಸ್ಸೆರಡಕ್ಕೂ ಬೇಕು. ಆದರೆ ದೇಹಸೌಖ್ಯವಿದ್ದರೂ ಒಂದೊಂದು ವೇಳೆ ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಮನಃಸಂತೋಷವಿರದೆ ಆಜನ್ಮ ಕೊರಗಿ ಸೊರಗಿ ಬೇಸತ್ತು ಬಾಳಬೇಕಾಗಬಹುದು ; ನಿಜವಾಗಿ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಸಂತೋಷಾಧಿಕ್ಯವಿದ್ದು ದೇ ಆದರೆ ಮೈಮೇಲೆ ಅರಿವಿಲ್ಲದಂತೆ ಸಮಾಧಿಸ್ಥನಾದ ಯೋಗಿಯಂತೆ ನಿರಂತರಾಯವಾದ ಶಾಂತಿಸಾಗರದಲ್ಲಿ ಲೀಲಾಜಾಲವಾಗಿ ತೇಲುತ್ತಿರಬಹುದು ! ಕವಿಗಳ ಕಾರ್ಯಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲೇ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಾಣಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುವ ಯೋಗಿಗಳು ಅದೇ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನದಿಂದ ಯೋಗಸಮಾಧಿಯನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಆದುದರಿಂದಲೇ ಮಾನವಕೋಟಿಗೆಲ್ಲ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾದ ಒಂದು

ತತ್ಪ್ರವೇಂದು ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ 'ಮನಃವಿವ ಮನುಷ್ಯಾಣಾಂ ಕಾರಣಂ ಬಂಧ ಮೋಕ್ಷಯೋಃ' ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದೆ. ಮನಸ್ಸು ವಿಶಾಲವಾಗಿ, ವಿಕಾಸವಾಗಿ, ತಿಳಿ ಯಾಗಿ, ಹಗುರವಾಗಿ ಜಗತ್ತಿನೊಡನೆ ಸಮರಸವಾದಾಗ ನಿಜವಾದ ಜೀವನಸಿದ್ಧಿ ಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದು ಎಂದರೆ ಆ ಸಾಮರಸ್ಯದ ಮಧುರಕಾರ್ಯವು, ಮನೋಹಾರಿ ಯಾದ ಅನುಭಾವವು ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗಿಂತ ವಿಶಾಲವಾದ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಷೇತ್ರವುಳ್ಳ ಕವಿಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಇದೆ. ಅದನ್ನರಿತೇ ಒಬ್ಬ ಕವಿವರ್ಯರು 'ರಸವೇ ಜನನ, ವಿರಸ ಮರಣ, ಸಮ ರಸವೇ ಜೀವನ' ಎಂದು ಹಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ದುಃಖ ಸುಖಗಳ ಸಮದೃಷ್ಟಿ, ತ್ಯಾಗ ಭೋಗಗಳ ಸಮನ್ವಯ ಮತ್ತು ಲೌಕಿಕಾಲೌಕಿಕ ಸಾಮರಸ್ಯ ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸುವುದೇ ಮುಖ್ಯೋದ್ದೇಶನೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಕಾಳಿದಾಸಾದಿ ವಿಶ್ವಕವಿ ಅಥವಾ ದಾರ್ಶನಿಕ ವರ್ಗದವರು ಸಾರಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅನುಭವಸಾಗರವನ್ನು ಮುಳುಗಿಸಿ 'ಆನಂದ ರೂಪಮಮೃತಂ ರಸಂ' ವನ್ನು ಶೇಖರಿಸಿ ಸಹೃದಯನಿಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ತಾನೂ ಕುಡಿದು ನಾನು ನೀನೆಂಬ ಭೇದವನ್ನು ಮರೆತು ಮತ್ತನಾಗಿ ನಲಿಯುವ ಕವಿಗೂ, ಅನೇಕ ಮುಖವಾದ ಸತ್ಯದ ('ವಿಶ್ವತಶ್ಚಕ್ಷುರುತ ವಿಶ್ವತೋ ಮುಖೋ ವಿಶ್ವತೋ ಬಾಹು ರುತ ವಿಶ್ವತಃಸಾತ್') ಒಂದೆರಡು ಮುಖಗಳನ್ನರಿಯಲು ಜೀವಾವಧಿ ಹೆಣಗಿ ಅಲ್ಲೂ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ಕೃತಕೃತ್ಯನಾಗದೆ ವಿಪ್ರತಿಪತ್ತಿಕೋಟಿಗಳಿಂದ ನರಕಯಾತನೆಯನ್ನು ಭವಿಸಿ ನರಕುತ್ತಿರುವ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗೂ ಯಾವ ಹೋಲಿಕೆಯಿದೆ ?

ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕನು ಯಾವ ಸಂಶೋಧನೆಯನ್ನು ನಡೆಸಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಐಹಿಕ ಸುಖಾನುಕೂಲತೆಯನ್ನು ವೃದ್ಧಿಪಡಿಸಿದರೂ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ 'ಬೇಕು' ಗಳು ಕಡಿಮೆ ಯಾಗಲಾರವು ; 'ಒಂದು ಬರೆ ಪತ್ತನದು ಬರೆ ನೂರನದು ಬರಲು ಮುಂದೆ ಸಾವಿರ ಲಕ್ಷಕೋಟಿಗಳನು' ಎಂದು ಹಾಡಿದ ನಿಜಗುಣ ಶಿವಯೋಗಿಗಳು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿಯೇ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಐಹಿಕ ಸಾಂಪತ್ತಿಕ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಏರಿಸಿದರೂ ಮತ್ತೂ ಏರಿಸಬಹುದಾದ ಅಂಶವು ಹೇರಳವಾಗಿ ಉಳಿಯುವುದು. ಹೀಗಿರುವಲ್ಲಿ ಬಡ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ಎಷ್ಟೆಂದು ಎಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗೆ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ 'ಬೇಕು' ಗಳನ್ನು ತಯಾರಿಸಿ ಪೂರೈಸಿಯಾನು ? ಅದುದರಿಂದಲೇ ಗಾಂಧಿ ಮೊದಲಾದ ದೊಡ್ಡವರು ಸರಳ ಜೀವನದಿಂದಲೇ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಸುಖ ಶಾಂತಿಗಳು ದೊರಕುವುವೆಂದು ಸಾರುತ್ತಿ ದ್ದಾರೆ. ಕಾವ್ಯರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ನರ್ತಿಸತೊಡಗಿದನೆಂದರೆ ಕವಿಯು ಸಾಕ್ಷಾತ್ ನಟ ರಾಜನೇ ಆಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಈ 'ತೀರದ ತೋರದ ಹಾಳು ಸಂಸಾರದ ಮೀರಿದ ಭಾರ' ಅದ' ಎನ್ನುವ ಪರಿವೆಯೇ ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನು ಈತಿಬಾಧಾದಿಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ವನ್ನೂ ಕಡಿಗಣಿಸಿ ತನ್ನ ಕಾವ್ಯರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ತಾನು ಕುಣಿದು ತಣಿಯುವುದಲ್ಲದೆ ಸಹೃದಯರಿಗೂ ಸಹ ಭಿನ್ನ ಭಿನ್ನರುಚಿಯವರಿದ್ದರೂ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ತೃಪ್ತಿಯಾಗುವ

ಸಮಾಜಾಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯನ್ನು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ ! ಆದರೆ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ ? ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಅಣು ಪರಮಾಣು ಎಂಬ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರೀಯ ರೀತಿಯ ಮಾನದಿಂದ ಅಳೆದು ನೋಡುವ ಆವನ ನೈಸರ್ಗಿಕವಾದ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯು, ಅವರಿಂದ ಆನಂದ ಪಡೆಯಲು ಎಂದೂ ಸಮರ್ಥವಾಗಿರಲಾರದು. ಮನುಷ್ಯನೂ ಹಗಲಿರುಳೂ ಪ್ರಮಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವುದೋ ಸ್ಥಿರವಾದ ಆನಂದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ; ಜ್ಞಾನಿಯೂ ಪ್ರತಿಭಾವಂತನೂ ಮಡಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವುದು " ಕೇವಲ ಸುಖ " ಕ್ಕಾಗಿ. ಆ ಸುಖವೋ ' ಮನೋಹರ ' ವಾದ ವಸ್ತುವಿನಿಂದಲೇ ದೊರೆಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಸತ್ಯವು ಮನೋಹರವಾದ ವಸ್ತುವಾಗಬೇಕಾದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಚಿತ್ತದೃಷ್ಟಿಯು ತಿಳಿಗನ್ನಡಿಯಂತಿರಬೇಕು. ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೋಮುಕುರದ ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿಫಲಿಸಬೇಕು. ಆಗ ಮುಮ್ಮೂಲೆಯ ಗಾಜಿನೋಟದ ಬಿನ್ನ ಸೂರ್ಯ-ಕಿರಣದಂತೆ ಸತ್ಯವು ಚಿತ್ರವಿಚಿತ್ರವಾಗಿ ಚಿತ್ರಾಕರ್ಷಕವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರಿಂದ ಆನಂದ ; ಆನಂದವೇ ಪರಮಪದ. (' ಆನಂದೇನೇನಾನಿ ಭೂತಾನಿ ಜಾಯಂತೇ, ಆನಂದೇನ ಜಾತಾನಿ ಜೀವಂತಿ ಆನಂದಂ ಪ್ರಯಾಂತ್ಯಭಿಸಂವಿರಂತಿ ' ).

ಜೀವ ಅಥವಾ ಜೀತನದ ಚಲನೆಯುಂಟಾಗುವುದೇ ಭಾವ ಭಾವಗಳ ತಾಳಲಾಟದಿಂದ ; ಅವಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಜಗತ್ತೆಲ್ಲ ಜಡವಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು ! ಅಂತಹ ಭಾವಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಸರ್ವಾಧಿಕಾರಿಯು ಕವಿ, ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯಲ್ಲ. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ಸಮುದ್ರ ತೀರದಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಶಿರಾಶಿಯಾಗಿ ಬಿದ್ದಿರುವ ಮರಳುಗಳ ಒಂದೊಂದು ಕಣಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಕ್ಕಿ ತಿಡಿ ಗಾಣಕ್ಕೆ ಹಾಕಿ ಹಿಂಡಿದರೂ ಎಷ್ಟೆ ಬರುವುದುಂಟೆ ? ಕವಿಯಾದರೋ ಸಾಗರದ ಬೃಹತ್ತರಂಗಗಳ, ಚಿಕ್ಕರಂಗಗಳ ತಾಳಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾಲು ಹಾಕುತ್ತ, ತೆರೆಯೊಡನೆ ತೆರೆಯಾಗಿ, ಸುಳಿಯೊಡನೆ ಸುಳಿಯಾಗಿ, ಯಾದೋರತ್ನಗಳೊಡನೆ ಯಾದೋರತ್ನವಾಗಿ ರಾಮಕೃಷ್ಣ ಪರಮಹಂಸ ಅಥವಾ ಅಜುನ ಐವರಿಗೆ ಅದ್ಭುತ ರಮ್ಯವಾದ ಸತ್ಯದ ವಿಶ್ವರೂಪವರ್ತನವನ್ನು ಪಡೆದು ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ ಮಾರ್ಗದರ್ಶಿಗಳಾಗುತ್ತಾರೆ. ದೈವಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯನ್ನು ಉತ್ತಮಗೊಳಿಸಿ, ಅಂದಗೊಳಿಸಿ, ತನ್ನ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ತಾಯಿ ಸಿಂಗರಿಸುವಂತೆ, ಸ್ವಕೀಯ ಭಾವನೆಯಿಂದ ಒಡನೆ ವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನಿಟ್ಟು ಆನಂದಪಡುವ ಸುಕುಮಾರಾಂತಃಕರಣನಾದ ಕವಿಯ ಮೃಧುಯವನ್ನೂ, ತಾಯಿ ತೊಡಿಸಿದ ಜರಿಯು ಟೋಪಿಯನ್ನು ಕೆಳಚಿ ಅವರ ಜರಿಯನ್ನು ಜೊರು ಜೊರು ಮಾಡಿ ಚಿಟ್ಟಿ ಬರಿಯ ತಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬರುವ ತುಂಬಿ ಪುಡುಗನಂತಿರುವ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯ ಒರಟುತನವನ್ನೂ ಹೋಲಿಸಲಾರೀತೆ ? ಜೀವನದ ಒಂದು ಸಮತೆಯಿಂದ ಸುಖ ಉತ್ಪತ್ತಿಯಾಗುವುದೆಂಬುದು ಅಗಸಾಧಕರಾದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಕಲೋಪಾಸಕರವರೆಗೂ ತಿಳಿದ ಮಾತು. ನಿಶ್ಚಯ ಒಂದು ಗತಿಯಿದೆ, ಒಂದು ನಿಯತವಾದ ' ಅನಾಜ್ಞೆಯ ಭಂದಾಸ್ಪ್ರಾಸವಿದೆ ' ಎಂಬುದನ್ನರಿತು ಕವಿ ತನ್ನ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯನ್ನು ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊಂದಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಅಥವಾ ಆ ಗತಿಯನ್ನು



ತನಗನುಕೂಲವಾಗಿ ಕೊಂಡು ಕಾಯ್ದೊಮ್ಮೆ ಬಿಡುವುದರಿಂದ ಯುಗಯುಗ  
 ಗಳಿಂದ ಮಾನವನು ಬೆಡುಟ್ಟಿರುವ ಗಂಭೀರವಾದ ಮನಃಕಾಂತಿಯು ಅವನಿಗೆ  
 ಬೊರಕುತ್ತದೆ. 'ಧಿಂಕಿಟಿ ತರಿಕಿಟಿ ಧಿಂಕಿಟಿ ತರಿಕಿಟಿ ಎಂಬಿ ನಿಶ್ಚಯವಾದಲ್ಲಿ,  
 ಅಡಗಿಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಬೆಡುಟ್ಟಾದ ಕಾಳದಲ್ಲಿ' ಎಂಬುದು ಅನುಭವದ  
 ಮಾತು. ಸತ್ಯವು ಆ ಗತಿಯನ್ನರಿತವನು ಈನ ಬಿಡುವಂತೆ ಜ್ಞಾನಸಾಗರದ ಅಳಿ  
 ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಬಿಟ್ಟಿರಬಹುದು. ಹಾಗಲ್ಲದೆ ಗೊತ್ತು ಗುರಿಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಗಾಢಾಂಧಕಾರದಲ್ಲಿ  
 ಬಿದ್ದ ಕುರುಡನು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಪದಾರ್ಥವನ್ನೂ ಎಡಬಿ ಕೈಗೆ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು  
 ಗುರುತಿಸಿ ಬಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಮುಂದೆ ಕೊಂಡುಕೊಂಡು, ಅನಂತವಾದ ಈ ವಿಶ್ವದ ಕಾರ್ಯ  
 ಪ್ರವಿಷ್ಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದೊಂದನ್ನೇ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಕಂಡರಿಸಿ ತುಂಡರಿಸಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಸುಲಿಯು  
 ಸುಲಿಯು 'ನಿರುಳಿಬಿಡು' ಎಂದೂ ಕೂಳಿಯಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ' ಎಂದೂ ಮತ್ತೊಂದನ್ನು  
 ಕೈಗೆ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತ ಕೊಂಡು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಸತ್ಯವು ಸ್ವರೂಪವು ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ  
 ಸಿಗದೆ ಕಂಡು ಬಂದಿತು? ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಕಂಡುಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಬರಿಯ ಪೆಂಚಾಂತಿ  
 ಗಳು ಪ್ರಕಾಶವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಇದ್ದುಕೊಂಡು ಪ್ರಕಾಶವನ್ನು 'ಜಗತ್ತುಚ್ಚಮಾತೆ'  
 ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿಸುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದ ತಮಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ತಿಳಿಯುವ ಅಥವಾ ತಿಳಿಯಬೇಕು  
 ಪ್ರಾಂತಿಯನ್ನು ಯಾವುದಾದರೂ ಬಿಡುತ್ತ ಪ್ರಕಾಶವಿಲ್ಲದಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅವರಿಗೆ ವಿಶ್ವದ  
 ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ಸಾಕ್ಷಾತ್ಕಾರವಾಗುವುದೆಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದು ಅಸಾಧ್ಯ. ಅವರಿಂದ  
 ವರಿಗಿಂತ ವಿಶಾಲವಾದ ಪ್ರಪಂಚವು, ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿ, ಆದರ, ಅತ್ಯಂತ  
 ವಾಸ, ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಕವಿಗಳು ಪೆಂಚಾಂತಿಯ ಶುಷ್ಕಮುಖವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು  
 ಕಂಪಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. 'ಪೆಂಚಾಂತಿಯ ಮುಖಮುದ್ರೆಯು ನೋಡಿ ಕವಿಕರ ಹುಟ್ಟು  
 ವುದು' ಎಂದು ಹಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ವಿಕರಣವಾದ ತತ್ವವನ್ನು ಆ ತತ್ವದ  
 ಅನುಭವವಾದ ಈ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವಿವರಣೆ ಕವಿಗಳು ಆರಿಸುವರು ;  
 ತತ್ವಸಾಕ್ಷಾತ್ಕಾರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಜಗತ್ತನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಮಹಾಪರೋಪವಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಮಯವನು  
 ಅನುಭವವಾದ ಅನುಭವ ಸುಂದರಿಯ ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಅತ್ಯಂತವನೋ ಇಲ್ಲವೋ  
 ಅನುಭವವೆಂದು ವಿಚಾರಿಸುವ ಶಸ್ತ್ರಪ್ರಯೋಗವಾದರೂ ಮುಂದೆ ಬರುವುದು,  
 ಪೆಂಚಾಂತಿಯು ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿದ ಆ ಸುಂದರ ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡು, ಪರಿಶ್ಲಿಸಿದ ಬರು  
 ವುದು ; ಕವಿಯಾದರೋ ಆ ತರುಣಿಯನ್ನು ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಅಲಂಕರಿಸಿ ಸಕ್ಕ  
 ಗಿಸಿ, ಅತ್ತು ಅಳಿಸಿ ('If you want me to weep, you must  
 first feel grief yourself'—Horace), ಕುಣಿದು ಕುಣಿಸಿ, ಅವಳ ಹಾವ  
 ನವ ಬಿಳಾಸ ಬಿಭ್ರಮಗಳ ಅವರ್ತದ ಸಹಜವಾಗಿ ನಿಂತ ಅತ್ಮವನ್ನು  
 ಅಲಂಕರಿಸುವರು ! ಇವರಿಂದಲೇ ಕವಿಯ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತಿಕೆಗೆ ಸಮ್ಮತರು 'ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ'

ಎಂಬ ಹೊಸದಾದ, ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟವಾದ, ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರ ಬುದ್ಧಿಗಿಲ್ಲದ ಕೆಸರನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟರು ತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅದುದರಿಂದಲೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಮೊದಲ ಅಲಂಕಾರಿಕನಾದ ಭಾಮಹನು ' ಗುರೂಪ ದೇಶಾದಧ್ಯೇತುಂ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಜಡಧಿಯೋಷ್ಯಲಂ, ಕಾವ್ಯಂತು ಜಾಯತೇ ಜಾತು ಕಸ ಚಿತ್ಪ್ರತಿಭಾವತಃ ' ಎಂದು ಉದ್ಗರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ!

ಈ ಮೇಲ್ಕಂಡ ವಿಚಾರಸರಣಿಯಿಂದ ನಮಗೆ ಒಂದಂಶವು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದೇನೆಂದರೆ ಕವಿ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳು ಒಬ್ಬರಿಗೊಬ್ಬರು ಎಣ್ಣೆ ಸಿಗೆ ಇದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆ ; ಅವರ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಗಳು ಪರಸ್ಪರ ವಿರುದ್ಧವಾದವುಗಳು. ಒಬ್ಬನು ಏಕೀಕರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದರೆ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬನು ಅನೇಕೀಕರಣಕ್ಕೆ ತೊಡಗುತ್ತಾನೆ ; ನನ್ನದು ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬನದು ಎನ್ನದೆ ಒಬ್ಬನು ಸಮೀಕರಣವನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುವವನಾದರೆ, ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬನು ವಿಶ್ವದ ಒಂದೊಂದು ಕಣಗಳೂ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ, ಅವುಗಳೊಂದೊಂದಕ್ಕೂ ವಿಶೇಷವಾದ ಗುಣಗಳಿವೆ ಎಂದು ಅನೇಕತ್ವವನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಒಬ್ಬನು ಅನಂದವೇ ಪರಮಸುಖ, ಅದು ಸಿಗಬೇಕಾದರೆ ' ಸಾಧಾರಣೀಕರಣ ' ವಾಗಬೇಕು ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾನೆ ; ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬನು ಸಂಶೋಧನೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿರುವುದೇ ಪರಮಸುಖ, ಅದು ಮುಂದುವರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಭೇದಗ್ರಹಣವು ಅವಶ್ಯಕ ಎಂದು ಸಾರುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಈ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳು ಎರಡು ಧ್ರುವಗಳು : ಒಂದು ಉತ್ತರ, ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ! ಇವರಿರ್ವರ ದೃಷ್ಟಿ, ಗುರಿ, ಮಾರ್ಗ, ಇವುಗಳ ಮರ್ಮವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದವರು ತನುತಮಗೆ ಒಗ್ಗಿದವನ ಮತವನ್ನು ಅನುಸರಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ಒಂದು ಮಾತನ್ನು ಧೈರ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಬಹುದು—ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ಭೇದಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದವನಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಂತೂ ಸತ್ಯ ಸಾಕ್ಷಾತ್ಕಾರವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.

—ಬಿ. ಎಚ್. ಶ್ರೀಧರ.

# ಬುಳ್ಳನ ಬುರುಡೆ

(ಸರ್ವರ ಕ್ಷಮೆ ಬೇಡಿ)

ಬಡಾಯಿ ಬುಳ್ಳನು ಬುರುಡೆಯ ಹೊಡೆದರೆ  
ಕೃತಯುಗ ಕಲಿಯುಗವಾಗುವುದು.  
ಶ್ರೀತಾ ದ್ವಾಪರ ಯುಗದಲಿ ನಡೆಯದ  
ನೋಡದ ಚಿತ್ರ ವಿಚಿತ್ರವು ತೋರುವುದು.

ಬುರುಡೆಯ ಬುಳ್ಳನ ಬಡಾಯಿ ಎಂದರೆ  
ಸಡಗರದಿಂದಲಿ ಕೇಳುವರು  
ಪಂಡಿತ ಪಾಮರರೆಲ್ಲರು ಕೂಡ  
ಕಣ್ ಬಾಯ್ ಬಿಡುವರು ಬೆಪ್ಪಾಗಿ.

ತಡೆಬಡೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಹೊರಡುವ ವಾಗ್ಧರಿ  
ಹುಡುಗರನೆಲ್ಲರ ಕುಣಿಸುವುದು  
ಮುದುಕರ ಮೈಯಲಿ ರೋಮಾಂಚ  
ಮಿಂಚಿನ ಹೊಳೆ ತುಳುಕಾಡುವುದು  
ಆ ಮೈಕುಂಠನೆ ತೋರುವುದು  
ಈ ಮೈಸೂರಿನಲಿ  
ಸಮ್ಮಾ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲಿ  
ಚಿತ್ರವಿಚಿತ್ರವು ಕಾಣುವುದು  
ಮೈ ನವಿರೇಳುವುದು.

ಸ್ವಾಭಿನ ರೂಮಿನ ಕೂಟದಲಿ  
ಹೊಳೆಯುವ ಗಾಜಿನ ಪ್ಲೇಟಿನಲಿ  
ತಾಗುವ ಸ್ಪಾನಿನ ಸಂಘಟ್ಟಣೆಯಲಿ  
ಕೇಶವ, ನಾಕರ, ಚಿತ್ತಾರದಲಿ  
ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ, ಕನ್ನಡ ಪಂಡಿತ ಮಂಡಲಿ  
ಸ್ಮರಣೆಕಟ್ಟನು ಕಿತ್ತೊಗೆದು  
ಅತಿ ಕೋಪದಲಿ



ಬಲು ಜಂಭದಲಿ

ಕಾಫಿಯ ಕುಡಿಯದೆ ಕಂಗೆಟ್ಟು

“ ನೀಚರು ” ಎಂಬರು ತಾಸದಲಿ

ಹಸಿವನು ತಡೆಯದೆ ಹಾಹಾರವದಲಿ

“ ಭ್ರಷ್ಟರು ” ಎನ್ನುತ ಶಪಿಸುವರು.

ನೋಡಿರಿ, ಯೂನಿಯನ್ ಕೋಟಲಲಿ,

ನುಗ್ಗುವ ಹುಡುಗರ ಗುಂಪಿನಲಿ

ಮ್ಯಾಚಲಿ ಗೆದ್ದಿಹರಾಟೋಪವಲಿ

ಕಾರಲಿ ಬರುತಿಹ ಸೋಮಾರಿಗಳು

ಹೊಡೆಯುವ ಹಾರ್ಡ್ ಶಬ್ದದಲಿ

ಕಿವಿ ಬಿರಿಯುವುದು

ಎದೆಯೊಡೆಯುವುದು.

ಕೇಳಿರಿ ಪಾರ್ಥನ ಫಿಯರಿಯನು

ಗೂಗ್ಲಿ ಬೌಲಿಂಗ್ ರೀತಿಯನು

ಬೋಧಿಸುವನು ನಿರ್ಭೀತಿಯಲಿ

ಬ್ಯಾಟನು ಬೀಸದೆ ಮ್ಯಾಚಿನಲಿ

ಕ್ಯಾಚನು ಹಿಡಿಯದೆ ಕೈಯಿನಲಿ

ಹಿಟ್‌ಔಟ್ ನೀತಿಯನು

ನಾಟ್‌ಔಟ್ ರೀತಿಯನು

ಸ್ಪೋರ್ಟ್ಸ್ ಗೀತೆಯನು

ಹಾಡೀ ಹಾಡೀ ನಲಿಯುವನು.

ಸೈಕಲ್ ತುಳಿಯುತ ಬರುವವನಾರು ?

ಶುಭ್ರದ ಖಾದಿಯ ಉಡುಪನು ಧರಿಸಿ

ಹೊಳೆಯುವ ಕ್ರಾಸಿನ ಬೈತಲೆ ಬಾಚಿ

ತುಂಬಿದ ಆಕೃತಿ

ಮಂದಹಾಸದಲಿ

ಮಂವಗಮನದಲಿ

ಅಟ್ಟಹಾಸದಲಿ ಬರುತಿಹನು

ಊರಿನ ನಾನಾ ಮೂಲೆಯಲಿ

ನಡೆಯುವ, ನಡೆಯದ ಸುದ್ದಿಯನು  
ಕಂಡಂತೆಯೆ ಹೇಳುವನು  
ಹರಟೆಯ ಹೊಡೆಯುವ ಮಾತಿನಮಲ್ಲನು  
ಮಂಗಳ ಗೌರಿಯ ಹೊಲುವನು.

ಅಹಾ ! ನೋಡಲ್ಲ !  
ಕಾಲಿಂಚ್ ಲೈಬ್ರರಿ ಬಾಗಿಲಿ  
ಮುಗುಳ್ಳಗೆ ಬಿರುತ ನಂದಿಗಳು  
ನುಣ್ಣನೆ ಕೆನ್ನೆಯ ಚೆಂದುಟಿಯವಳು,  
ಆತಿ ಗಂಭೀರಳು, ಬಲು ಚೆಲುವು,  
ಕನ್ನಡ ನಾಡಿನ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯ ಮಗಳು,  
ಮುದ್ದಿನ ಸರಸತಿ ಲಜ್ಜೆಯ ಲಕುಮಿ,  
ಚಿಮ್ಮುವ ಸೊಬಗಿನ ಚೆಲುವನು ನೋಡಿ  
ಕಣ್ಣೊಡೆಯುವುದು  
ಮೈನಡುಗುವುದು.

ಹಾ ! ಹಾ ! ನೋಡಿಲ್ಲ !  
ನಾಟಕ ರಂಗದ ಪರದೆಯ ಹಿಂದೆ  
ಕಾಫಿಯ ಹೀರುತಲಿರುವನು “ ಹೀರೋ ! ”  
ಪಾರ್ಟನು ಮಾಡಲು ಬಾಯಿಗೆ ಬರದೆ  
ಕಣ್ಣನು ಅರಳಿಸಿ ಬಾಯನು ತಿರುಗಿಸಿ  
ಯದ್ವಾತದ್ವಾ ಬೊಗಳುವನು  
ಪ್ರಾಂಪ್ಟರ ಮೇಲೆಯೆ ಲೆಗುವನು  
ಬಲು ಪರದಾಡುವನು.

ಕಮಿಟಿಯ ರೂಮಲಿ ಅರ್ಭಟ ಕೇಳು !  
ಕೆದರಿವ ಕೂದಲು ಕೆಂಗಣ್ಣುಗಳು.  
ಸೆಕ್ರೆಟರಿ ದೇವನು ಸಿಡಿಲಾಗಿರುವನು  
ಭೀಮನ ಸರಿಸದಲಿ !  
ವೈರಿಯ ಎದೆಯನು  
ಬಡಿಯುವ ಗದೆಯನು  
ಮೇಲೆತ್ತಿರುವನು ನೋಡಲ್ಲ.

సేక్రేటరీ బిద్దనే !?  
వ్యేరియు ఎడ్డనే ? !  
ముందాగువుదను కాణల్లి !

ఇదావ న్యాయ ?  
ఎనన్యాయ !  
“ క్యాన్వాస్ ” కుహకవ నోడల్లి !  
ఎనను నోడువే ? తడియువే ఏకే ?  
సేక్రేటరీ రాయను మడియలే బేకే ?  
యువకనే ! తుడుకు కఠారియను  
    హోడే రణభేరియను  
    తుప్పద దోషేయను.  
నడి, నడి, ఊదు తుతూరియను,  
    కరే రణమారియను,  
    హోటలు మాణియను.  
సేక్రేటరీ గేడ్డను !  
వ్యేరియు బిద్దను !  
హిడి, హిడి, విజయ పతాకేయను.  
    హోడే జయభేరియను !

బడాయీ బుళ్ళను బురుడేయ హోడేదరే  
భూమియు గడగడ నడగువుదు !  
    హుడుగర మ్మేయలి రోమాంజ  
    మించిన హోళి తుళుకాడువుదు,  
    ముదుకరనేల్లర కుణిసువుదు.  
మ్మే ‘ జుం ’ ఎన్నువుదు.  
ఎదే ‘ జగ్ ’ ఎన్నువుదు  
కలి ఇలియాగువను  
కవి పేళ్ళాగువను  
    రతి నలియువళు  
    రమే ఒలియువళు.

—బడాయీ బుళ్ళ.



## ದೇವ

ಎಲೆಯ ಮರೆಯಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ಇಂಪು ಇಂಚರದಿಂದ  
ಮುಗ್ಧಗೊಳಿಸುವ ಮಧುರ ಗೀತಗಳ ತಾ ಹಾಡಿ,  
ತನ್ನ ದನಿಯನು ಕೇಳಿ ತುಳುಕಿ ಸಂತಸದಿಂದ  
ನಕ್ಕು ನಲಿಯುವ ಜಗವನೊಲಿದು ಮರೆಯಿಂ ನೋಡಿ  
ಸಂತಸವು ಮಿಗಿಲಾಗೆ ಹೊಸತು ದನಿಗಳು ಮೂಡೆ  
ಇನ್ನು ಹಿಂದಕೆ ಸರಿದು ಎಲೆಯ ಮರೆಯಲಿ ಮುದುಡಿ  
ತನ್ನ ಮೊಗವನು ಮರೆಸಿ ಸೊಬಗನೊಂದನೆ ತೋರಿ  
ಸಂತತವು ನಲಿಯುವಾ ಕೋಗಿಲೆಯವೋಲು ನೀಂ  
ನಿನ್ನ ಸಗ್ಗದೆ ಕುಳಿತು ಎಲ್ಲ ಮಾಟವ ಮಾಡಿ  
ನಿನ್ನ ಮಾಟಕೆ ಸೋತು, ನಿನ್ನ ಹುಡುಕುತ ಓಡಿ  
ಬಂದ ಜನಗಳ ನೋಡಿ, ಅವಿತು ಅವರನು ಕಾಡಿ  
ನಲಿಯುತಿಹೆ ಹೇ ದೇವ ! ನಿನ್ನ ರೂಪನು ಕಾಂಬ  
ಆಸೆಯೆನಗಿಲ್ಲವೈ, ನಿನ್ನ ನಚ್ಚಿನ ಭಾವ  
ನಿನ್ನ ಮಾಟಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುತಿದೆ ಹೇ ದೇವ !

—ಕೆ. ಎಸ್. ವಿ.



“ ನೀವೊಡೋ ಬಾಕೀಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟುಲ ಅಲೀಬೇಕೂಂತಿರೀ ”

“ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಭಾನ್ವಾರ ಪುರೊತ್ತಾಗುತ್ತೋ ? ”

“ ಓಹೋ ! ಆಗ್ಬಹುದು ”

“ ಹಾಗಾದ್ರೆ ಭಾನ್ವಾರ್ಭಾನ್ವಾರ್ವೇ ಬನ್ನಿ ”



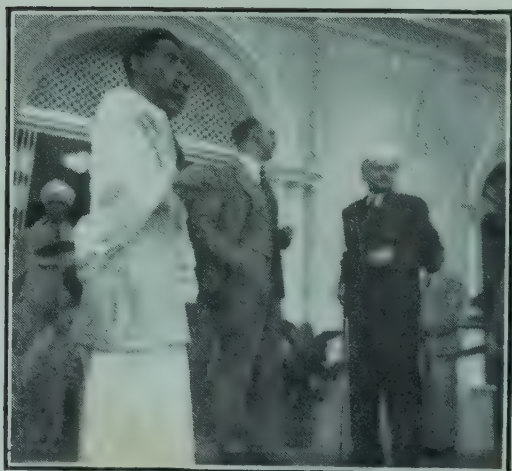


## All For A Good Cause



The Dewan, the Minister for Education, the Principal, our President, and our Secretary snapped at the Union on the Literacy Day.

His Excellency  
The Governor of Madras,  
who spoke to us on the War, being  
introduced by the Minister for  
Education.



The Dewan at the Town Hall  
on the Literacy Day.

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**EVERY EDUCATED PERSON A GURU  
TO CARRY THE TORCH OF LEARNING**

**MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTER FOR EDUCATION**

What is the best form of service that one can render to the State? What is the best form of constructive work that one can undertake? Let every educated person constitute himself into a GURU and carry the torch of learning to the ignorant. The Government, however much it may try, cannot succeed in eradicating the illiteracy without voluntary public co-operation. I am glad that many institutions and public spirited persons have come forward with their services in making the entire population of the State literate. Among these the University Union, Mysore, is one which has been doing its best to spread literacy throughout the State. Mysore expects the educated youth to do their duty and discharge the debt which they owe to the country.

J. MD. IMAM,  
Minister for Education.

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## IMPORTANT ELEMENT IN YOUR EDUCATION

### THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S MESSAGE

It is a great pleasure to me that the students of the University have been taking so much interest in social welfare work, particularly in the promotion of adult literacy. The work they are doing may not have any spectacular appeal, but constitutes a very important contribution to the welfare of the people and ultimately to social unity. In doing this work, the young men and young women of the University are also enriching their own personalities, and the contacts they establish with the masses, to use the current jargon, and the knowledge they gain of the conditions under which people at large live, will constitute an important element in their own education.

N. S. SUBBA RAO,  
Vice-Chancellor.

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# The University Union, Mysore.

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# The University Health Kitchen Mysore

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GOOD FOOD =

to suit any taste.

TIMELY FOOD =

to suit your hours of work.

CLEAN FOOD =

to satisfy any health fan.

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**GIVE US A TRIAL.**

## EDITORIAL

A certain gentleman ticked off editorial 'fusspots' rather neatly, when he asked one of us the other day, whether we were *really* worried or only *looking* worried. A worried look is a priceless asset when it comes to making other people work ! A poet has said somewhere that those people also serve who only stand and wait. We have served well that way. We waited for the contributions, for the sketches, for the photographs, for the paper, for the proofs, and now we are waiting for the acid comments of our readers !

One feature of the magazine, so happily started by Mr. S. N. Swamy ( whom we must thank for his fine sketch of Tagore, which is the frontispiece of this issue ), the black-and-white illustration, has been well maintained by Mr. R. K. Laxman of the Junior Intermediate class. Praise, they say, is not good for the young. But what is one to do when a young fellow comes along and bowls you over completely, except clap him on the back and say 'Hurrah !' ? We are very grateful to him for his untiring response to all our demands at all times. We are in no doubt as to who should get the Editors' prize for illustrations. Laxman runs away with it.

A true marriage of minds has resulted in this magazine. Young Laxman's art well and truly wedded itself to the inspiration of our contributors.

The photographic skill of Messrs. N. Nanjanath, N. Srinivasa Murthy, M. A. Khadir, and Y. Kailasam has added to the interest and variety of the contents. We thank them for their kind loan of photographs.

The most excellent midwifery of the City Power Press, very ably assisted by the Government Press, Mysore, and by the fine work of the Mysore Arts Engraving Company, has given the magazine the finish it has. The City Power Press has done the work in record time. Though unfailing in his courtesy, Mr. M. S. Cheluva Iyengar spared neither himself nor us when it meant work. So very exacting was he at times, one felt that he was printing his own Magazine, and not ours. We thank him and his staff for turning out such fine work.

All our work would have been in vain if the Registrar of our University had not come to our aid very promptly by giving us the necessary printing paper. We are grateful to him and to Mr. G. Hanumantha Rao for saving us a lot of money by giving us timely help and useful advice.

The selection of articles and proof reading are very irksome duties. By agreeing to do such work, Messrs. N. Sivarama Sastry, H. R. Abdul Majid, H. L. Hariyappa and G. Varadaraja Rao have laid us under a debt which is best discharged by saying "Thank you".

The Literacy Sub-Committee has helped us by advancing a sum of money towards printing costs.



We hope to repay them doubly if only our readers help us to do so. *If he likes doing so, the reader, when he gets this Magazine, can pay anything he can spare towards helping the Literacy Campaign.*

The President and Secretaries of the Union have given us unstinting support. The Editorial Sub-Committee, despite the profound suspicion that some of its members have about our spiritual kinship with the Fuehrer and the Duce when it comes to editing, have co-operated with us most heartily. The Union Office staff have given us of their best. We thank them all for their kindness. The goodwill of any number of people has been necessary for the success of this Magazine and we are fortunate in having obtained it.

When all the world is in a turmoil it is a blessing that we have been allowed the peace of mind to bring out this Magazine. Times are very bad and it is not very far that our little candle can throw its beams in this darkling world. Evil is having its day, and a terrible long day it is going to be. Let us hope that it will over-reach itself. Not all the rising suns in the world can melt the proud resolve of Slav and Saxon, American and Chinaman, to tame this evil. "All power to your elbow", we say to those engaged in this crusade against wrong, "and we shall help you".

### THE END-BITS

We are indebted to several issues of the Readers' Digest (America), for the quotations coming at the end of some of the articles.

## H. E. THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS ON WAR

“ The end of this war will be a complete victory for the Allies and crushing defeat to Nazism ” said His Excellency The Governor of Madras, addressing the Members of the Mysore University Union. Mr. J. Mohamed Imam, Minister for Education, Government of Mysore, presided.

In the course of his address, His Excellency said :  
“ There could be no compromise with Hitler and his party at the end of this war, as was suggested by some. They in other parts of the world had had enough experience of what treaty and pact meant to Nazis. They feared none in fulfilling their ambitions of dominating the whole world. To achieve that end they declared war against England and her Allies many times but they were beaten partially. Though at present there was no doubt that Hitler had an upper hand, his will be a short-lived victory ”.

“ It was the duty of one and all who love peace, prosperity, and future happiness of their country, to help the Allies whole-heartedly for the successful termination of the war. They should sink at that moment all the party and communal differences, and try to achieve the end which would bring to them and the future citizens of the country, what they wanted. It was high time that Indians should realise the danger to the shores of India and try to adjust to circumstances. ”

( By courtesy of  
Mr. S. NARASIMHAN. )

## IN A SICK BED

The mellow rays of the evening sun had thrown a golden magic over the earth and every living thing seemed to enjoy the air it breathed. In his room by the side of the window Gopu lay on his sick-bed in deep sleep. A breath of cool air blew over his face and he suddenly woke up with a slight shiver. When he opened his eyes he felt very strange. Where had he been all these days and what had he been doing? Why was he in bed at this time of the day? He could not understand at first. He looked through the window and saw in the green field beyond the coconut tree some of his friends playing *chinni-dandu*. He tried to get up and be with them as soon as his legs would carry him, but could not. He felt weak, very weak. Then he looked at his bony arms and thin fingers; the whiteness of his bones could be seen through the skin. Now he remembered—he had been ill these twenty days or more. Oh, what a nasty thing! He hoped he would soon get better.

While he was thus looking at his friends at play with a helpless envy, the tinkling sounds of a *Veena* came floating to his ears. It was his step-mother of course, in the room at the other end of the house. It was always a pleasure to him to listen to music but his step-mother would never have him listen to her songs. “What has a boy to do with music? Get away and play with your friends!” She



used to say whenever she found him listening with gleaming eyes to her playing on the *Veena*. Gopu wondered why his father ever married her. Was it because she was beautiful and could play well on the *Veena*? But what a woman! He hated her very much.



She had not been always like that; she had been very good to him in her early married days. That was a full ten years ago. Gopu was only five years of age then. She used to look after him as if he were her own son. She had never screwed her eyebrows once in his presence as she did so often now. Why, she used to talk with him pleasantly for hours together

as if he were a big man. She taught him to read and write and bought him big books full of beautiful coloured pictures. These books were still there in the house — but now they were not his. She was a very clever woman and made wonderful woollen caps and sweaters for him. She had always a good word to talk to his father about him. Oh, it was so pleasant then ! He was the pet of the house and anything was done if only he had wished for it.

But after a few years everything changed. There came a rival into the house — the little baby Kumuda. She was the darling of the house now. Both his father and step-mother petted her very much. He could never understand why they made such a lot of fuss over a little baby who could not even speak or walk !—and she was such a nuisance crying loud and long every half an hour ! He had to rock the cradle to pacify her everytime she cried. If she did not keep quiet his step-mother would come frowning and say, “I know, I know. You are trying to upset the cradle—why do you swing so much ?” If he was rocking the cradle slowly she would say, “You have grown very lazy and haughty these days and if I ask you to do anything, it is nothing to you. Yes, yes—don’t reply, I know !”

Whatever Kumuda did was a fine thing ; whatever he did was nasty. When he was playing with the baby one day, she threw a little wooden toy at him and it hit his head. That was an excellent thing

for her mother ! who came and kissed and praised the baby though the poor fellow was crying with pain.

As years passed it became intolerable for him in the house. Every word his step-mother uttered was a bitter rebuke or an insult. His father used to bring home plenty of fruits and playthings ; she would give only a little to him in the presence of his father and thenafter he would neither see nor hear of them anymore. Even though his father had bought him a good number of clothes, she would not let him wear them as he pleased. " Why ", she would say " What you are wearing is quite clean. You can wear them for two more days." If his father looked at his dirty clothes and remarked about it she would say, " He wears clean clothes now and goes out to play ; when he comes back you'll see him in this condition. How can you know all these things that go on in the house ? My hands ache washing the heaps of clothes of this young gentleman ! "

She would not even let him play with Kumuda, " You will spoil the girl, teaching your bad ways to her ; go and read your lessons ; she knows how to play herself." She used to say.

One day when Kumuda tore a page of his book, he had slapped her on the cheek. She went crying to her mother who came and scolded him and even beat him on the back. It was not the pain that mattered—that was not much—but the insult that such a big boy should be beaten. He never went out



that evening anywhere, but sat brooding over it in his room. When his father came home at night he sobbed out his grief to him. His father got into rage and spoke hot words to his wife.

From that day Gopu regretted why he ever complained to his father. Everyday, at least once, he used to hear from his step-mother, "Of course, of course I am not going to tell your father about this. He will beat me I am sure, if I tell him anything against you. Now my husband is not the husband he was before. His mind is poisoned. There is no happiness in this house now. Someone had warned my parents not to give me away in second marriage. But what has happened, has happened, and I have to bear my suffering as I can !"

And his father ! Gopu saw him only for a few hours in the morning and a few hours at night. He was a very silent man and very retiant. He was always at his books or the daily newspaper and never took any notice of what was happening in the house. After coffee in the morning he would sit at his table till nine and then finish his dinner and go to his office. He would come home at about eight at night. Even while taking supper he would be reading the Hindu. Gopu wondered what there was in it to be so absorbed. He would finish reading the paper late at night and then go to sleep. Gopu had great fear of him, for though he bought him a lot of books and clothes and whatever he asked for, he scolded and

even beat him if he made a little noise while he was reading the newspaper. He was otherwise kind but how could he know or help what happened in the house when he was not there.

This thought of helplessness brought tears to Gopu's eyes and he sobbed silently for long pressing his face against the pillow.

Then the thought of his mother came to him. He could not remember how she looked but he had seen an enlarged photo of hers that hung on the wall in his father's study. She must have been a good woman. How happy he would have been if she had been alive !

Gopu turned his head and looked through the window. The sun had gone down and the stars were slowly sailing into the cloudless sky. His eyes turned upon a star that was shining just above the tall cocoanut tree and the memory of his dead mother came to him. He had heard that all good people were turned into stars after their death. "She is that star perhaps" he thought. He wished he was also a star — a little star — by the side of the one over the cocoanut tree. His eyelids closed and sleep came to him.

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When Gopu's father came home he asked his wife, "How is Gopu ?"

“Oh, he is better, I think he is asleep,” she replied.

Heaving a sigh of relief he came into Gopu's room and put on the light. Gopu lay asleep in his bed, his head turned towards the window. His left hand was touching his cheek and there was a happy smile on his lips. A few tears had left their trace upon his fair face.

The father came near him and felt his forehead with his hand to see if the fever had left him. Gopu had no fever; his head was cold — very cold — cold as the shivering stars in the sky.

—T. S. Sanjeeva Rao.

### A CHINESE REJECTION SLIP

ILLUSTRIOUS BROTHER OF THE SUN AND MOON :

Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet ! I kowtow to thee and beg that of thy graciousness thou mayest grant that I may speak and live. Thine honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon me. With raptures I have perused it. By the bones of mine ancestors ! Never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure thou hast sent me, the Emperor would order that it be made a standard of excellence and that none be published except such that equaled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what thou hast done, I send thy writing back by guarded servants.

Ten thousand times I crave thy pardon.

Behold ! My head is at thy feet and I am but dust.

Thy servant's servant,

WANG CHIN, Editor.



## U. T. C. CAMEOS

Even the most modest boy if he becomes a member of the U. T. C. develops a superiority complex. All U. T. C. men feel they are equal only to the soldiers of the active Regiments of the Mysore Infantry and Mysore Horse. The U. T. C. men are trained for war service. When the enemy is hammering at the gates of the country it is the U. T. C. men who stand shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of the 'active regiments' to defend the freedom of the country.



U. T. C. men are trained to fight and so they have utter contempt for the Police and the Scouts. They feel they are soldiers every inch. Though they are only part-time soldiers one could even say week-end soldiers, — they refuse to call themselves civilians. At the college, all the non-U. T. C. men are infinitely

inferior to them. In ordinary conversation mention the word Army or Soldier and you will see that the U. T. C. men are electrified. At the very mention of the word they draw themselves to their full height, carry themselves quite erect, assume an attitude of condescension towards you, and with a military throw-back of the head, pronounce the last word on any military matter with dignified authority.

On the parade ground there is not much scope for feeling any self-importance. Also it is the Privates who feel the greatest degree of self-importance. The N.C.O.s are accustomed to the admiring looks of civilian-students and the sympathy of the laymen who invariably believe that these young men in Khaki are about to embark on their voyage to the war-front. The N.C.O.s sympathise with the Privates and smile when the Privates are elated at their success on the Parade Ground. They smile too when, during Route Marches in the city, the houses on either side of the road are made colourful by the appearance, at the door, of silk and print and make the Privates put extra pep and smartness into their marching, carrying themselves with a suddenly dawned martial spirit and trying to appear as smart soldiers, the defenders of the country ! the U.T.C. men have a right to feel self-important !

But the civilian students do not concede them their privilege. They hate the Khaki-clad member of the U. T. C. “ Wha streets an’ stares, an a’ that ”

before them. They hate him because he is in the “bloody profession.” But he feels a superiority and in his vanity finds happiness.

\* \* \* \*

Roman-Urdu is the *lingua franca* of the Indian army. It is also the chief medium of instruction in the U. T. C. It is supported by Kannada and English — “military English” to be exact. To the instructors, English is untrammelled by grammatical rules. To them *Men* is singular and *Mens* is plural. The mention of the word *Mens* evokes uncontrollable laughter in the Private, who seeks shelter in coughing in order to escape punishment for laughing in the ranks.

One day a very short-tempered and stubborn instructor asked a private the following question :

“How many mens is here in this squad ? ”

We all knew that in the military grammar *Mens* is the plural of the singular noun *Men* and that it is invariably followed by a verb in the singular number.

The Private laughed and the instructor became furious.

“Why the devil are you laughing ? ” he roared in a fury.

The Private no longer laughed. In positive fear he blurted out : “You said mens and it is wrong sir.”

“Who on earth told you it is wrong ? ” the instructor was more furious now.

“Grammar sir” the boy managed to squeak in fear.



“Grammar or no grammar. We say ‘mens is’ and you too must say ‘mens is’. Now answer **HOW MANY MENS IS HERE?**”

“Fifteen sir” the trembling boy made reply.

“Say fifteen mens is here” the instructor thundered.

“Yesh shar. It . . . . ish . . . . fifteen mensh . . . . is heresha . . . .,” the boy managed to stutter this much in a dithering funk. That was the last parade he attended.

In order to avoid misunderstanding it is best to use ‘military English.’ In the U.T.C. it has, therefore, become a custom to make the best use of it and even some improvements are made. For instance they use the definite article before a proper noun. “Call the Hira Singh,” “Ask the Abdur Rahim,” “Take the Lateef with you” — these are specimens showing the liberty taken by U. T. C. boys in the usage of English.

\* \* \* \*

Dummy cartridges are issued to all U.T.C. boys to practise the art of loading and unloading the rifle. In military English these are known as “dimmies.”

Talking of “dimmies” reminds me of a command given during Bayonet training. It is “Move in front of the Dummy,” the Dummy here being a sand bag representing a man. It is also called “Dimmy” (D here is pronounced as *Thee* but it is a shorter sound). In military English you must always say “In front a dimmy moo.”

\* \* \* \*

Last year there was an officer in the U.T.C. His uniform was, in every detail, the exact reverse of a smart turnout. His boots which had been brown, had turned yellow and yet he never once got them polished. The woollen ankle putties he used to have round his ankle always tried growing up towards the calf-muscle, and one was always more successful than the other. His shorts were most ill-fitting and always full of creases, making a pattern all over the surface. The belt he wore had not been polished at all and it went round the man in a precarious manner. What was worse, the belt was always without a runner, the loose end wagged on the left side of the belly as he walked and appeared to warn people not to come near this officer. Whenever he had an occasion to address the company, he would stand at ease, make the whole company stand to attention, and then begin his lecture with a broad smile on his visage.

This officer was not a smoker. There was also a rule that in the Camp area none should smoke. One day he scored more points than he expected in target-shooting and he was very much elated. He left the rifle in charge of an instructor, shook hands with all that were present, ran to his car, as fast as his legs could carry his bulk, dived into the car and produced from beneath the seat a brand new tin of Craven "A" cigarettes. He distributed Cigarettes to all that were present and lit a cigarette himself. It was a sight to see this amateur smoker, smoking a cigarette in glee while his face was covered with

wreaths of smiles. He was a man of such a genial temperament that he never punished any degree of indiscipline. As one of the younger instructors told me one day, if all officers of the U. T. C. were as kind-hearted as that officer then they would not allow the boys to touch the rifles for fear of causing pain to the rifles.

\* \* \* \*

No account of the U. T. C. pictures can be complete without the mention of the Hospital Sergeant of last year's Camp and his exploits.

He was a man of substantial size, of a very genial temperament, short-sighted eyes, and a very lovingly tended belly. Quite naturally he disliked hard work and being a very resourceful man got himself appointed as the Hospital Sergeant. Every morning he used to come to the Parade Ground, get his attendance marked and go away to his dispensary. He used to be absent when P. T. (Physical Training) and Bayonet Training classes were held. He was the first to attend the lecture classes, musketry classes and the toe drill for obvious reasons.

He knew that many privates who disliked hard work would seek shelter in the "Sick Report." On the day he got his new job, he marched off about eight privates, who had pleaded ill-health, to his dispensary. Assuming all the dignity and the learned looks of a doctor, he examined them and pronounced that all were suffering from Malaria. The



privates were pleased at the prospect of having a few days complete rest. But they got a shock when the Hospital Sergeant's prescription was made known to them. He was extremely generous in prescribing large doses of quinine to be taken at least thrice a day — the exact number of times depending on the discretion of the Hospital Sergeant — with no food but a slice of bread and a cup of milk only once a day.

The second day a few privates complained of headache. The Hospital Sergeant repeated his old prescription. The third day the same prescription was suggested for three cases of constipation. The fourth day he prescribed the same remedy for two privates who had felt giddy in the sun. The climax came when one day the Hospital Sergeant prescribed the same remedy for four cases of shoe-bite!

The result was, there was a sudden decline in the number of boys who were ill. Evidently they preferred hard work and a square meal to no work and no food but quinine. The last few days saw the Hospital Sergeant enjoying complete rest. He pleaded the urgency of medical work as a reason for his absence from regular parades. In six days, it was affirmed he had put on twenty seven pounds. For he had almost no work that was exacting!

With all his faults he had done a meritorious service to the U. T. C. — the reduction in the number of false cases of ill-health, and he was warmly congratulated. He was supremely pleased and for a month after the camp was over, the grin on his round plumpy face never left it.

Yet I wondered if he really had meant what he had said in the prescription. I learnt afterwards from him that he translated every word of his prescription into action and even the poor fellows with shoe-bite had been drugged with Quinine!

"The blighters will never again pretend they are ill" he said to me. "But they will never catch malaria. At their sight the poor mosquito will die like a rat."

But I found that there was a difference in what he expected and what really happened consequent on his prescription. One private whom I met after the Camp was over, complained to me that for fifteen days he was quite deaf. The cause was that a monstrous quantity of quinine had entered system by the kind permission of the Hospital Sergeant, and had interfered with his faculty of hearing!



## MY COLLEGE

“ So soulless, so poor,  
Is the race of men I see.”

— M. ARNOLD.

I remember it was on a fine morning in September, seven years ago, that I saw my College, for the first time in my life. Then I was only thirteen years of age. It was but a passing glimpse that I had of the college. In the glorious light of the morning sun, it appeared then to me to be the pleasantest and the most desirable place in an all-pleasant and all-desirable world. I thought with joy of the time when I too would be a member of this College, and I carried away with me a sweet picture of it in my young bosom.

I saw it once or twice again, during my High School days. The more I looked at it, the more desirable it grew, the more mysterious in its promise of boundless joy to my later days. Once I saw a boy and a girl talking together before one of the buildings. I was young, innocent-hearted! wistfully I thought “What a fine thing it would be to have a wise girl-friend, and talk to her in that serious way! . . .”

I saw the big sports fields; the ivy-compounded tennis courts; the busy students flitting about the whole area, the boys merely busy, the girls with a grace all their own; I saw the professors ( for every



teacher of the college was then to me a professor), looking unbelievably learned, strutting about with an air of freezing seriousness. And I longed for the time when I would be one — does not matter how insignificant an one — among this wise crowd.



... .. strutting about with an air of freezing seriousness.

Now despite two miserable years of failure in the Intermediate, I have had my longing fulfilled. I have spent more than a year in this college. But the college has been to me as life has been — the great Disillusionment.

The stately pleasure-palace, the golden temple of peace, that young fancy had built in my mind crumbled into dust at the first touch of reality, and revealed behind it a heavy, uncouth structure of dull, hateful red. Human beings here were no better than outside ; miserable creatures most of them, unambitious, narrow-hearted, narrow-visioned. When now I think of the fond dreams of my younger days, a dumb, heavy pain seizes my heart, and wrings all hope in the liveableness of life out of it.

At times when a little incident at the college has hurt me, and I am alone, I think of this college life of ours. Why is it all so awry, all so hollow ?

Most men eddy about  
Here and there, eat and drink,  
Chatter and love and hate,  
Gather and squander, are raised  
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,  
Striving blindly, achieving  
Nothing ; and then they die —

And the shadow of death hangs upon us too, as we wander aimlessly across this great stage, as our whims take us. The straw floats upon the mysterious stream, floats as the current listeth and is not aware of the stream.

A student comes to the college seven months in the year, and spends the most valuable part of these seven months at the college. But if you ask him why he does it, he would be surprised. For, is it not a principle of nature, a part of the divine scheme of

things, that one should join the Central College or the Maharaja's College after passing through the Intermediate, if one has money enough for it? That is what his father and grandfather did, that is what the whole world does; would you deprive him of even that poor solitary comfort? . . . And, of course, in the hazy distance lie marriage, children and a fat job.

Thus completely unaware of the direction in which he is going, or only dimly conscious of it, the student plods his way across the allotted length of his stay in the College. The path is longer and more wearisome, if at times his strength proves unequal to the strain of examinations; but even then he usually drags himself on with a dogged perseverance, with a vague perception of doing the only thing possible for him in life. If not for this hurry and bustle of day-to-day existence, life to him would suddenly appear monstrously unmeaning and aimless. This dust and noise serves as an opiate to his soul, subduing and suppressing it, giving him the illusion of an aim in life. The instinct of the herd supports this illusion, and on he plods, on, and on . . . .

Outside the narrow circle of his life, the world seethes with mighty movements, with the titanic ambitions of men who would conquer it. The whole structure of civilisation, built by men through the long painful centuries, is shaken to its very foundations, even threatened with total destruction. Omnipotent political states scoff at all that men so far



have held nearest and dearest to their hearts, and foster irrationalities and insanities as the bases of human life. The nations have their rabis; the flower of the Age is sacrificed at the altar of this madness. Selfishness masquerades as Virtue and shouts at selfishness. The voice of reason and the voice of culture are drowned in the savage din of war.

This supplies the background to the little life of the student. Normally, he is quite indifferent to it, as he is to the new world which is being born out of all this conflict and turmoil. Old standards might change, giving place to new; but he clings to the old and will continue to do so until such time as he is compelled to adopt the new ones. Surely, a single student cannot attempt to change the course of things. So the best thing for him is to leave all thoughts of these events to those who appear to have no other business and to concentrate upon his studies.

Studies — they remain the great duty of his life. Why, he might not be able to get even a Taluq Office Clerk's post later, if he doesn't work hard and get his degree this year! Hardly three months for the examinations to commence, and he has got such a lot of "portions" to "cover up." He will have to borrow the text-books from someone if he can, and study the subjects by himself. He is weak in English. Had he not better ask X, who always gets sixty per cent in English, whether he has written any essays?

Before the examinations will come the literary contests of the union ( in which a few extraordinary students take part ), and the Union Day, a day on which he really does make use of the Union, a day conferred upon him by a kindly Providence, to ease his days of toil to an extent. After that, a few feverish days of preparation.



... ..restless days of work, work, work.

Then come the examinations, the last fulfilment of earthly existence . . . . . Coffee in the night, with little sleep and unending, restless days of work, work, work . . . . six awful hours per day, writing page after page as if to save his soul, six awful days of animal drudgery when he ceases to be a man . . . . .

Then at last — at last the Holidays! Then he can empty his head of all that has filled it with these months and he can wash away from his mind all traces of this devilish labour.

The holidays too pass, and the fateful day approaches. What does it hold in store for him? If he fails . . . Oh, what a merciless word! . . . the wheel turns on once again on its soul-crushing, relentless path. If he passes . . . Oh, what felicity! . . . but what even if he passes? Is there a vacancy anywhere?

Thus ends the chapter for the student. What of the teacher? I know very little of him as a private individual. Perhaps he is as good as the student, or as bad.

As for the teacher in the class-room, usually he is tolerable; sometimes he is very bad; and (very rarely) he is a very good and lovable man and a true thinker. The students bear with the teacher who is neither dull nor brilliant, in the same way as they bear with the weather, or with their noses. They grumble at the bad teacher. In his lectures, a murmur in the air, an indefinable sound as of the movement of the very machine of life; his teaching only adds to this universal murmur. Sometimes he might sleep in the middle of his lecture, and shout at the class either to keep silent or to get out, when for a moment the murmur may cease; but as soon as he turns to the blackboard, the laws of nature reassert themselves.



As for the brilliant and thoughtful teacher, he is a source of joy and inspiration to those few who think of things, and generally considered he is "good" or "excellent". Let alone on Shakespeare and Shaw and Churchill, it is a pleasure to hear him speak even of the Ballistic Galvanometer. He sometimes speaks of the great events of the past and of the present, of the insufficiency of the codes and systems of present-day humanity. It does one's heart good to hear him thus. He opens up before us new vistas of thought, and makes us see the narrowness of the paths we have been following.

This man, though he would show us our errors, would never be rude to us. But there are a few of a different sort. In their attitude towards us there is scarce a trace of politeness or even civility. Either the general noise of a class compelled to listen for the sake of attendance, or an innocent and friendly question or remark from a student, is enough to kindle their wrath. More often than not, the victim is a well-meaning student. He is humiliated in a barbarous manner; and is in most cases unable to retort in any way, either because he is dumbfounded at the unexpected onslaught, or because he is afraid of standing up to his self-respect.

Thus the teachers. Then there is that impersonal thing, the University. It stands almost completely outside our horizon, the Providence ruling our little world. It appears to be an indifferent Providence, whose greatest concern is that all should drudge along

the path of routine, however hard and painful the journey may prove to some.

In what way does the University concern itself with the spiritual development of the student? It may be desirable for him to know what happens when the diagonals of a complete quadrilateral intersect; it may be necessary to learn how to make use of a spectrometer to find the density of kerosine oil. But is it not even more desirable that he should learn of human life, even more necessary that he should know how to make use of his life in an intelligent manner?

A student spends the best years of his life at the University, learning physics and mathematics and similar other subjects; but as he passes each public examination the knowledge amassed for the sake of that examination is relegated to the dark corners of oblivion of his mind. For, when he begins his life as an independent member of society, this knowledge — in the overwhelming majority of cases — will not be of the least use to him. Is this the end and aim of education to help him only to satisfy the animal wants of his life?

These questions might appear to be armchair criticisms. Their solution is not an easy one. But my complaint is that no attempt is made in the direction of a solution to them. It is recognised that the aim of education should be to develop the inherent abilities of a student, and to open his eyes to the magnificent inheritance of thought and emotion and

action that is his. I do not think our education has achieved even a fraction of what it can do in this direction.

This College of mine is producing graduates in larger and larger numbers, as the years pass ; when will it begin to produce a happier and a truer race of men ?

This was written about a year ago. My two years at one college are now over, and I have already spent a few months at another college. As I read the above now, I see its numerous faults, the chief among them being an egotism which was too impatient for expression, and an irritation which was not kept within bounds in the course of that expression.

But it represents a stage in the development (?) of my mind the memory of which I do not want to destroy ; and I still feel that what I have said there still remains fundamentally true. Therefore I do not want to tear it up and write afresh.

I shall not flatter myself that it does not offend at least some. But I shall be unhappy to know that I have hurt individuals, while pleading for the reform of a system. With these few words of apology, I leave the article to be judged for what it is worth.

M. Shankar.

Marry by all means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy ; if you get a bad one you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man !—Socrates.



## THE ROLE OF LITERATURE IN MODERN INDIAN SOCIETY

The Spirit like the rose of May,  
Like fire, unfolds and darkness sears,  
Whilst body, slow to grasp or see,  
Moves blindly in obedience bound.

...NICOLAI GUMILEV,  
THE SPIRIT SUN.

Looking upon literature as a record of the impressions imprinted by the external realities of an epoch on the mind of man, and of his reactions to and reflections upon them, we can broadly classify Indian literature under three heads : The Classical ( Feudalist and Mystical ), The Renascent ( Liberal and Romantic ), and the Modern ( Social and Realistic ). We are not concerned so much with the Classical or the Renascent as with Modern literature ; but to give a perspective unity to the picture we shall attempt a brief sketch of the first two types before concentrating on the last.

Classical literature, or any Art of a by-gone age for that matter, is limited in its appeal. An understanding of this phenomenon involves an examination of the forces that govern the evolution of art. All art is mimetic — a presentation of the real in its mental aspect. The Artist despite the predominantly personal character of his creation, by keeping in close touch with his audience proves a link between them and the

work apart. Thus the elements which help the ordinary man comprehend a work of art are, the environment and mode of expression which are common both to himself and the Artist, and the Live Personality of the Artist. Now what happens when a work of art is fossilized into a classic or a pseudo-classic — mostly the latter — is that the identity of environment is absent; the medium of expression will have changed making it almost impossible for the layman to get at the significance of the work of art; and lastly, as a great Artist almost invariably brings in his train a host of less-gifted imitators who gradually, and well-nigh unconsciously, ossify the medium used by their more eminent predecessor into an impersonal, and iron convention; the finished work of art is no longer capable of evoking the dynamic emotional response in the audience, which it once could. The process of obscurantism necessitates an interpreter for adequate comprehension, and thereby negates the very purpose for the fulfilment of which Art was evolved. This is the reason why Classic Art, especially when enshrouded in mystic symbolism, as in our country, exemplified by the statues of the Buddha, unrealistic to the vulgar eye except as the universal symbol of peace so well expressed on the face of the Buddha, but to the knowing, symbolical of particular spiritual stages; the dances which communicate the moods and sentiments through an elaborate code of gestures and symbolic poses of hands and feet; and the music which also has lost its social

content, do not appeal to the commoner whereas the Art of Greece with its use of universal symbols is more human. The appeal of the one is to the initiated, and that of the other to man as man, reaching across the chasm of time. Besides the credal ( dance, folk-songs and tales etc. ) and the theocratic ( mystical, statuary, music etc. ), there was the feudal type of art which was in the main aristocratic — having only a class appeal.

The European literature of the later XVIII and early XIX centuries embodying the “ Rights of man ” and “ the social contract ” and the rebellious Hellenism of the authors of “ Prometheus unbound ” and “ Cain ”, was the spark that kindled the Renaissance in India. The humanism of Brahmoism and Neo-vedantism is but a distant echo of the principles of Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité of the epoch of the French Revolution affiliated in a petty bourgeois form to Feudalist Romantic spiritualism. The Brahmoism of Rammohan and his followers and the Neo-Hinduism of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda helped to foster a spirit of Liberalistic Reformism with elements of Feudalism may be discerned in the intellectual heroes and heroines of Rabindranath Tagore. Their emotional, sentimental and reformistic attitude to social problems is characteristic of middle class society. A passive intellectual contemplation of, rather than active participation in the processes that are changing society, results in such Romanticism ; and Tagore’s work is representative of the Bourgeois Romanticism



that characterises the Indian Literati of the later XIX and early XX centuries.

Such art of Romanticism and Devotional Mysticism looks at life through the spectacles of dusk and gloom, trying to find wishfulfilment for its subjective and purely imaginary sorrows in futile Dream-fantasies. Being cut adrift from life, such art ceases to live—it is static.

Art, if it is to live, should be dynamic — full of action in itself, and inspiring the same spirit of action in others. Dynamic Art arouses in us a consciousness of the reality around us, makes us critical of those subjective and objective causes that have brought us to such a pass of sterility and degeneracy ; and finally by helping us to overcome and root out these causes establishes our claim to be human beings. We have no use today for those Romantic and Sentimental poetic fancies which overwhelm us with their insistence on the ephemeral nature of this world, and whose only effect is to fill our hearts either with misanthropic despondency or impervious callousness.

What has led to this divorce of Art from Life ? Some amount of static art finds its roots in the lack of rigorous intellectual, moral, spiritual and emotional discipline, which, besides the inborn gift of poetic faculty, are essential for a good writer. The average Indian writer does not look upon the proper fulfilment of his work as a duty which he owes society — a duty

which requires that he should equip himself for his task, that he should have a knowledge of the universal forces of Politics, Economics and Psychology which are moulding the lives of men. We find that he does not deal even with those fundamental problems which are staring his neighbour in the face, but withdraws into the snail's shell of his own "Rangila Rajas" and "Vilasinia Vilasas". The other prominent defect to be noted in our 'men of letters' is that even when some of them have a good knowledge of a material reality, and are capable of meeting the demands of society, they are too conceited to be found intelligible to the ordinary man. Conservatism of all kinds is obnoxious to the modern mind, and of all its varied forms, intellectual Conservatism, which gets the best out of society but holds back all the knowledge thus acquired for personal ends, is the worst. Let such Conservatives remember that though they be Die-hards, they die without the consolation of a monument.

It is the duty of intellectuals to serve Society in every possible way. They must be well acquainted with the material reality, and must keep in close touch with their audience. Their work must be National in character and International in content. Artists are not armchair saints bathed in a halo of tobacco fumes; they are the fighters who are ever in the front line of the battle of life, marching with the layman; they are the first to scale the ramparts of social hindrances, inspiring their Comrades-in-arms

to renewed efforts of valour by their writings, and what is more to the point, by their own example.

One might feel that it would be giving the freest reign to fancy to indulge in such idealistic talk about the function of the Artist in a country where 91 per cent of the people are illiterate. But we are to consider that mass enthusiasm is on the rise, and that the 9 per cent of the population are launching campaigns for the liquidation of illiteracy. In the absence of a central authority to supervise the adequate supply of requirements to the various troops, co-ordinating their work and thereby leading it into undoubted success, the work is being carried on by isolated individuals and institutions. In other words to crown these efforts at the re-organisation of society with success, the work must be carried out according to plan, and supported by Cultural Campaigns. All this involves a great amount of self sacrifice on the part of the conscious element; yet the need of the country is so strongly felt that the truly educated will not back out of the scheme.

To facilitate this reorientation the middle class elements which are at present either despondent or indifferent, mainly due to the economic meshes in which they are caught, and also in some measure due to the banal influence of Escapist Literature, must be roused into activity — into a conscious recognition of the forces of tyranny which are transforming them either into brutes engrossed in feeding the flesh, or



into Lotus Eaters forgetting the interminable fight which is Life — and a spirit of revolt against these reactionary forces must be infused into them. Herein lies the work of the Artist — the fighter, the torch bearer of the forces of Progress.

“ It seems to me impossible today ” says Andre Gide, “ that in the Society in which we are now living, a literature worthy of the name should be anything but a literature of opposition ”. This spirit of revolt, of the progress from a class appeal to a universal appeal is to be found in all countries. The human motive is the only stirring motive today, and has been, and is being expressed in the West by Galsworthy and Ernst Toller in their dramas; Walt Whitman and Spender in their poetry; and Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser in their novels, leaving aside all reference to Russian Writers. The attempt to reach pure objectivity of Realism in the representation of the lower depths of Society has been tried by Budhadev Bose, Nazrul Islam, Achiu-Thya Kumar Sen Gupta, Sailajananda Mukherjee and Premendra Mitra in Bengal; by Doctor Mulk Raj Anand in his unforgettable “ Untouchable,” “ Village,” and “ Coolie ”; by Mr. Venkataramani in his short stories — though not unmixed with sentimentalism which stands in the way of true representation — and in Karnataka by Mr. Shivram Karanth, especially in his “ Chomana Dudi ”. This list is by no means exhaustive. yet the amount of good and faithful literature representative of such life, and the problems that confront

such life, existent at present does not satisfy the demand of the nation. Moreover this type of writing today is only of the masses, but shortly it is to be for the masses. This means a radical change not only in the form of expression but in the format of issue as well, making it easily accessible to the Indian whose enormous wealth is assessed at the rate of one anna and nine pies per day.

To achieve the conditions put forward in the course of this paper, it is highly essential that all the progressive writers should come into close touch with one another, co-ordinate their work by forming themselves into an Association of kindred spirits to lead the country to social emancipation. That good literature cannot be "produced to order" is a truism. Still such an Association will encourage mutual criticism, and just appreciation; and induce a closer study of the life of our people, resulting in the creation of a suitable "Milieu" wherein the new Literature of India is to grow and flourish.

—K. Sridhara Murthy.

When Wordsworth said to Lamb, "I believe I could write like Shakespeare, if I had a mind to try it," "Yes, n-nothing is w-wanting but the m-mind," came Lamb's answer as swiftly as the stutter would allow.

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A Lecture is the process by which the notes of the professor become the notes of the student, without passing through the minds of either.

## MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE, THE HOME OF CHIVALRY !

When one of those fair creatures, with high heeled sandals or velvet slippers, clad in a coloured saree glides before my eyes, I say to myself, "surely, their's is a happier lot."

At home, the girl who attends the college is more important. The cooking, if it is done by the mother, is ready much earlier; it is quite natural that a mother is partial to her daughter. The boy, after taking a hot and hasty meal, (as it is the case with many) has to run up or pedal his byke all the way to the college. But the girls are provided with a car or a jut. And whenever a boy needs some money he has to apply to his father but in the case of a girl it is quite different. She can get it from her father or from her mother or from both. The small secret treasury of the mother lies open only to the girl.

In the college, their influence is greater. The boys make way for them as they pass through the corridor. They stand back as they get up the stairs. The girls have a well furnished waiting room with a waiting maid thrown into the bargain. This room is as important as the principal's room itself. It is at the other end of the first floor as if to balance the principal's room which is at one end.



Their work in the office is finished soon because even the clerk attends to them immediately and with delight. The same gentleman does not recognise a boy so readily. He goes on with his work as though he did not observe the boy's entrance, and after this humiliating negligence looks at his face closely with his spectacles drawn over the tip of his nose and despatches him as soon as he can.

Let alone the importance she has and the influence she wields. She is in certain respects superior to the boys. If a boy behaves rudely or if she thinks that he has behaved rudely she can straight go to the principal and complain. But even if the whole class is treated insolently by her contemptuous look, the sort of a look that a superior officer often employs in summing up his subordinate for the first time, the class cannot complain.

While taking the attendance the girls are exempted from answering. The teachers do not call out their names. Once a teacher called out the name of a girl, but soon he apologised saying that he was after all a human being liable to err. In another class the teacher thought one of the girls was absent. After much hesitation he asked the girls who it was that was absent. They did not know. He called out the names. All were present. At last he found out why there was so much of unnecessary fuss. He had not boldness enough to look at them and count. He

laughed. The whole class laughed. And the girls also laughed. It was a compliment paid to them.

There is a teacher who has a very soft corner in his heart for them. If they don't come into the class room, even after he has entered, he asks a boy to call them in. A boy cannot ask a silly question. The whole class laughs at him. If a girl asks the same silly question, the whole class is very eager to hear it. The teacher has to repeat what the question is. How can a delicate creature be heard by the whole class? The class, then, does not think that it is silly. The teacher goes to the extent of even proving that it is a very relevant question.

In the union activities and in some other big gatherings there is usually a row or two of chairs reserved for them. If a boy comes late he cannot find his way into the hall because the entrances are closed with listeners. But when the girls come (and they come in battalions) the human wall opens immediately like the rock of the robbers' cave which used to open at the sound of the magic words "open sesame."

It is not that they exact these honours from us; but we voluntarily pay it to them. The gentleman student who dresses himself carefully from top to toe feels satisfied if one of them but looks at him. Many boys are eager to get into conversation with them if opportunities are forthcoming. If there are no opportunities they try to create some. At last

when they get it and stand before the girls, they grow red to their eartips and stammer like anything. The girls smile—no, they laugh at his discomfiture.

More than all what do you think of their popularity, when I say, that they are known and remembered even by the restaurant servers (Mani). Two friends of mine, who both failed in the examination were talking over their coffee about the 'results'.

" Did . . . . . (a girl) pass ? " one asked. The server who was overhearing them said, " She passed. Has she not a long face? Does she not wear glasses ? I saw her name in the Tainadu."

Truly, the chivalry and knight-errantry of the middle ages have taken refuge in our college. Do you not think so ?

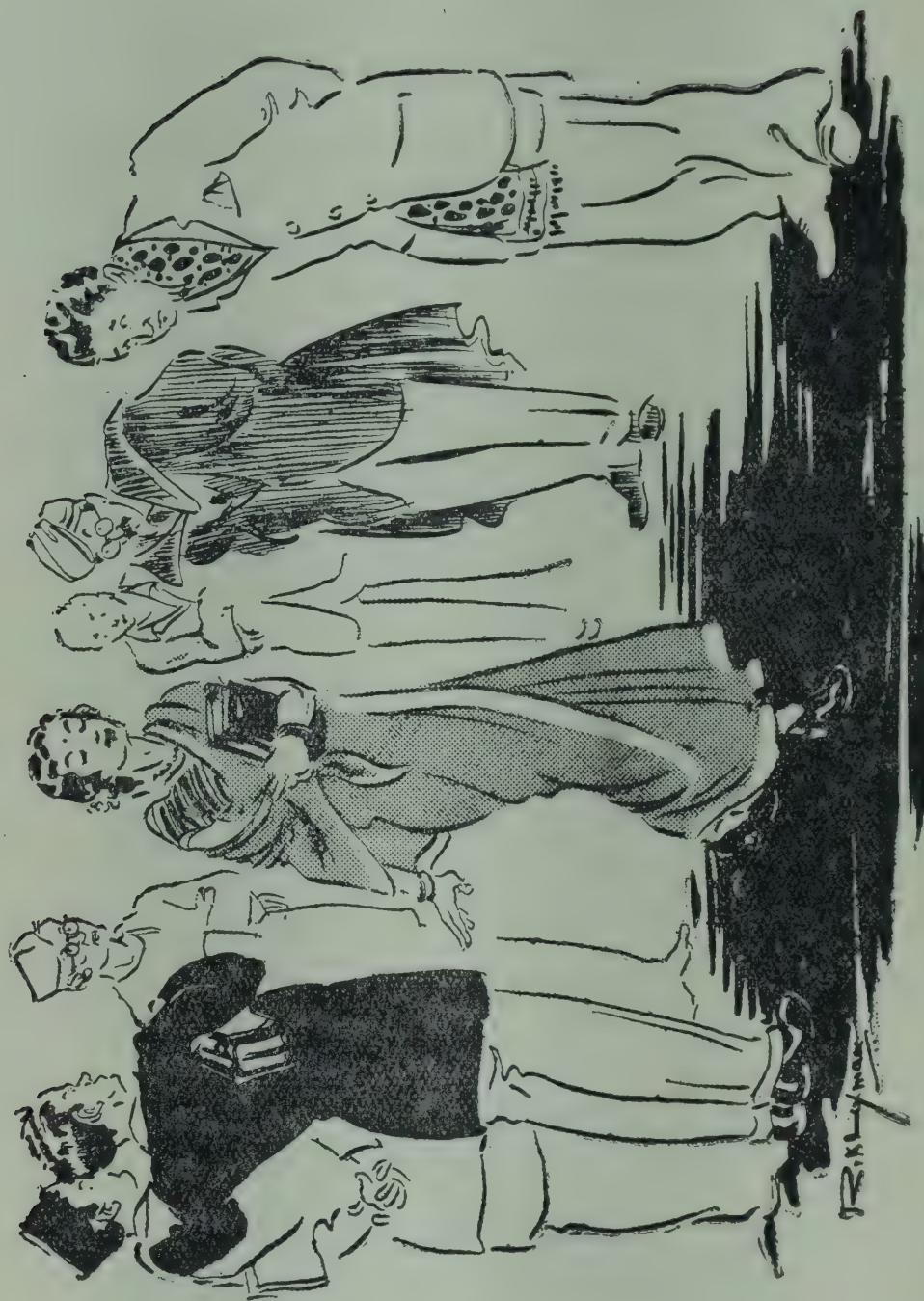
—C. Krishna.

When David Hume, the agnostic, was twitted with his inconsistency in going to hear the orthodox Scotch minister John Brown, he replied, " I don't believe all that he says, but he does, and once a week I like to hear a man who believes what he says."



Of the people we see at close quarters every day of our lives we think one thing one day and another tomorrow. One ought never to say what one thinks about people until one has made a kind of survey of all one has thought of them, say, in the course of a year.





... .. stared at by a hundred pair of eyes as we pass along the corridors ... ..

## THE HOME OF CHIVALRY, INDEED!

What with attending the College, listening to lectures over and over again, stared at by a hundred pair of eyes as we pass along the corridors, have you cause for envying us ?

It is with great difficulty that a girl goes to her class. It is al'right if ten or twelve girls go in a batch. At least they can talk to each other or be looking at one another's face if not at anything else. But what about the plight of a few girls studying in a huge class. They have to wait outside the class till all the boys get in. Then the professor walks in grandly taking his own sweet time. The poor girls try to greet him as he goes in, but all they get in return is only a frozen look. The girls follow the teacher into the class and take their seats. Inside it is still worse. While the teacher takes the attendance, the girls have to sit staring at the wall or if by chance a girl happens to turn and look at the gallery, a hundred pair of eyes are focussed upon her. What is the girl to do ? If she looks at the teacher he freezes her with a look. As a last resort she turns to the wall for inspiration. If a girl is quiet it will be presumed that she is play-acting. If she shows the least boldness of heart or a slight inclination to do as she likes she will be called vain and conceited. It is a hard life we have in a boys' college !

I wish the person who envies our ladies' room would just visit it and see for himself how handsomely furnished it is. Let alone the furniture. Do the girls get any magazines or papers to read ? There is a table, yes, decorated by a poor lonely "Hindu" and an "Illustrated Weekly" probably a few months old, unwanted in the boys' reading room. And they expect us to stay in this room throughout the day ! If at all a few merry girls want to laugh or talk aloud, straight comes a peon or a teacher with a warrant not to make noise. One has to talk in whispers or keep mum, so that when the College is over the girl wants to screech aloud and give vent to her feelings. But as for the boys they can loiter as they please, do as they please and shout and laugh to their hearts' content without being checked by anybody. For the girl, the college is one prison and the home is another. A boy starts from his house in the morning and comes home late in the evening whereas if a girl returns late from a lecture or a debate, she has to face the music at home.

In the library it is said that every one is at our beck and call. I only wish it were so. As soon as a teacher suggests some book for reference, off rush the boys to the library lest any girl should take the book before them. And this you call chivalry ! Whereas if a lady goes to the library to apply for a book, she may or may not get it. Very often it is the latter.

Imagine the plight of a girl who is seen talking to a boy ! It is only *then* that hundreds of boys will



pass by just to hear what the girl is saying ! Hasn't a girl freedom to question a boy ? It may be that it is the boy who has taken the initiative in talking to the girl. But the onlookers have a different version to offer if you only care to ask them. " Look here, I say " says a boy " did you see that girl talking to so and so ; seems he and she are great chums, lends her his books even." From friendship they jump to love and straight away to matrimony. Nobody can excel the boys in their imagination. While all the time the girl may be asking the boy the dullest of questions as to how many marks he got in his English paper or what reference work he had done.

Girls, the boys say, usually go to the college to show themselves off. Whoever would like to see a person come badly dressed. For the matter of that I would not. Does not a boy who wears a new suit show himself off to his friends and parade before the ladies' room a number of times ? Vanity, I am sure, is inherent in all of us and more so in college boys.

Have you attended any of our college debates, especially when members of our sex participate ? On the day of the debate, needless to say, the room will be packed to the utmost. The whole college will have turned up just to look at the ladies and criticise them afterwards. After the prime mover has finished speaking it is the turn of a lady. All necks are strained to catch a glimpse of the lady. Before she speaks

there is thunderous clapping accompanied by loud taps on the desks. This the boys call courtesy! The lady begins well, and as she proceeds the whispering becomes a muttering, and the mumbling turns into grumbling so much so that not one word is heard by the audience. If at any moment the girl just glances at the paper in her hand to recollect some point some polite boy says it loud enough for the lady to hear that she has learnt up everything by heart, or that such and such a person had written it for her and that nothing is original. But on the other hand a boy may talk nonsense for hours on end.

I am surprised to hear that the boys envy our lot. If happiness consists in high-heeled shoes and georgette sarees then I should say we are deliriously happy. Here I am reminded of a few lines of verse which every girl in a boys' college should note.

“ Now the best way to do,  
Is to do as you please,  
For your mind, if you have one,  
Will then be at ease,  
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,  
But don't think to stop them—it is not any use,  
For boys will talk.”

G. Lakshmi.



## REVEALING THE FUTURE

Krishnamurthy sat alone in his room reviewing his past. He had become a lazy dependent on his uncle. Only a few years ago he was the distinguished manager of a big firm. It collapsed, and Krishnamurthy became an unemployed vagrant. There were days when he had a car and a house of his own. He was regarded as an aristocrat. Those pleasant days would perhaps never come to him again. Now he was seeing life at its worst. In the house he had to live with his unsympathetic uncle. Outside, his creditors would waylay and seize the little money he carried on him. He was unhappy everywhere. He looked thoughtful and gloomy.

The room was getting darker and darker as he went on brooding. At half past six in the evening,



he got up from his bed, and wearing an old discoloured cotton coat went out for a small walk. A few yards from the house he saw the venerable looking old man sitting by the side of a tree. "Give me Five Rupees and I shall tell your future for thirty years" was the usual request of this old man as often as Krishnamurthy passed him in the street. To-day he could not resist showing his palm to him. The astrologer examined the palm for a while and then began to write down something on a piece of paper. At the end of an hour the accounts of Krishnamurthy's future amounted to a big bundle. He gave the Five Rupees all that he had in life, to the astrologer who went away very well pleased with the amount. The writing was in Tamil and therefore Krishnamurthy could not make out the script. He was impatient to know what was written about him in it.

The next day he carried the bundle to his friend who was a Tamilian and asked him to read it for him. In the first paragraph Krishnamurthy's features were elaborately described. He felt elated as he listened to the flattering description of himself and his character. He was pleased to hear that he was short-tempered and he recollected the occasions he usually lost his temper upon trivial matters. "You will have a journey to the east" his friend read out, "and at the age of twenty four you may perhaps go to Madras where you will come across a big Government employee, named W. G. Srinivasa Ayyar. He holds no less a position than that of a high court

judge. His daughter, the picture of beauty and grace, will fall in love with you. This will displease her father. Nevertheless you will elope with her to your native land. This girl, besides bringing all her father's wealth with her, will bring happiness and peace to your life. After the marriage you will be regarded as a millionaire by the common people." Krishnamurthy could hardly believe his ears. After all, those pleasant days were not gone for good. He felt that there was a great future before him. Not only was he going to marry the girl who was the very picture of beauty and grace but he was to get heaps of money ! There was no end to his joy as he went on thinking over this happy occasion. And this W. G. Srinivasa Ayyar ! The High Court Judge must be able to save a lot. He felt pity for this person. After all his daughter and his money were not meant for *his* enjoyment. All the trouble he had taken was only to enrich Krishnamurthy !

In course of time he entirely forgot his present misfortune in his imagination of the future event. Whenever he felt the burden of life, he carried the bundle to his friend and made him read it aloud to him. Every time he would return with new facts discovered in it.

One day he realised that it was time for him to make the journey to the east. He was hard up for money. It was impossible to get it from his uncle. He went to his friend from whom he had not yet borrowed anything and begged him for a loan. He

would soon be rich when such debts would be simply wiped out in no time.

That night he took the train for Madras. He had taken care not to leave his best dress behind. As the train was making the journey he was planning how to approach W. G. Srinivasa Ayyar and how to kidnap his daughter. At Madras Krishnamurthy's taxi was driven to the best Hindu Hotel in the town.

As the taxi dashed through the streets Krishnamurthy was enjoying the sights on either side. Every thing was pleasing to him. This was the place of his dreams. Here resided his future happiness. No more would his uncle and his creditors trouble him. No more was he the old Krishnamurthy depending for bare existence upon his despicable uncle. This was the land where his benefactor, the High Court Judge, lived.

The taxi reached the hotel and a neatly dressed gentleman greeted him in the passage and politely showed him to a room. He stayed in the Hotel paying ten rupees a day. He did not mind the sum. He was satisfied with everything around him. That evening he went out to have an idea of the place. He was impressed by the magnificent buildings, busy streets and such other things. After visiting nearly half a dozen restaurants and a cinema theatre he returned late in the night. From the next day he wanted to carry on his work. His plan was to look for Srinivasa Ayyar's house and then find him out in



law courts. As far as possible he did not want to see Srinivasa Ayyar in the court where he would be busy with his work.

In the morning he was out on his adventure after spending good many hours upon combing and dressing. The residential quarters were a long way off. He had to travel in buses, tramcars, and had to use almost every kind of vehicle before he reached his destination. All the houses were alike. They stood on either side of broad silent streets. Krishnamurthy read the name plate on each gate. Evidently Srinivasa Ayyar was not there. He vaguely asked where Srinivasa Ayyar's house was whenever he came across passers-by. But no one could enlighten him on this matter. Krishnamurthy was tired and utterly disgusted. When he returned it was ten in the night.

He spent nearly three days in pursuit of Srinivasa Ayyar. All the big houses and all the law courts were looked into, and all the nooks and corners explored. Srinivasa Ayyar seemed to live nowhere. Krishnamurthy was still optimistic.. There was the High Court where he had not yet gone in quest of this person. Here lay his hope. He was determined to make his last attempt in the high court. Having already walked any number of miles he was tired and fagged out. The afternoon sun was unbearable. But the thought of the High Court cheered his spirits. The High Court lay three miles from him. There was no money left in his pocket for the bus fare. But Krishnamurthy did not mind walking.

The High Court was a big building. There was a grim looking liveried peon standing near the gate. Everything looked forbidding around the place. Krishnamurthy brought courage to his heart and entered. He saw the board "Enquiries" on the entrance of a room. Krishnamurthy went in. There was a half-starved clerk working hard at his table. "Will you please tell me where Mr. W. G. Srinivasa Ayyar lives?" he asked. The clerk wondered who this man was. "Who is Mr. Srinivasa Ayyar?" said the clerk rather indifferently. Krishnamurthy thought that the clerk was playing a trick on him. He refused to believe that such a great man as Srinivasa Ayyar was unknown to a Government servant. "He is a High Court Judge here." "High Court Judge!" the clerk exclaimed. "I have done thirty years' service and I have never come across a judge by that name!" the clerk made reply. Krishnamurthy was not convinced. He produced the script which contained accounts about Srinivasa Ayyar before the clerk and requested him to go through it. The clerk read it and took pity upon Krishnamurthy. "You should not believe these fortune tellers" the clerk said, assuming a patronising air. "You are deceived. Please believe me. There has never been a person called W. G. Srinivasa Ayyar in the legal history of Madras. Now be wise and go to your place. Never waste your time on these silly adventures."

—R. K. Ramachandran.



PROFESSOR HUMAYUN KABIR



PROFESSOR AMARNATH JHA



OUR ARTIST





## THE SHORT STORIES OF TAGORE

Tagore is famous mostly as a poet. But he is also a great writer of short stories. And to some extent his short stories have an advantage over his poetry. Because a poem loses almost all its charm and beauty in translation, whereas a short story does not to such a great extent.

In his short stories, there is a large variety in the subject matter, in characters, and in the manner of treatment. In some he is a sympathetic humorist. In some others he is a painter picturing pathos, and he excels in it. He has written of love, terror, horror, pathos, humour and tragedy.

Tagore finds a great new significance in things. We see a Cabuliwala or a mendicant, a child, a dumb girl, or a loving brother and sister and each time a pleasant sorrowful memory passes through us. We will have become familiar with the persons in his stories as though we had lived with them all along.

### *Love and pathos in Tagore :*

Tagore is particularly suited to depict the sentiment of love. He is masterly when love is accompanied by pathos. Love to Tagore is not merely the passion between a young man and a young woman. To him it has a wider sense. It is more catholic. It comprises every sort of human appeal. It is that which

binds two human beings to each other. They may be the lover and his beloved in the sense in which we understand them. They may be a father and a son, or a brother and a sister or a friend and a friend, a master and a servant or a teacher and a pupil. Love is not merely earthly, not a mere feeling. It has in it divine implications. It is the expression of the universal harmony in man. The divine in one person blends with that in another, and that is love capable of infinite expansion. Tagore places more value on love than on anything else. He loves children and has given us such an enchanting and invigorating picture of them because children are the most loving. Yes, children are so lovable, because they are so loving.

Love is the expression of innocence and shows itself only where peace and truth reside. Ordinarily it is regarded as a sort of bargain where we give something and take something in return or at least expect to. It is thus regarded as a sort of a combination of selfishness and altruism. But to Tagore love is not selfish.

That does not mean then that Tagore is a mere idealist ignoring and even avoiding actualities. After all, this conflict between idealism and realism is a mere creation, a fancy of the pragmatic mind. There cannot be a better realistic presentation than Tagore's. And Tagore is acknowledged to be a great idealist.

We must remember that Tagore was most sensitive to the beauty of nature—beauty of the earth and



skies, of water and of vegetation, of landscape, of sunrise and sunset, of spring and autumn; but still he laid a great deal more of emphasis on the beauty of heart than on the beauty of form. And this indeed is the true spirit of poetry.

We cannot indeed speak of Tagore's poetry being wholly different from his short stories. Tagore is a poet and his poetic spirit underlies all that he ever wrote. His short stories are also poetry. They have that harmony, melody, music and even the rhythm, that go to make poetry. The plots themselves are instinct with beauty.

The greatest of his short stories are 'The Home-coming', 'Mashi', 'The Elder Sister', 'The Postmaster', 'The Cabuliwala', and 'My Lord the Baby'. He has pictured to us the greatest heights that love, fidelity, devotion and sacrifice can reach. We are astounded and yet feel that it is true. In "The Babus of Nayanjore" we find how a young man, wealthy, virtuous, handsome and well-educated, and with the belief that he is almost a God and that only an angel would marry him, is moved into sweet disposition by the simplicity of a plain girl. This is a cheerful story. Far different is "The Elder Sister." Here we get an account of a sister to whose care her father left his young son. This boy is heir to a large property. He is ugly and dull. The husband of the young woman, desiring to become the master of the property, tries to get round the law in whatever

manner he can. The young woman chooses to save her brother and deserts her husband whom she greatly loves. She fights against him to the last, though people mock at her for leaving a handsome young husband in order to be true to her dull-headed goat of a younger brother. She at last finds a just magistrate to whom she entrusts her brother, and dies on the spot, worn out by hunger, agony and weakness. Our hearts seem too small to endure even a part of the agony she undergoes. Still, she does all this because of her love for her brother. I have burst into tears as I read it. I have seen many doing so when I read it out to them. We feel similarly when we read "The Home-coming", or "My Lord the Baby", or "The Postmaster". In pathos he is unsurpassable. In addition to his superb power of description, he has all his power of subtle suggestion. The result is marvellous.

*The charm of his short stories:*

Whatever the chief passion of his stories may be, there is always in them a certain harmony, the outcome of the artist's sense of balance, unity, beauty and cadence. This artistic charm pervades the whole of his works and gives them a peculiar flavour. We have read Edgar Allan Poe in all his many forms and sentiments! we are moved by him, depressed by him, terror stricken and stunned by him. Yet there is not this charm in him, charm not only of the language and style, but charm in the plot

itself. We read Poe's "Premature Burial"—we are overcome by fear. We read Tagore's "Living or Dead?" We are not only moved by terror and horror but are also reduced to tears. We read Poe's "Cask of Amantillado" and Tagore's "Trust Property". How much superior is the latter as a work of art! There is only one sentiment in Poe's stories, sometimes over-exploited. But in Tagore's stories the many sentiments are complementary to one another.

I have said before that Tagore is pre-eminent in writing of love and pathos. Love in Tagore is wholehearted, elevated but not superhuman, unbounded, spontaneous, and distilled through suffering and sacrifice. And through this suffering is introduced pathos. In addition to those great stories I mentioned there are others of this sentiment—"The Renunciation", "Subha", "Vision", "Raja Rami" and "Saved." They are also philosophical. Most of them end pathetically. Some others leave us in a dilemma; "The Postmaster" is one such, which brings out the unavailing role of hope in human life and makes us question its value. "The Auspicious Vision" is perhaps the only story merry throughout.

### *Is Tagore effeminate?*

Tales of horror form the next greatest in number. Some think that Tagore is a very mild author, almost effeminate. If they read these tales of horror and his stories attacking silly social institutions, they will



understand their mistake. Among his tales of horror are, "The Trust Property", "The Hungry Stones" and "Living or Dead?" In the last we get the sad fate of a widow living in the house of her brother-in-law. He orders his servants to remove her, when her heart had only stopped working and she to all appearances was dead, as it is said to happen sometimes. The servants carry her to the burning ground and there they leave her, going on their own errands. By the time they return, she has woken up and walked away, puzzled to find herself at such a place. She imagines she is dead and now turned into a ghost. She later goes to the house of an old friend, unable and afraid to go back to her brother-in-law's house, since she is dead. This friend treats her kindly at first, but seeing that she is restless at nights, shouting and waking up the household, she gradually begins to hate her and suspects that she is a run-away. There is a dispute regarding her between husband and wife. They learn from the brother-in-law of Kadambini the widow, that she died exactly the night previous to her arrival at their house. Kadambini overhears this and unable to bear all this, goes back to her house. There the servants become mortally afraid believing her to be an apparition, though she says she is alive. She is pained to see that nobody receives her. The only one who really brings her solace and who is eager to have her is the baby son of her brother-in-law. This baby who was particularly attached to this aunt had been ill ever

since she had left. She takes him up in her arms and is caressing him when the master of the house enters and entreats her not to haunt his only child. She has by now realised that she had not died actually. When she says so he does not believe her. To prove it, she takes a brass vessel and knocks her forehead with it and the blood rushes out. Growing mad with fury, she goes out of the room shouting "I am not dead! I am not dead!" and falls into the well of the house. The last sentence of the story is — "By dying, Kadambini had given proof that she was not dead".

In "The Hungry Stones" there is an indescribable horror exceedingly poetical at the same time, and puts us in mind of Conan Doyle's horror stories. But Doyle has no poetry.

"The Trust Property" is the story of an old man who has stored much money in an underground cellar, and this old man takes a young boy of twelve and buries him there alive, because of the belief that boys so buried would turn into spirits guarding the treasure, seeing that it goes to the proper heirs of the family. But the boy so buried turns out to be the grandson of the old man and the only heir to the property. This again is a plot which is most powerful. The method by which Tagore describes the simplicity of the mischievous boy, the confidence he places in the old man, the old man's state of mind as he takes him to the cell, the scene in the cell and the old man's mind as he is haunted by the last words of the boy—

all these are memorable. Especially, when he describes the effect of the slowly-dying away voice of the young lad on the old man! we get in this story some memories of Poe's "Cask of Amantillado", but "The Trust Property" is greater and more perfect as a piece of art.

*Tagore, the Social Critic:*

Then there are stories in which Tagore is a social critic. In stories like 'Vision' and 'The Castaway' he criticizes society vehemently. His heart is fired with a great zeal to expose the regrettable condition of women in our society, and to bring about a change for the better. He is a fierce enemy of child-marriage and the enforced austere asceticism of widow. He is eager to remove these disgracing scourges and to purify society. That is why he has shown to us the courage of the young man in "The Renunciation" who gives up his religion and his patrimony in order to be true to his wife who is found to have been a widow before he married her. He attacks the approval of society when a man marries a second wife, even while the first is alive, whereas it does not allow a virgin widow to re-marry. When he first wrote his stories, forty years ago, these evils were more rampant and were extracting a heavy toll. The improvement in the condition of women and their awakening is mostly due to the efforts of Rabindranath. It is no wonder now that the women of India hold Tagore in much greater regard, than the men.



He is a staunch critic of hypocrisy. He is ever ready to expose sham and humbug. He has done it very powerfully in "The Riddle Solved". Here he attacks vehemently the men who seem all religion and morality and are in truth rank hypocrites. It is quite natural that a man of such noble character and such high integrity as Tagore should attack and expose double-dealing.

*Humour and Irony in his Stories :*

There is not much of humour in Tagore, but enough, because no true artist can fail to have a true sense of humour. There are in his works many passages rippling with humour. The description of the old man in "The Babus of Nayanjore", of boys of fourteen in his "Home-coming", the tricks of the lad in "The Trust Property", Mini's questions to her father asking him "Father, what relation is mother to you?" — are all instinct with humour. The stories "We crown thee King" and "The Auspicious Vision" and "Raja Rani" are decidedly humorous. Still, humour is only secondary in Tagore.

There is also a strong irony in Tagore. In Thompson's words, "Irony is almost the differentia of his stories, being always present. By it, the poet supplies the place of comment and chorus to his own action. It gives edge to the times, exposing social evils with a relentless and imaginative force which no pamphlet could attain."

What is it that has made Tagore's short stories so great, and what is it that makes his short stories different from those of others? We can say that the specialities in Tagore are, his use of Nature and the psychological insight, especially into the minds of children and adolescents.

Nature in Tagore's short stories is an onlooker, a participant, a sympathiser, a friend, a guide, and a source of inspiration. Sometimes one of those, and sometimes all. He makes use of it also to provide an emotional contrast. He ascribes to it emotional qualities which enhance the grandeur of the plots. Thompson has observed, "No poet that ever lived has had a more constant and intimate touch with natural beauty and no poet that ever lived has shown his power of identification of himself with Nature, of sinking into her life. There is the variety as well as the freshness and abundance of his natural magic; absolutely great, and absolutely original."

Tagore's power of description is great. Added to it is his beautiful balance and smoothness of his sentences. As Yeats has said "We for the first time hear our own voice as in a dream". We get in his language the same vivifying feelings as we get on a sunny evening when we are walking alone on downs covered with a rich green grass wet with rain, the rain clouds just having spent their load of rain, and the sun rising brightly over the retreating rain-clouds. It has been rightly observed that no writer

has equalled Tagore's subtle and exquisite perception of the intimate inter-relation between matter and manner.

*“ My Lord the Baby ” :*

Tagore ranks with any great short story writer in his variety of characters. He gives us a pageant of kings and queens, old and young men and women, scholars and rustics, saints and villains, princes and peasants, poets and beggars, widows and mendicants, sages and children. But generally Tagore writes of the middle classes with which he was most familiar. He does not write so much of the poor because he had not intimate contact with them. Children occupied a minor position in literature. They were always secondary. But Tagore made them his primary study. The very first short story he wrote in Bengali, “ The return of the Sun ” dealt with a child. He has placed children on such a footing that the grown-up people have to regret their having lost all that angelic simplicity that was once theirs. Tagore himself has said, “ Little children will grow up later on but the old children cannot become little.” His revelation of children's hearts is thrilling. His Mini and the baby that rushes into the river in “ My Lord the Baby ”, and the boys in “ The Home-coming ” and the boys in “ The Trust Property ” are all enough in themselves to make an author ever remembered. Tagore has also analysed and shown to the world that awkward stage of



adolescence when impressions are peculiar and when there are various complexes defying reason. In his "Home-coming" we get such a boy. Phatik Chakravorthy is an extremely sensitive boy, but is unruly. His mother loving his younger brother more than him, sends him to her brother's house in Calcutta. The boy is an unwelcome burden to his aunt who is not much above poverty. This unruly boy, always accustomed to open air, feels a fish out of water in this big city. His temperament is adverse to lessons. He does badly at school. He is maltreated by his aunt. His cousins refuse to acknowledge this 'dunce' as their relative. He longs to go back to his mother, unloving as she was. The uncle promises to take him back in the holidays. Meanwhile, his position becomes very acute, he can no longer wait, and he runs away to go to his mother in a tempest. He is caught on the way and brought back. He catches a severe fever. All hopes of recovery are given up. His mother is sent for, and arrives mourning. He slowly turns his head without seeing anybody and says "Mother, the holidays have come"... .. How grand it all is ! The story runs only fourteen pages but it is hardly believable how many truths he has given in it and how much of art is found in it. Tagore has, in writing of children and those who have just passed out of childhood, opened a new mine in literature, amazingly rich.

It is a fact that in his stories the women are better portrayed than his men. Some are of opinion

that his men are all milksops, weak and lifeless, and that this is the cause of the failure of the short stories in foreign countries. It is a very queer notion ; once we go through his works fully, we find for ourselves that the statement is not true.

Some short stories of Tagore are failures. " The Devotee " and " Once there was a King " are examples. I think the failures are due to the fact that in them Tagore becomes more a philosopher and poet than a story teller. Such failures are few. But we read Tagore not merely for the story, even though they are wonderful pieces of literary creation.

I have not here referred to the stories Tagore has written in his " Fruit-gathering " because they have more of poetry and music than of story. He wrote many short stories, commencing in 1891, and giving us one each month for several years. Of those some are translated into English and published in three books—' Mashi ', ' The Hungry Stones ', and ' The Broken Tiles '. Many appeared in the Modern Review.

Tagore has the same directness of Poe. Some say that Tagore's writing is as though lost in a mist and unintelligible. I do not know what is hazy and ununderstandable in Tagore. He has the same power as Tolstoy, but not that didacticism. In Hawthorne we find the same conviviality and grace and fulness of expression as in Tagore. But Hawthorne is allegorical and Tagore is not. We find in Galsworthy the analysis of Tagore and in Maupassant the same human interest.

— H. Y. Sharada Prasad.



Come closer, comrade Winston ... ..



## LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND

### 1

What a calm is here ! Like a sage lost in thought appears this scene. Above bends the blue sky in great reverence. The stars are twinkling — there is not the least noise. Look ! There is that solitary rock standing like calmness turned to stone ! Friend, my weary mind is at rest. This is a balm to my tired heart. Oh ! enough of words—words are the source of all unhappiness. Thoughts are not completed by words, and thoughts imperfect raise only doubts. Out of doubt is born conflict — and where is happiness when there is conflict. Silence that is full is the best.

### 2

How pleasant it is this evening ! Not that I have no worries. I have plenty of them I assure you ! But I am all unaware of them just now — the sky seems so rapturously beautiful. It is the whitest white that illumines the sky — white but not bright. Even the thin silvery thread running round the edges of the fluffy grey clouds, shines with a softer light. The sun himself is cool and white like a lily. The very sky seems to laugh broadly, tickled by the thin grey clouds.

The earth seems so beautiful as it has never seemed. I have walked three miles now but I shall walk a hundred if the sun smiles upon me all along ! Man, woman and beast — all these look joyous and

beautiful. Even this ugly little frog hopping along, with a broad smile upon his wide lips seems to have some pleasant mischief in his eyes.

What is this that has made everything beautiful to the eye ? Is it the pure, soft, white rays of the sun stealing into my heart unknown to myself and opening the fountain of sympathy and happiness ? Oh, why should it not always be so ? But the white light is fading, and the clouds are growing darker.

## 3

You naughty sun, why are you up so soon ? I know why. You are in love with our beautiful earth ! But what a queer lover you are ! You come to meet her in the morning even before she is awake. How she blushes to see you so unexpectedly before her ! She gets up from her bed, changes her garment, does her wild hair neat, all in a haste, because you have come. But you mischievous fellow ! You stand there smiling at her bustle. Pretty lovers ! How pleasant it is to hear you laugh with the laughter of the morning birds in their flight ! I lie in my bed awake and through my window I see you wooing each other like two doves. What a love-making it is ! Dame Universe smiles a little at your childish play and goes on with her work.

But how long can you be playing like that ? You soon grow hot all over and there is a quarrel between you two. You sit at one end and she at another, with a burning silence between you two. Her face is

pale and upon her fresh beauty there is a cloud. She sits motionless, hot tears dropping from her beautiful eyes.

I know these lovers' quarrels. You leave your anger and come to her with pacifying words. You bring her new garments woven out of gold and coloured with colours brought from beyond the skies; and she is pleased. You take her hands in yours and dance, and to the tune of your dance the whole world dances.

Poor lover, you have spent your time with her and now you have to go. How sad is your face and how long you hesitate to go! And with a decision you go, still with your eyes turned this way! Our beautiful earth lies silent gazing at the stars and watching for the morn that will bring you.

Anāmika.

Every man is an omnibus in which his ancestors ride.

\* \* \*

Fathers send their sons to College either because they went to College or because they didn't.

\* \* \*

He sowed his wild oats and prayed for a crop failure.



## A NOTE ON THE WORK OF THE MYSORE LITERACY COUNCIL

### BEGINNINGS :

The Literacy work began as an activity of one of the sub-committees of the University Union, last year. Its usefulness is twofold. First, it provides the students of the College with an opportunity to come into contact with their less fortunate brethren, which helps to enlarge and enrich their experience of life, and secondly, to contribute their services to remove illiteracy from this country.

### TRAINING OF VOLUNTEERS AND CLASS FORMATION :

The response from the students was very encouraging and they rallied to the call of service nobly. After a short period of training they started work in the classes in various *mohallas* of the city. The President and Members of the Municipal Council accompanied us to the *mohallas* and helped us to organize classes. The response from the people was quite good and they readily came forward to allow us the use of Rama Mandirs, Garadies or Anjumans for holding the classes. Now, these houses have become real cultural centres of the localities. The classes were held in the evening — generally between 7-30 and 9.

The work during the first three months was done entirely on a voluntary basis — the volunteers doing

the teaching, taking no allowance. In the latter half of the period they were given a small allowance of Rs. 5/- per month.

#### THE SCHEME :

Time is a very important factor in any scheme for literacy. The committee had no ready course of quick literacy to adopt. It had to feel its way and improve its technique and method of instruction as it gained experience. Now a scheme for the full course of literacy and the 'follow on' course is worked out in all their details and suitable literature produced. The full course comprises three stages — Primary Literacy, Post-Literacy, Adult Education and Library. The period for gaining Literacy, *i. e.*, ability to read and write with some facility, is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  months, and the Post Literacy course, which helps to prevent lapse into illiteracy by supplying suitable and interesting reading material, occupies another  $2\frac{1}{2}$  months. At the end of five months, the pupils will be able to read and comprehend an article of a newspaper, read and write a simple letter, be able to make small calculations and be equipped with elementary ideas of citizenship and healthy living. The Adult education series, four numbers of which have so far been published, helps to foster the reading habit and incidentally provides a course of liberal education.

## FIRST PHASE OF THE CAMPAIGN :

In the first phase of the campaign 470 pupils sought admission to the classes. 350 of these were for Kannada and 120 for Urdu. At the end of six months the number of pupils who took the examination was 197. The Kannada students took the first examination of the Kannada Sahitya Parishat.

## CLASSES DURING SUMMER IN THE RURAL AREA :

The success of this literacy work can be judged by the number of volunteers who were eager to do this work in their villages during the summer vacation. They were provided with all the literacy materials free of cost and encouraged to take up the work. In addition to the large number of Urdu classes started in Channapatna, classes were held in forty three rural centres. Twenty six of these have given very good reports of the work done. At the same time, with the help of the students who stayed in the city, or who came home to the city during the summer holidays, and a large number of Primary school teachers, literacy work was conducted in the city during summer. This time the City Municipal Council, in addition to assisting in the organisation of classes, made a handsome grant of Rs. 500 towards the allowance of teachers. The teachers were paid an allowance of Re. 1, for every adult made literate in the course of 2 months, the maximum number of pupils for each class being



restricted to 10. The Vice-Chancellor of the University who has taken very keen interest in the work from its very inception sanctioned an additional grant of Rs. 500 for the work in the villages done by the members of the Union.

#### SUMMER CLASSES IN THE CITY :

The total number of students who joined the summer classes was 650, and the average attendance was 550. 470 of them took the literacy test, of which 450 were considered to have passed the test. The standard fixed for the first test was the ability to read a passage printed in bold type and comprehend it, to sign one's name correctly and to write a simple passage from dictation.

A novel feature of the summer work was that peons of several offices, the Palace Offices, took advantage of this opportunity to become literate and joined the classes in large numbers. Heads of these offices very readily allowed us to hold the classes in the office buildings and encouraged the peons to take the course of literacy.

#### CLASSES IN BHADRAVATHY :

Moreover, several District Boards and Panchayats sought the help of the committee in starting classes locally. At the request of the Welfare Officer, Iron and Steel Works, Bhadravathy, the convener of the Committee went to Bhadravathy and organised classes for the benefit of labourers in the Works. Seventy

nine of these pupils recently received certificates after completing the first course of literacy.

#### COST PER PUPIL:

It has now been possible for the Committee to give accurate figures of expenses in an endeavour like this. The organisation expenses apart, the cost of making one literate is Rs. 3-4-0 for a period of five months, which includes the allowance of the teacher.

#### THE LITERACY COUNCIL:

To allow scope for a wider field of activity in the coming years, this work, at the beginning of this year, was passed on to a committee called 'The Mysore Literacy Council' presided over by the Vice Chancellor of the University, which continues to work in close co-operation with the Union and its members.

#### ITS WORK :

A hundred and sixteen classes have been opened in the various *Mohallas* of the city, a few government offices and Sri Krishnarajendra Mills, as a part of its programme for this year to make two thousand literate in the city of Mysore. According to this plan the male population of the city of Mysore will be fully literate before the next Census.

#### A SCHEME FOR STATE-WIDE LITERACY :

The Literacy Council has also drafted a scheme for State-wide literacy and submitted it to the Minister for Education for his consideration.

**LITERACY DAY :**

The Literacy day was celebrated under the distinguished presidency of the Dewan Sahib on the 31st August, when certificates of merit were given to 197 pupils who had successfully completed the full literacy course and 470 pupils who had successfully completed the primary literacy course.

**LITERACY STALL :**

During the Dasara Exhibition a literacy stall was opened with a view to stress the importance of this nation building activity on the minds of people and give them correct ideas of the scheme of work and methods. The Minister for Education very graciously consented to send a message for the folder which was distributed among the visitors to the stall.

A series of broadcast talks on 'Literacy' was kindly inaugurated by the Minister for Education. The subject of his talk was "Quick Literacy" in Mysore.

**OUR PUBLICATIONS :**

The Sub Committees in charge of the publications have already published :

1. An alphabetical chart for gaining quick literacy.
2. Primer for Primary Literacy Course.
3. Post-Literacy Reader.



4. The first four numbers in Adult Education series,  
— the titles of which are :
- A. The New Constitution of Mysore.
  - B. A Biography of His late Highness the Maharaja.
  - C. The English Parliament.
  - D. A collection of Folk Songs.

The Urdu Reader is in the course of publication.

SUPPLY OF LITERACY MATERIALS TO CENTRES  
OF WORK OUTSIDE THE MYSORE CITY :

The Council has been supplying literacy materials to various places in the state and outside, where Literacy classes are started. Only recently literacy materials were supplied to the Intermediate College Association, Tumkur and The Bethany Ashram, Channapatna, at their request. As desired by the President of the District Board, Mandya, a scheme of Literacy work to be undertaken by the District Board during the year at an expense of Rs. 1,500/- has been submitted.

HELP AND GUIDANCE TO PLACES OUTSIDE :

The Minister for Education during his tour in the Chitaldurg District very kindly referring to our work here, recommended a similar scheme of work to the Deputy Commissioner of Chitaldurg and the Sub-Division Officer, Davangere. They have been supplied with full literature on the subject along with teaching and reading materials.

## FUTURE PLAN OF WORK

## LITERACY CLASSES :

Of the 116 classes which are now running 20 are for post-literacy course, which is the continuation of the work of the classes started in summer. The pupils of these classes are taking their examination in the course of a few days. The remaining number of classes should be given the full course of literacy.

## PUBLICATIONS :

Adult Education Series :— 24 booklets will be published every year, issued regularly once a fortnight, to form the nucleus of a Library for the adult pupils. Reading charts for the use of the pupils who are just learning to read will be published with the object of providing them with additional reading matter.

## A TEN YEAR PLAN FOR THE CITY :

According to the latest census 22,000 of the male population between the ages of 15 and 50 are illiterate in the city of Mysore. It is our plan to make about 2000 literate every year by giving them a full course of literacy.

## CIRCULATING LIBRARY :

Literacy is only a means to an end. The new literates should be provided with books. The Adult Education Series meets this need to a great extent. In addition, the Council has a scheme for equipping 'a library on wheels' at an initial expense of Rs. 1000 and a recurring expenditure of Rs. 800

per year. The Library will be housed in a cart, specially designed for the purpose and will consist of 600 books. It will circulate in six literacy centres and will provide reading books for 1200 members.

#### ORGANISATION OF WORK OUTSIDE THE CITY :

In addition to supplying materials and drawing schemes of work to places outside Mysore, where there is enthusiasm for literacy work, the Council is desirous of sending its Secretary to those places and organize the campaign. Immediately, it is proposed to start the work in the Chitaldurg District, with the help of the local officers.

#### WHAT WE HAVE DONE SO FAR

First Conference of Volunteers.	July 3rd & 4th.
Inauguration of the Literacy Campaign for 1941-42.	
Opening of the First Class at Madigarakeri — Idiga.	„ 5th.
Publication of Adult Education Series No. 1.	
— The New Constitution of Mysore.	„ 10th.
Publication of Adult Education Series No. 2.	
— The Biography of His late Highness the Maharaja Sri Krishnaraja Wadiyar Bahadur.	„ 25th



Second Conference of volunteers. August 10th.

First Meeting of the Mysore  
Literacy Council.

President: Rajakaryapravina  
N. S. SUBBA RAO, M.A.(Cantab)  
BAR-AT-LAW.

„ 13th.

Publication of Adult Education  
Series No. 3.

—The English Parliament. „ 23rd.

The First ' Follow on ' Meeting  
at Adikarnatakapura.

„ 24th.

Literacy Day Celebrations :—

President : Rajamantrapravina  
N. MADHAVA RAO, B.A., B.L.,  
*Dewan of Mysore.*

„ 31st.

Publication of Adult Education  
Series No. 4.

—Hennumakkala Padagalu. Sep. 14th.

Inauguration of Broadcast talks  
on Literacy

by Mr. J. MOHAMED IMAM, B.A., B.L.,  
*Minister for Education.*

Oct. 2nd.

First Centre taking the Post-  
Literacy test at Gajashala,  
Mysore.

„ 17th.

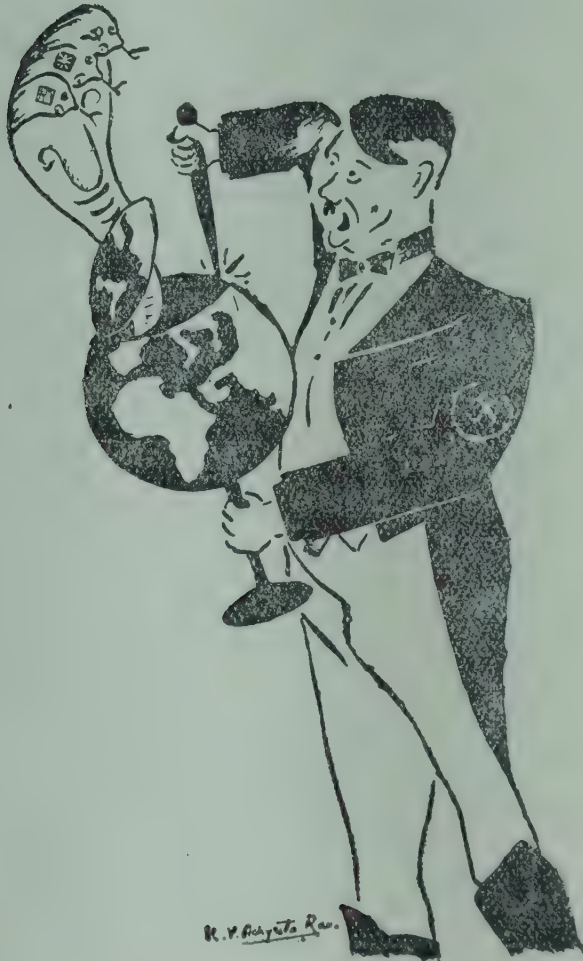
Visit of the Vice-President, and  
Members of the City Municipal  
Council, Mysore, to the  
Literacy Centres.

Oct. 22nd.

First Centre taking the Primary  
Literacy Test, at Yejaman  
Seenappana Rama Mandira.

„ 26th.

S. V. SRINIVASA RAO, M.A.,  
Secretary.



The shock of his life !

## THE FUNCTION OF READING IN RELATION TO ADULT LITERACY

As one interested in Educational principles and laws of learning I venture to make a few observations upon the Adult Literacy Campaign which is engaging the attention of educationists and social workers in our land today. It will be well to bear in mind some of the educational principles when we are preparing reading material for the adults. Reading has two principal, but wholly different, functions to perform in educational work. (I am not for the moment considering the æsthetic aspect where we read in order to enjoy literature). Generally it is presumed that we read in order to expand our knowledge. We come to know what we had hitherto not known by reading books. This is true as far as those individuals are concerned who have picked up the art of reading. But at the earlier stage, whether it is in the case of the child who is learning to read its mother-tongue or the unfortunate adult who has not learnt the art of reading during childhood, the function of reading is wholly different. The children as well as the adults who are learning the art of reading their mother-tongue already make use of language for speaking. They start with a certain number of words at their command. What they are learning is the identification of certain visual forms which convey the meanings. We should help them to identify the symbols which



stand for certain meanings. Consequently the function of reading at this stage is primarily, if not conclusively, the recognition of the visual symbols which stand for certain ideas — words or sentences.

The most fundamental educational maxim is to teach the unknown through the known. Let us apply this principle to Adult literacy campaign and see what consequences follow. We must try to teach him the art of reading through what he already knows. Consequently the reading material should not only be interesting to him but should be already known to him. The unknown here is the relationship between the visual symbol and the meaning. He has to pick up the visual symbol. If the language is also unknown he has to struggle against great odds. It will thus be seen that it logically follows that the material for reading at this stage should be what is already known to him so that he has only to learn to identify the letters as standing for what he knows.

The function of reading at this stage is not acquisition of knowledge but acquisition of skill in recognising the visual forms as standing for certain ideas. So let us not attempt till he has mastered the art of reading, to give him new ideas. Reading for knowledge and reading for æsthetic enjoyment should come at a much later stage, long after he has mastered the technique of reading. It follows that the reading material which is provided to him in the initial stages must be wholly based on his experience. What he

already knows must constitute the material for reading at this stage. This can be achieved by writing books on familiar topics in the language spoken by the man in the street. These are the two essential conditions which the man who teaches the adult and the man who writes books for him should keep in his mind. The organisers should carefully select only such books as deal with topics familiar to the student in the language which he actually uses for speaking, for conveying his ideas. There should be no necessity whatever for the adult learner, to find out the meaning of the words or sentences he reads, nor should there be any need for him to learn to pronounce those words. It is only then that he will be in a position to pick up the art of reading in the shortest time and with the least effort. If the topic is unfamiliar and the words not parts of his spoken vocabulary he will have to plod through with great difficulty and unless his motives to learn are extraordinarily strong he will be liable to drop off in the middle of the course. On the other hand if he is able to master the art quickly he will look upon the task with pleasure and will never lapse into illiteracy.

—B. KUPPUSAWMY, M.A.



Time's Presentation



## OUR UNION ACTIVITIES

1. **The Annual General Body Meeting** was held on the 7th July 1941, in the Junior B. A. Hall. The annual report for 1940-41 was adopted and the results of the annual elections were announced.

### 2. Debates

- (a) This house believes in a New World Order.
- (b) It is high time we discarded all **Isms**.
- (c) ಈಗಿನ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ಜಾಣರು.
- (d) A Hat-Night.
- (e) Men of wealth can do more good to Society than men of wisdom.
- (f) University Education is a luxury. (Convocation Debate)  
Presided over by Sir Bertram Stevens.
- (g) ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರು ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಆರ್ಥಿಕ ಹೊರೆ.
- (h) Without religion there can be no true progress and security
- (i) The legal profession is a disaster to society.
- (j) Science has not made the world a happier place to live in.

### 3. Lectures

- (a) Address by Mr. K. S. Venkataramani.
- (b) Address by Mr. A. Ralla Ram, B.A., on " The New World Order "
- (c) Address by Sjt. R. K. Sidhwa on " Students' Duty " and address by Mr. Gazdar.
- (d) Address by Mr. R. Gopalaswamy Iyer on " Social Service ".

- (e) Inaugural Address by Dr. J. C. Ghosh, D.Sc., F.N.I., on  
“ Science in modern life ”.
- (f) Address by His Excellency Sir Arthur Hope on “ War ”.
- (g) Talk by Mr. R. Gopalaswamy Iyer on “ Social Welfare ”.
- (h) Address by Natakaratna, Vinodaratnakara, Sri. G. H.  
Veeranna.
- (i) Broadcast Harikathe — “ Thirupani Alwar ” by Mr.  
N. Kasturi & party.
- (j) Address by Dr. T. S. S. Rajan.

#### 4. Social Welfare

Meeting at Padavarahalli.

Meeting at Kurgahalli.

Social Welfare Camp at Badanval.

Literacy Day presided over by Rajamantrapraveena  
Mr. N. Madhava Rau, B.A., B.L., Dewan of Mysore.

#### 5. Symposium on “ Victims of Aggression ”—

President : Principal J. C. Rollo.

SPEAKERS	SUBJECTS
Mr. M. N. Pranatharthi Haran, M.A., L.T.	Czechoslovakia
Mr. N. Kasturi, M.A., B.L.	Poland
Mr. Savoi Aswatha Rao.	Russia
Mr. B. S. Kesavan, M. A. (Lond.)	The Jew
Mr. D. R. Krishna Murthy	China
Mr. P. G. Satyagirinathan, M.A.	Non-combatants
Mr. H. Venkatasubbiah, B.A.	The Tragedy of France

## 6. Symposium on "Tagore"—

President : Professor A. R. Wadia.

Tagore, the Patriot.	Mr. M. Subramanyaraj Urs
Tagore, the poet and prophet.	Mr. M. A. Khadir
Tagore, the educationist.	Mr. D. S. Gordon, M.A., LL.B., B.T., Dip. (Edn.)
The Universality of Tagore.	Mr. K. Ramaswamy, B.E.
Tagore and the Indian Renaissance.	Prof. A. R. Krishna Sastry, M.A.
Tagore, the voice of Indian Culture.	Rajasevasakta Mr. A. R. Wadia, B.A. (Cantab.), (Bar-at-Law)

## 7. Entertainments

"Violin" by Sangitha Ratna, Asthana Vidwan T. Chowdiah and party.

Variety Entertainment in honour of the Graduates of the year.

The Union Talents Exhibition.

Miss. Vasanthi's Visit.

Broadcast :— Music. Union Orchestra.

Sangeetha Kacheri by Vidwan Holale Subramanyasastry.

Broadcast : the play "The Proposal" by members of the Union.

## 8. The Tagore Memorial Day was celebrated.





Carrom is an equally popular game. This year's winner of a most exciting Tournament is Mr. B. Rama Murthy, Mr. K. V. Padmanabhan being the runner-up.

C. S. KESAVA RAO,  
Captain.

MR. SECRETARY ARRANGES  
A MEETING OF THE A. B. C. ASSOCIATION

The A. B. C. Association,  
Maharaja's College,  
Mysore.

18th June 1941.

Dear Dr. Speakup,

On behalf of the above-mentioned Association I have much pleasure in inviting you to deliver an address or a lecture to the members. I know that there are heavy demands on your time. The members of the Association will be very grateful if you can see your way to accede to my request. You may choose your own subject and also your own date. There is no limit to the former but regarding the latter, sooner the better.

Yours sincerely,

U. Stutter Stammer,  
Secretary.

Bangalore,  
6th July 1941.

Dear Mr. Stammer,

I am sorry not to have replied earlier to your kind invitation to speak to your Association. I have been very busy ever since I received your letter.

Would Friday, July 24th, suit your Association? I do not know at what time it usually meets, but perhaps you would let me know



whether the day suits you and at what time you would like me to speak. I should probably speak on "The Nature and Necessity of Folly" or something on those lines.

Yours sincerely,  
I. Speakup.

Mysore,  
9th July 1941.

Dear Dr. Speakup,

Permit me to thank you for your kind letter of the 6th instant.

The Association finds that Friday, July 24th, is perfectly suitable for the meeting. Usually its meetings take place in the evenings at 6. We may make it 6-30 P. M. if you consider a late hour better for speaking.

Pray let me know finally the title of your address and the hour.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,  
U. Stutter Stammer,  
Secretary.

Bangalore,  
18th July 1941.

Dear Mr. Stammer,

Thank you very much for your letter of July 9th. I think that the most suitable title for what I have to say would be 'The Challenge to Folly'. Friday, July 24th, 6-30 P. M. will do.

Yours sincerely,  
I. Speakup.

Mysore,

19th July 1941

Dear Dr. Speakup,

After receiving your letter of the 18th instant, I learnt that our President, Professor Juggernaut will not be in town on the 24th instant, as he has unavoidable business at Madras on that very day. We may be unable to accord you a fitting welcome in his absence. Hence I request you to be kind enough to postpone your lecture till August.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,

U. Stutter Stammer,  
Secretary.

P. S.— Please acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

Bangalore,

23rd July 1941.

Dear Mr. Stammer,

I so very much regret that your letter of July 19th remained unanswered for three days. I received it only this morning. From your letter I gather that you would like me to postpone the address to some time in August. Could you let me have a list of suitable dates in August — any time after the 5th? Would you also address your letter to 17, Brinjal Avenue, Indraprastha, Bangalore?

Yours sincerely,

I. Speakup.

Mysore,

1st August 1941.

Dear Dr. Speakup,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 23rd July 1941. I could not reply as Professor Juggernaut was away from Mysore. As he returned only yesterday, the delay could not be avoided.

I suggest that your address may come off either on Thursday the 6th or on Saturday the 15th of August. The other dates in the first half of August are engaged by other Associations.

I shall feel highly obliged if you will please write us immediately and enable us to conduct the meeting on one of these days.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,

U. Stutter Stammer.

Bangalore,

3rd August 1941.

Dear Mr. Stammer,

Thank you for your letter of August 1st. I very much regret that I shall not be able to speak on either August 6th or August 15th.

But if you have any free dates for the second half of the month I may be able to speak to your Association then. A Saturday would suit me best. I shall be free to come to Mysore on August 29th.

Perhaps you could let me have a list of suitable (to you) dates in the second half of August?

Yours sincerely,

I. Speakup.

Mysore,

4th August 1941.

Dear Dr. Speakup,

Thank you very much for your letter of the 3rd August. Since there is a meeting of the Senate on Saturday the 29th August Professor Juggernaut will again not be in town.

So I suggest Saturday the 22nd August and Saturday the 6th September.

Please write to me immediately so that I may book the date with the Principal in advance.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,

U. Stutter Stammar.  
Secretary.

Bangalore,

5th August 1941,

Dear Mr. Stammer,

Thank you for your letter of August 4. I shall be glad to speak to the Association on Saturday, August 22nd at 6-30 P. M.

Yours sincerely

I. Speakup.

Mysore,

10th August 1941.

Dear Dr. Speakup,

After receiving your kind letter of the 5th instant I went to the Principal to book 22nd August for your lecture. I found that



I was too late. The Union has arranged an All-India Inter-University Debate which cannot be postponed.

I have booked the 6th September in advance. I hope you will find that day convenient.

With apologies,

Yours sincerely,  
U. Stutter Stammer.

Bangalore,  
16th August 1941.

Dear Mr. Stammer,

Thank you for your letter. I very much regret that I shall not be free to leave Bangalore on Saturday, September 6th. Perhaps, if no other day this month suits both the Association and me, we can postpone my lecture to some time next term.

Yours sincerely,  
I. Speakup.

Mysore,  
17th August 1941.

Dear Dr. Speakup,

I am terribly sorry that the 6th September does not suit you. We could have postponed your address to the next term but for the fact that the examinations will be very near and students may not attend in large numbers.

And also this : Our President, Professor Juggernaut, will have to go to ( place unknown ) in October. Hence, I request you to

make it convenient to address the Association on Saturday, the 13th September, which I have booked in advance.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,  
U. Stutter Stammer,  
Secretary.

Bangalore,  
19th August 1941.

Dear Mr. Stammer,

Thank you for your letter of August 17th. I shall be glad to speak to the Association on Saturday, September 13th. If I remember right, the subject of my lecture was to be "On the Evils of Idiocy". I am now confirming it.

Yours sincerely  
I. Speakup.

\*

\*

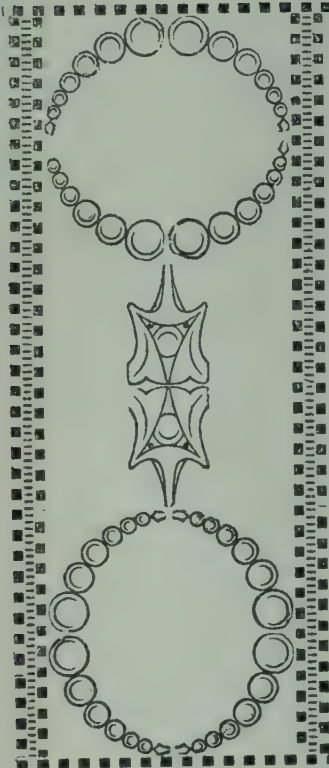
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\*

The members of the Association hope that the meeting has come off, after all !

PHONE : 338

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**RESTAURANT**  
**&**  
**STORES**  
**MYSORE.**



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Pure Preparations—  
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and listen to  
sweet music  
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**DEVATA ( Telugu )**  
with  
Nagaiya, Kumari  
&  
Surya Kumari.  

---

**SAVITRI ( Tamil )**  
with  
M. S. Subbalakshmi  
&  
Shanta Apte.

Pygmalion  
Waterloo Bridge  
Mata Hari  
Queen Christina  
Close Shave  
Honolulu  
Robinhood  
Island of Lost Men



WD 655—GBPM—2,000—1-12-41.

کیا ہو سکتا تھا ، کیا بنٹ کے قانون کے خلاف ، باپ رہے ،  
یاد کرتے ہوئے اب بھی ڈر لگتا ہے ، اسکے علاوہ  
آپ ہی بتائے ، ان بڑے دنوں میں جب کہ جنگ  
چھڑی ہوئی ہے ، دھوکا ، ڈاکہ زنی ، دن ہاڑے ہونے لگی  
ہیں تو کوئی کا ہے کو ، یوں غفلت سے سوئے ، البتہ  
پٹیل اگر چاہتے تو بیچارے پر کچھ نوازش کرتے ،  
لیکن ظالم نے ( انکے الفاظ بھیک مانگو ، عار تیا لویا چراؤ ،  
دھرا کر مجبور کر دیا ، بس اب کیا تھا ، پھر رسٹورنٹ  
کے بھاگ کھائے ، یاروں نے چٹخارے بھر بھر کے مزے  
اُڑائے وہ وقت مجھے اب بھی اچھا یاد ہے جب کہ  
بیگ نے کہا :—

معلوم اگر ہو گا انجام تمسخر کا  
یوں آج پشیمان ہم بیٹھے نہ ہوئے ہوئے

اور پٹیل !

ع ”کیا خوب سودا نقد ہے اس ہاتھ دے اُس ہاتھ لے“  
اور دوسرے یاروں نے یہ کہہ کہہ کر مزے اُڑائے کہ  
ع ”ملے جو مفت تو قاضی کو بھی حرام نہیں“ ، لیکن  
جب ہم پھنسے تو ہم پر کیا گزری خدا کے لئے مت  
پوچھئے ، اس کی یاد سے ، کلیجہا مہنہ کو آتا ہے ۔  
ع ”خوش باش دے کہ زندگانی این است“ ۔

از محمد حنیف کلیم

بی - اے - I آنرز ( اردو )

مہاراجا کالج میسور ۔

نہ کوئی بات ہے ، دیڑھ دو روپیوں کا تنبالو ، گھر اور گھر کے بھانس چبا ڈالے ! لیکن ہمارے مہمان پر اسکا کوئی اثر نہ پڑا ، خندہ پیشانی سے بل لئے ، ہنستے ہنستے ادا کر دئے ، انکی باتیں ، انکی ہنسی ، انکی حرکتیں ہمارے وہم و گمان کو قوی تر بنا رہی تھیں ، جب یہ راز طشت از بام ہوا ہے تو کیا مزہ اُٹھا یا ہے یہ مت پوچھئے ۔

بات یہ ہے کہ اسی دن سہ پہر کے وقت پٹیل صاحب یہ معلوم کرنے کے بعد کہ اُدبی والے نے تنبالو اُڑایا ہے ، اسکے کمرے پر گئے ، غالباً تفتیش کے ارادے سے ، جا کر کیا دیکھتے ہیں کہ صاحب موصوف دروازہ کھلے کا کھلا چھوڑ ، بڑے مزے کی نیند سو رہے ہیں ، آواز دی ، ہلایا ، لیکن بے چارے کو نہ اُٹھنا تھا نہ اُٹھا بس دلمین آئی کہ چلو ہم بھی اپنا کام کریں ، نئے موزے ، ایک سوٹ ، اور الارم ٹیم پیس ، ایک منٹ مین سنبھال ، ایک سانس مین اپنے کمرے پہنچ گئے ، ساری چیزیں صندوق مین محفوظ کر کے دستورنٹ مین جی کھول کر کھلایا ۔

اب کسی کو چون و چرا کرنے کی گنجائش نہ تھی اس ہاتھ دے اُس ہاتھ لے کا معاملہ تھا ، لیکن بیچارے غریب اُدبی والے کی توشٹی گم ہو گئی ، کہا کہ ” باوا ! آئے دن زرا پیسوں کی مشکلات مین پہنسا ہوں زرا اس معاملے پر پھر سے غور فرمائے ” لیکن ہم سے

کي کارستانی ہے ، کيادلہمیں آئي نہہیں معلوم دوسرے دن سرشام 7 بجي خندہ پیشانی سے یارون کو دعوت دے ، رسٹورنٹ لے گئے ، لیکن یہ کہے بغیر نہ رہ سکے کہ ”یہ نہ بھول جانا کہ ہم بھی تمہیں میں سے ایک ہیں ضرورت پڑنے پر ٹیڑھی انگلی سے گھی نکالنا ہمیں بھی آتا ہے“ یہ سن کر ہماری جان نکل گئی ، اور تو کسی بات کا ڈر نہ تھا ، فکر تھی تو یہ کہ یہ خدا والے بزرگ کہہ میں سجدے میں جا رہیں بددعا نہ کر بیٹھیں ۔

الغرض رسٹورنٹ میں ہم نے چاہا کہ زیادہ تکلیف نہ دیں ، لیکن وہ اڈبی والے نے ایک نہ سنی ، اپنی بات پر اڑے تھے کہ ”خوب جي کھول کر کھا ئینگے“ کم از کم چار میٹھے کھائے بغیر نہ رہینگے ، ”پیسے کم ہیں“ ، ”منی آرڈر کا انتظار ہے“ ، اخراجات ”اس ماہ میں بڑھ گئے ہیں“ ، یہ سب اڈبی والے کے پاس مہمل جملے تھے ، پٹ سے کہہ دیا ”بھیک مانگو، کا عارتیا لویا چراؤ“ ان لفظوں پر ہمارے مہمان عزیز کو غصے کی بجائے ہنسی آئی ، ہنستے ہنستے ہمیں حیرت میں ڈال دیا ، جوش میں آ ، آرڈر پر آرڈر دینے لگے ، جامن ، برفی ، جھانگیر ، چاکلیٹ ، آئیس کریم اور کیا اور کیا ! جب بل آئی ہے تو سب کی آنکھیں کھلی کی کھلی رہ گئیں ، کچھ اوپر آٹھ روپیوں کی بل اور صرف نو آدمی ، باپ رے ! ہم تار گئے کہ اس فراخدلی کے پیچھے ضرور کوئی



دفتر کھول دیتے تو یہ یکنامکس کی شان میں دریا بہا دیتے ، اس ظالم اُدبی والے کو ہمیشہ یہ سو جھتی کہ کسی نہ کسی طریق سے پٹیل کو اُلّو بنایا جائے ، چنانچہ سوشل-س کے دن ساڑے آٹھ بجے شب میں سب ڈٹنگ ٹیبل پر آدھمکے ، کام تو دلچسپی میں دلچسپی کا تھا ، کسی خدا کے بندے نے ہمارے پیٹو کی غیر حاضری محسوس نہ کی ، چند لمحوں گزرے تھے ، کہ کیا دیکھتے ہیں کہ صاحب موصوف ایک ہاتھ میں تسبیح دوسرے میں تنبالو اور سر پر تولیہ ڈالے پیٹ جلائے ، مسدس حالی کے شعر گنگنائے چائے آرہے ہیں ، شاید ابھی ابھی نماز سے فارغ ہوئے تھے ، سلام کیا ، پھر تنبالو دریچے میں رکھ ، تسبیح گلے میں ڈال ، ہاتھ صاف کر ، برتن پر ایسے پڑے کہ کسی سے بات تک نہ کی ، مزہ لے لے کر بہت دیر تک کھانے کے عادی ہیں ، یہ کھانے میں مشغول تھے ، اور ہمارے اُدبی والے نے جناب کے ، جان سے زیادہ عزیز تنبالو کو ایسے اڑالیا کہ کسی کو خبر تک نہ ہوئی ، یاروں میں یہ رائے طئے پائی کہ کالج رستارنٹ میں یاروں کی تواضع کرنی اگر پٹیل کو منظور ہو تو تنبالو واپس ورنہ نیلام ، رائے تو بڑی معقول تھی کیونکہ ہمارے مہربان پٹیل پیسے ذرا عقل مندی سے خرچتے ہیں ، بیچارے کیا کرتے ، مان گئے ، لیکن ، اتنا ضرور تار گئے کہ یہ اُدبی والے

یاد رکھئے ، کہہیں تان سین بھلا نہ دے ، وہ ہے دسمبر  
سنہ ۱۹۳۰ ع کی اکیسویں ۔

اُوہو! کہہیں سے کہہیں نکل گیا ، معاف کیجئے ،  
عنوان کی عقدہ کشائی نہ کی ، بندے کو بولتے بولتے  
کہہیں سے کہہیں بھٹک جانے کا مرض لاحق ہو گیا ہے ،  
زیر علاج ہوں پر بھی کبھی کبھی دورہ پڑتا ہے ۔

میرا عنوان ہے ”پٹیل کا تنبالو“ یہ پٹیل کوئی اور  
نہیں ، جناب پی - ایم ، عبدالقدوس صاحب کا یہ پیارا  
نام ہے ، یہ اس سال فلاسفی III آنرز میں تعلیم پارہے ہیں  
یہ نہ خیال کیجئے کہ وہ پٹیل ہیں ، یا پٹیل کے مشابہ ،  
بلکہ کچھ پٹیل ہیں ، ہٹے کٹے بھولے بھالے ، کم گو ،  
مرنجان مرنج ، اور کچھ پیٹو ، بڑی عجیب طبعیت  
ہے جناب کی ، ہم نے تو کبھی انکو نہ کھیل کود میں  
دیکھا ، نہ سیر تماشے میں ، جناب کی دوڑ کالج اور  
ہاسٹل کے درمیان محدود رہ گئی ہے ، آپ ہونگے اور  
آپ کی کتابیں یا تنبالو اور تسبیح ۔

ایک اور صاحب ہماری سوسائٹی کی جان تھے ،  
یکنا مکس III آنرز میں تعلیم پاتے تھے ، نام تھا ،  
ابراہیم بیگ ، لیکن نہ جانے کہ اسمیں کیا فلسفہ تھا کہ  
سب انہیں ”اڈبی والا“ کہتے ، جناب کی طبعیت  
تو پٹیل کی طبعیت سے بالکل مختلف تھی ، بڑے  
باتونی ، اور خوش مزاج لیکن ہمیشہ بحث و مباحثوں  
میں پٹیل سے الجھ جاتے ، وہ فلسفے کی تائید میں

اور وہی روز و شب کے ٹھٹھے ، باتیں چیتیں بحث و مباحثے ، نکتہ چینیان و طبع آزمائیان اور کیا اور کیا ! اُنہیں دنوں کالج میں ” یونین ڈے “ کی تحت میں سب قسم کے تماشے اور کاروائیاں ہورہی تھیں ، ہماری ٹولی میں ایک بڑے زندہ دل صاحب تھے ، بی - اے میں تعلیم پاتے تھے ، آج کل پونے قانون کا امتحان پاس کرنے گئے ہیں ، جناب کا نام ہے عبدالکریم وہ بات بات میں نکالتے ، اُنہیں یہ سوجھی کہ یہ کھیل تماشے ، کالج کی یونین ہی میں کیوں ہوں ، کیا ہماری یونین ہاتھ پر ہاتھ دھرے بیٹھے رہنے کیلئے ہے ، چلو ہم بھی کچھ کریں ، چنانچہ رائے کیا بنٹ ، میں پیش کی گئی ، کیا بنٹ ، میں کوئی مسئلہ آئے اور اور وہ بھی ہماری کیا بنٹ میں ، طئے نہ ہو کیا معنے ؟ منٹوں میں یہ رائے قائم ہوئی کہ سوشلیس منانا چاہئے ، اور سوشلیس ہو کر رہا ، دھوم دھام سے انتظام کئے گئے ، اور جب منایا ہے تو آسمان دنگ اور زمین حیران رہ گئی ، لنچ ، فوٹو ، سنیما ، وغیرہ وغیرہ ، کوئی بات اُٹھا نہ رکھی ، سرشام صحن میں میز ، کرسی بچھائے ، ٹھنڈی ٹھنڈی ہوا کہ جھونکوں کے لطف اُٹھائے ، سب نے ایک ایک گانا گایا ، وہ وہ کمال بتائے کہ بیان سے باہر ، ڈان سین قبر میں تڑپ کر کہا ہوگا کہ ” کاش آج ان اُستادوں میں ، میں بھی ہوتا ! یقین نہ آئے تو قیامت میں پوچھ لینا ، لیکن تاریخ

ہماری خوش نودی منظور تھی ، میرے لئے یہ مقام  
 نیا تو تھا ، لیکن یہاں میرے چند شناسا ، اور چند  
 دوست پہلے ہی سے موجود تھے ، کسی نے ایک ، کسی  
 نے دو ، بلکہ تین تین چار چار سال یہیں بتائے تھے ،  
 ع ” زندگی زندہ دلی کا ہے نام “ ، یہ کون نہیں جانتا ،  
 اور طالب علم تو ماشا اللہ ، ع ” ہم بھی ہیں پانچویں  
 سواروں میں “ ہوئے ہیں ، کسی موقع کو ہاتھ سے جانے نہ دیا  
 مل بیٹھنے میں وہ وہ مزے اُڑائے کہ کچھ نہ پوچھئے ۔  
 جون ، جولائی ، اور اگست تو خوب گزرے ،  
 بس یہی سمجھ لیجئے کہ ہر روز روز عید و ہر شب ،  
 شب برات تھی ، اب سر پر سے ماہی امتحان آپہنچا  
 تھا ، اُر چند واقعات ایسے رونما ہوئے کہ رنگ میں  
 بھنگ پڑ گئی ، مل بیٹھنا مفقود ہو گیا ، ذمہ داریوں  
 کے تیز و تند احساس نے چند دنوں کے لئے ہمیں  
 چاہ کشی پر جو مجبور کیا تو ہم نے بھی ہنسی مذاق کو  
 روپیٹ کر چپ سادھ لی ۔

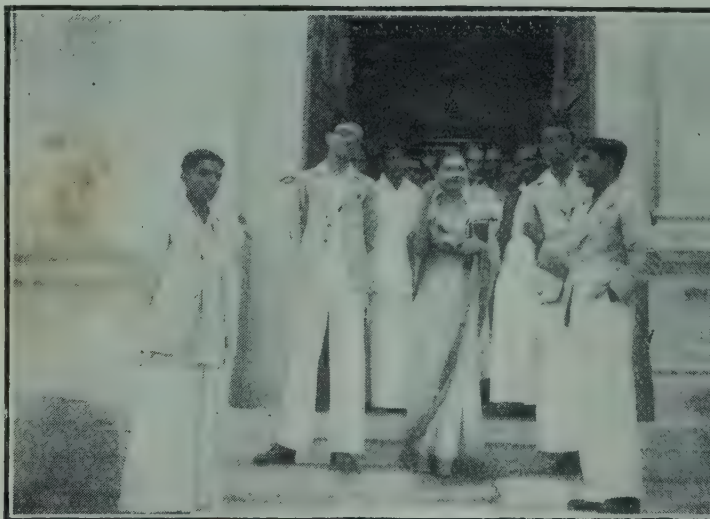
جب دسہرے کی چھٹیوں سے واپس آئے تو ہماری  
 رنگ رلیاں جو اپنے میکے گئیں تھیں ، آدھمکین ،  
 اس شان سے آئیں کہ کچھ نہ پوچھئے ، سب نے مل کر  
 ” میں ہاری “ ” آئے شبہ دن آئے “ والے گانے جی کھول  
 کھول کر گائے شاید آپ کا سوال یہ ہو کہ ” دیکھیں جناب کیا  
 کیا لائیں “ اجی ، یہ نہ پوچھئے ، دنیا کی ساری مسرتیں  
 سمٹ سمٹا کر ہمارے پلے آ پڑیں ، پھر وہی ہم تھے ،



## Seeing Stars !



VASANTHI AND FRIENDS



SADHONA BOSE





## مکھیا کا بدھذا (پٹیل کا تنبالو) .

زندگی زندہ دلی کا ہے نام  
مردہ دل خاک جیا کر تے ہیں

( انسان کی زندگی میں اکثر واقعات ایسے رونما ہوتے ہیں کہ وہ قالب گور بھلائے نہیں جاسکتے اُن میں سے چند ایسے ہوتے ہیں کہ زندگی پر ان کا بڑا گہرا اثر پڑتا ہے ، چند کا اچھا اور بعض کا برا ، اندوہناک واقعات کی یاد رہ رہ کو ستاتی ہے ، اور چند ، ایسے مضحکہ انگیز ہوتے ہیں کہ یاد آ کر پھر وہ ہنسائے ہیں ، چنانچہ گزشتہ سال ہماری ہاسٹل میں یعنی ”نیو مسلم ہاسٹل“ میں ایک ایسا واقعہ پیش آیا کہ اسکی یاد اب بھی یاروں کو گھنٹوں ہنساتی ہے ، بات تو بالکل معمولی ہے ، لیکن ہے بڑے مزے کی )

جو بندہ نوازی کرے جان اسپہ فدا ہے  
بے فیض اگر یوسف ثانی ہے تو کیا ہے

وہ جو کسی نے کہا ہے کہ ”خدا سر دے تو سودا بھی دے“ اسکو دراصل یوں ہونا چاہئے تھا کہ خدا کسی کو طالب عام بنائے تو اسکو ”نیو مسلم ہاسٹل میسور“ کا بورڈر بھی بنادے ، ہم نے جیسے ہی قدم رکھا تو یہ محسوس کیا کہ یہ ہاسٹل نہیں بلکہ جنت کا ایک ٹکڑا ہے جس کو جناب مولانا جبرئیل صاحب نے خدا سے سفارش کر کے یہاں رکھوا دیا ہے ، شاید انہیں

پھر سے دونوں نے ہنسنا شروع کیا - اور مادھوی وہ  
 تو اپنے کارناموں سے نادم ہو گوشہ تنہائی اختیار  
 کر لی - اور ہمارا یہ عاشق و معشوق کا جوڑا خوشی  
 سے زندگی بسر کرنے لگا .

کیا یہ سچی محبت نہ تھی !

از عبدالمتین قائل

( معلم جونیر بی - اے . )

—————



گھر چلنے پر آمادہ ہو گئی - گھر پہنچی تو اسنے شرط لگائی "اگر تو اپنے بچہ کا پتہ معلوم کرنا چاہتی ہے تو ..... " درگا جھجکی حیران ہوئی - کیا بچہ کے خاطر اپنی عصمت کو لٹا دے؟ مگر اس مرد کو درگا کے جواب کا انتظار ہی کیا تھا - وہ اسکی طرف لپکا - ہاتھ پکڑنے کی کوشش کی - بدمست شرابی اپنے آپکو سنبھال نہ سکا - زمین پر گرا اور اسکا سر ایک بوتل سے ٹکرا گیا، شیشہ کا ایک ٹکڑا دماغ میں دھس گیا اور وہ وہیں ٹھنڈا ہو گیا۔

(۵)

موقع واردات پر هجوم جمع ہو گئی - لوگوں میں یہ بات مشہور ہوئی کہ "یہ عورت خونی ہے - ڈائن ہے اسے پولس کے حوالے کر دو"۔

اب وہ عدالت میں تھی جہاں کا مشہور و معروف بیرسٹر پریم تھا - جسکی بات جج بھی مان لیتا تھا - جب پریم نے درگا کو عدالت میں دیکھا تو اسکی محبت پھر سے زندہ ہو گئی ایک ولولہ سا اٹھا اور وہ درگا سے سب حال دریافت کیا اور یہ طئے کروایا کہ وہ خونی نہیں ہے - پس اسنے اسکو بچا لیا۔

اب شمع محبت کے دو پروانے ملے، دنیا میں پھر سے بہار آئی - زندگی میں ایک نئی فضا چھائی -

ادھریہ حال رہا اور ادھر پریم کی کیا پوچھئے !  
 کتنی کوشش کی بیچارے نے ، کہ درگا سے ملے مگر  
 افسوس وہ نہ ملی ، گاؤں چھان مارا مگر پتہ نہ چلا ۔  
 اور پھر بمبئی چھوڑ دوسرے گاؤں میں بیرسٹری  
 شروع کی وہ محبت کے گرمجوشیان ابھی باقی تھے  
 اسکا دل چاہتا تھا کہ ایک بار دوبارہ درگا سے ملے اور  
 محبت کی باتیں کریں ۔ پریم کو یہ معلوم نہ تھا کہ  
 اسی گاؤں کے ایک محلہ میں درگا محبت کی آگ  
 میں جلتی ہوئی بھٹکتی پھر رہی ہے ۔

(۴)

جب سے درگا بھکاریوں کے محلے میں رہنے  
 لگی تھی ۔ ایک غنڈا درگا کو پانے کی ٹاک میں  
 لگا ہوا تھا۔ ایک دن جب وہ سو رہی تھی تو اس شرابی  
 نے درگا کے بچہ کو کسی مالدار کے ہان فروخت کرنے  
 کی امید پر اغوا کر لے گیا اور ایک سیٹھ کے ہان  
 بیچ ڈالا..... یہ سیٹھ کون تھا ! وہی پریم  
 بیرسٹر پریم اسنے اسکو خریدا اور اپنے بچہ کی  
 طرح پالنے لگا۔ درگا کی نیند ہوشیار ہوئی بچہ کو غائب  
 دیکھا ۔ رونے لگی اور ڈھونڈنے لگی ۔ وہی شرابی  
 جو بچہ کو فروخت کر کے نشہ میں چور واپس آ رہا تھا  
 راستہ میں درگا سے ملا ۔ درگا نے پوچھا ”بھائی تم  
 نے میرے نئے کو کہیں دیکھا ہے“ ۔ جواب ملا  
 ”درگا میرے گھر چل تجھے تیرا بچہ دکھا دوں گا“  
 مان کی مامتا نے درگا کو دیوانہ بنا دیا اور وہ اسکے

( اندھا بھکاری ) اپنی جھونپڑی سے باہر آیا تو درگا کو پایا ۔ وہ درگا کو جگایا سارا حال دریافت کیا اور پھر اپنے ہاں آسرا دیا ۔

چھ سال ..... ہاں چھ تاریک سال گذر گئے ۔  
 پریم بیرو سٹربن گیا ۔ درگا بھکاریوں کے محلے میں رہنے لگی ۔ یہ محلہ دکھ درد اور مصیبت کی زندگی کا مرکز تھا ۔ اپنے پھول سے بچے کو اس فضا میں دیکھ کر درگا کا جی بھر آتا تھا ۔ اسکی خود داری اسکو اپنے شوہر کے پاس جانے سے روکتی تھی ۔ وہ یہی خیال کرتی تھی کہ وہ ایک امیر کے ہاتھ کا کھلونا بن گئی تھی ۔ اور اسکی شیطانی خواہشات پر اسنے اپنے آپ کو قربان کر دیا تھا ۔ غرض یہ سب خیال دل میں لا ، درگا امیروں کو نفرت و حقارت کی نظر سے دیکھنے لگی ۔ اسی طرح اپنے دکھ درد کو دلہین بند رکھ کر زندگی گزارنے لگی مگر ایک دن اسکا دل بھر آیا اور خود داری کو بالائے طاق رکھ کر اسنے پریم کے پاس جانے کا ارادہ کیا ..... اپنے لئے نہیں بلکہ اپنے پیارے بچے کے لئے ..... لیکن امیروں کے گھروں پر تو دربان ہوا کرتے ہیں درگا کو مکان میں جانیکی اجازت نہ ملی ۔ افسوس ! اسکی مراد بر نہ آئی ۔ ” آہ کیا کیا جائے “ اسی سوچ میں وہ نا کام گھر لوٹی ۔ فکر و غم میں گھلتے ہوئے رات کو بہت دیر نیند آئی ۔

معیت کے ان دو متوالوں کو ایک دوسرے سے جدا ہونا پڑا۔ دنیا ابھی انکے ملاپ سے بے خبر تھی درگا دن پریم کی یاد میں اور راتیں اسی کے خواب میں بسر کرنے لگی۔ پریم اپنے باپ کے پاس گیا۔ جا کر دل میں درد پیدا کرنے والے خطوط لکھے، مگر یہ خطوط درگا کے نظروں تک پہنچنے نہ پائے۔ مادھوی کے ہاتھ لگے اور غائب ہوتے رہے۔ جب پریم کا باپ مادھوی کے بیاہ کے متعلق مرنے کے چند لمحے پیشتر ذکر کیا تو پریم نے اس طرح جواب دیا ”بتاجی میں نے بیاہ کر لیا..... درگا کے ساتھ!“ پریم کے والد کے حواس باختہ ہو گئے تاہم ضبط سے کام لیا اور کہا ”بیٹا! جو کچھ تو نے کیا اچھا کیا۔ بھگوان تم دونوں کا ہی جوڑا پسند کیا تھا۔ مگر یاد رہے مادھوی کو رنج نہ پہنچانا“..... یہ کہا اور..... افسوس! اب وہ مر چکا تھا۔

(۳)

مابین درگا کے ایک لڑکا ہوا۔ مادھوی اور اسکی ماں کو یہ امر برا نظر آیا اور انہوں نے معصوم درگا کو دھکے مار باہر نکال دیا۔ درگا گھر بار چھوڑ نکل پڑی۔ راستہ چلتے چلتے جب تکیا محسوس ہوی تو ایک گھر کے چبوترے پر لیٹی۔ مگر نیند کہاں سے آئے؟ وہ اپنی گذشتہ زندگی کو تصور میں لاتی اور روتی حتیٰ کہ صبح ہو گئی۔ رات کی جاگی تھی نیند نے کچھ غلبہ پالیا۔ صبح میں مالک مکان



اسکي شادي مادھوی سے ہو - جب پریم وطن کو  
 خیرباد کہہ کر تحصیل علم کے لئے بمبئی آیا تو اسکو  
 مادھوی کے گھر ہی میں رہنا پڑا - مادھوی کی  
 تیز رفتار اور جذبات سے معرہ زندگی پریم کو نہ بھائی ،  
 اسکا دل درگا کی طرف کھنچتا گیا ، درگا کی سنجیدہ  
 صورت اور اسکا متین و معصوم چہرہ پریم کا دل  
 موہ لیا - محبت کا دریا دونوں کے دلوں میں  
 تلاطم برپا کرنے لگا - درگا ، وہ درگا جو تنہائی کے  
 عالم میں رہتی تھی وہی درگا اب پریم کو اپنا  
 رفیق حیات ماننے لگی - خدا کو حاضر و ناظر جان کر  
 وہ دونو عاشق و معشوق میان بیوی کے رشتہ میں  
 منسلک ہو گئے .

ہائے محبت کی بہار تجھے دائمی کہاں ؟  
 اس بہار کو خزان میں تبدیل کر دینے والا  
 ایک بھیانک حادثہ گذرا ، ایک دن صبح سویرے  
 پوسٹ من آیا اور پریم کو ایک تار دیتا گیا - پریم  
 ہاتھ بڑھا تار لے لیا اور دیکھتے ہی اسکے پاؤں تلے  
 کی زمین اُکھڑ گئی - سر چکرا نے لگا اور پاؤں سے  
 سر تک لرزہ براندام ہو گیا - تار کو دھرا دھرا کر  
 پڑھتا تھا اور سوچھتا تھا کہ کیا کرے - ایک سرد  
 آہ منہ سے نکلی اور وہ لڑکھڑاتا زمین پر بیٹھ گیا -  
 اسکی زبان سے بے ساختہ یہ الفاظ نکلے ”پرما ڈا دیا  
 کرو میرے پتا کو بچالو“ .





## سچی محبت

(۱)

انسان کس راہ پر جا رہا ہے ؟ آج ہر فرد بشر یہی سوال کر رہا ہے ۔ قدیم خیالات کو گھیر لینے والی جدید تہذیب پھیلائی جا رہی ہے اور اس چکر میں انسان کے دلوں سے نکلنے والے الفاظ ہونٹوں تک آکے رک جاتے ہیں ۔

درگا - پریم اور مادھوی ، ان تینوں کے مزاج جدا ، طبعیتیں جدا - درگا یتیم ہے مگر دور کے رشتہ کی مالدار بہن مادھوی کے ساتھ بمبئی میں پلی بڑھی ہے ۔

پریم جدید تہذیب کا دلدادہ ہے مگر وہ عورت جس میں مردانہ پن ہو اسے پسند نہیں ۔ وہ اپنے لئے ایسی شریک حیات چاہتا ہے جو حقیقی معنوں میں عورت ہو ، اور مادھوی ، ارے وہ تو نئی روشنی کی عورتوں کا جیتا جاگتا نمونہ ہے ۔ اسکی بناوٹ و سجاوٹ سے ، لباس و فیشن سے ، تقریر و تحریر سے مغربیت ٹپکتی ہے ۔ پارٹیوں میں شریک ہونا ، ناچنا ، اور گانا اسکا میعار زندگی ہے ۔

(۲)

پریم کی شادی مادھوی کے ساتھ ہونے والی تھی ۔ اسکی ماں کی یہ آخری تمنا تھی کہ



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Say you, the College girl is unpatriotic in her craze for GEORGETTE and CREPE-de-CHINE? That's all you know. She knows better. With true feminine alertness she has found out that our own MYSORE has pioneered in making the loveliest Georgette Sarees you ever saw.

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She has surprised her Daddy, and such fortunate others as she is likely to give presents to, by giving them gloriously designed MYSORE NECKTIES.

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In making herself and others smart with MYSORE SILK, she is helping the MYSORE SILK INDUSTRY too!

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Find out for yourself by visiting the MYSORE SILK FACTORY.

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Lovely Beauty

USE



MYSCORE  
SANDAL SOAP

